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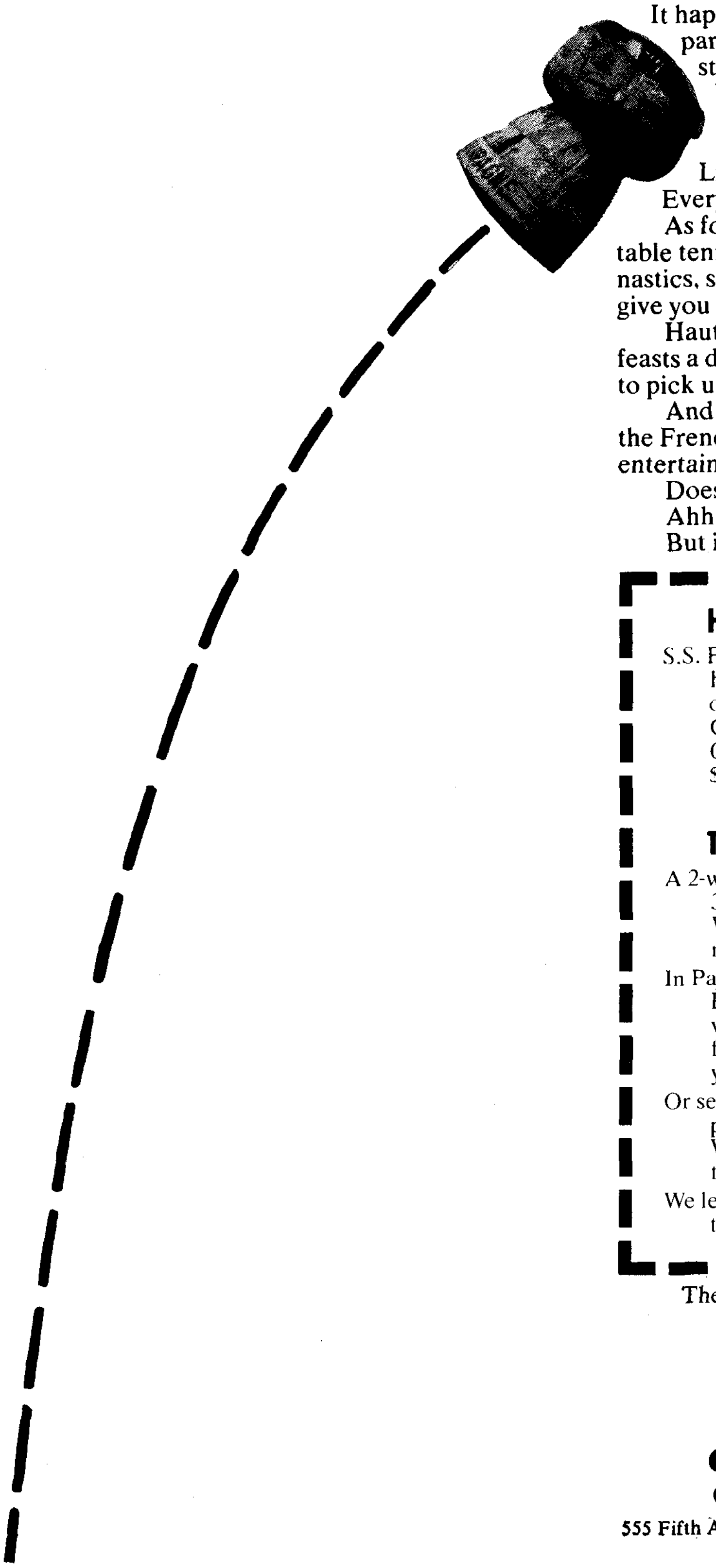

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Borstal Boy—The Abbey Theatre production of Brendan Behan's chronicle, adapted by Frank McMahon, with Niall Toibin and Frank Grimes. Tomas MacAnna directed. Previews through Monday, March 30. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 31. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Brotherhood and **Day of Absence**—A pair of one-acters by Douglas Turner Ward, one of the shrewdest and best of all our playwrights. The first is a blunt and harsh practical joke about a black couple who come for cocktails to the suburban house of a white couple. The second is a revival of Mr. Ward's sharp, witty satire about a day in a small Southern town when all the blacks decide not to turn up for work. The performances are very good indeed. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Butterflies Are Free—A comedy by Leonard Gershe, filled with sure-fire jokes and the merest pinch of life. Well acted by Keir Dullea, Blythe Danner, and Eileen Heckart. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Child's Play—Robert Marasco's spooky play about how pedagogy corrupts and absolute pedagogy corrupts absolutely. With brilliant performances by Pat Hingle, Fritz Weaver, and Ken Howard. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Fortune and Men's Eyes—A revival of John Herbert's play about homosexuality in prison. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Grin and Bare It! and **Postcards**—Rubbish. (Belasco, 44th St., E. 586-7950. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Harvey—A revival of Mary Chase's old comedy about an invisible rabbit. James Stewart is marvellous as Harvey's close friend. Also in the cast are Helen Hayes, Jesse White, and Henderson Forsythe. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Last of the Red Hot Lovers—Neil Simon's patented Little Wonder Laugh Machine, cranked up and set in motion by James Coco, Linda Lavin, Marcia Rodd, and Doris Roberts. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lulu—A translation, by Mari Saville and Morton Siegel, of Frank Wedekind's "Earth Spirit." Previews through Thursday, March 26. Opens officially on Friday, March 27, at 7. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Nature of the Crime—A play by Larry Cohen. (Bouwerie Lane, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. 674-6060. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paris Is Out!—A smothering momma-and-poppa Jewish comedy, with Molly Picon and Sam Levene, who evidently hate idleness. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

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Private Lives—A very successful revival of Noël Coward's sleight-of-hand comedy about four people, three marriages, and a divorce that refuses to take. With Tammy Grimes and Brian Bedford, directed by Stephen Porter. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center—Sam Shepard's **OPERATION SIDEWINDER** is a noisy play about good guys and bad guys, ingeniously produced, and with songs by the Holy Modal Rounders. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

Sheep on the Runway—David Burns, Martin Gabel, and half a dozen other gifted comic actors have a grand time hamming it up in Art Buchwald's farce about international politics in some Eastern Erewhon. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Summertree—A revival of a play by Ron Cowen, with Lenny Baker. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Two Times One—A double bill: "The Last Straw," a two-character play by Charles Dizenzo, with Oliver Clark and Val Bisoglio, and "Duet for Solo Voice," by David Scott Milton, with Herb Edelman as its single character. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, April 11.)

The White House Murder Case—Jules Feiffer's satire on war and a number of other things is clever but ultimately ineffectual, in spite of Alan Arkin's fine direction and satisfactory performances by all concerned. With Paul Benedict. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ADAPTATION** and **NEXT:** Two one-acters—the first by Elaine May, the second by Terrence McNally, and both directed by Miss May. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BOYS IN THE BAND:** A comedy about a birthday party at

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DRAWINGS: *William O'Brian, J. B. Handelsman, Alan Dunn, Donald Reilly, Henry Martin, Joseph Mirachi, Charles Saxon, Carl Rose, Stan Hunt, Frank Modell, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Lee Lorenz, Edward Frascino, Richard McCallister, Al Ross*

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman and president; David D. Michaels, publisher; Milton Greenstein and Marvin Rosenthal, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Myra L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; William P. Buxton, advertising director; Leigh Doorly, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; 437 Boylston St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLVI, No. 6, March 28, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1970 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A.
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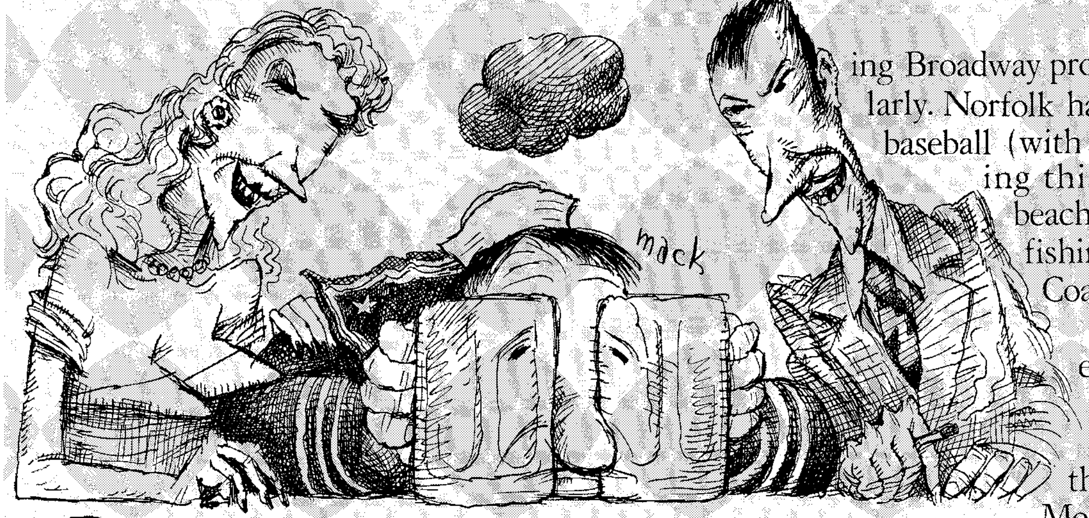
A couple of drinks made Norfolk easier to take.



BUT YOU COULDN'T buy a drink in Norfolk during the war. The bars served beer. Period.

So bored sailors cried in their beers, and we cried along with them. Because our town had become dull, dirty, and corrupt.

And that's how most people remember us. But we've changed.

Norfolk builds a city.

After the war, we dried our eyes and started changing things.

We're growing bigger and taller.

We tore down 1,000 acres of slums and a dilapidated waterfront. Then we put up 5,300 public housing units, hotels and motels, and six skyscrapers in a financial district that's becoming the Wall Street of the Mid-Atlantic region.

We've also added an ultramodern public library, several shopping centers, a fine museum, and a lot of good restaurants.

Last year, the city had over 250 major cultural events. We have three professional theaters, our own symphony orchestra and ballet, and touring Broadway productions are sold out regularly. Norfolk has professional football and baseball (with a new baseball park opening this spring), fifteen miles of beaches, and some of the best fishing and hunting on the East Coast.

Not long ago, the Federal Government gave us a big vote of confidence by choosing Norfolk as one of the first participants in the Model Cities Program.

The future looks great.

"Scope" to open in 1971.

Soon, we'll open a $30,000,000 convention and cultural center designed by Pier Luigi Nervi. Named "Scope," it'll seat up to 12,000 people for conventions, concerts, basketball, ice hockey, boxing, or a three-ring circus. The adjoining theater will seat 2,500 for Ray Charles, Yehudi Menuhin, or the Bolshoi Ballet.

Our airport's being completely made over; and surrounded by 125 acres of botanical gardens. The experts tell us it'll be the most beautiful and passenger-oriented facility anywhere.

We have a citizens' group working on a zoo expansion project, and the city has plans for a cultural enrichment center complete with planetarium, marine science laboratories, and a theater for the performing arts.

And to top things off, today you can get any drink you want in Norfolk. Only you won't be buying it to relieve boredom. There isn't any.

NORFOLK: the great comeback.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE CONCEPT:** A drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FORTY CARATS:** Adapted by Jay Allen from a French farce, this trifle offers an occasion for June Allyson, Tom Poston, and a number of other actors to show off their skills. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **NO PLACE TO BE SOMEBODY:** Charles Gordone's play, set in a West Village saloon owned by a Negro. The actors include Henry Baker, Nick Lewis, and Marge Eliot. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PLAZA SUITE:** Three skits by Neil Simon. Peggy Cass and Don Porter are the stars. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

APPLAUSE—Lauren Bacall in a musical version of the film "All About Eve." The book is by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, the music by Charles Strouse, and the lyrics by Lee Adams. The director is Ron Field. Previews Thursday through Sunday, March 26-29. Opens officially on Monday, March 30. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BILLY NONAME—A musical that deals with the black man's life and struggle in this country over the past thirty years. In spite of the seriousness of the theme, there is much gaiety in the show, and there are a lot of attractive performances. Johnny Brandon wrote the good songs. With Donny Burks, Alan Weeks, and Hattie Winston. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 533-0910. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

COCO—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and André Previn, with sets and costumes by Cecil Beaton. It purports to be about the great Gabrielle Chanel of Paris and turns out to be about the great Katharine Hepburn of Hartford. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

JOY—A program of songs by and with Oscar Brown, Jr. It has indeed some joyful moments, although it seems more appropriate to a cabaret than a theatre. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. 752-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST SWEET DAYS OF ISAAC—This buoyant musical, with a lively score by Nancy Ford and nimble words by Gretchen Cryer, tells of a young man, as *engagé* as they come, and of his brief encounters with a couple of droll, pretty girls. The show loses a little steam in the second act, but it holds up quite well anyway. The performances—by Austin Pendleton as the hero, Fredricka Weber as both girls, and a delightful rock group called the Zeitgeist—are just about perfect. Word Baker directed. Ed Wittstein designed the stylish setting. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

LOOK TO THE LILIES—A musical based on the film of the same name. Shirley Booth and Al Freeman, Jr., head the cast; Leonard Spigelgass is responsible for the book, Jule Styne the music, and Sammy Cahn the lyrics. Directed by Joshua Logan. Previews through Saturday, March 28. Opens officially on Sunday, March 29. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MINNIE'S BOYS—Shelley Winters in a musical based on the lives of the Marx Brothers. The book is by Arthur Marx and Robert Fisher, Larry Grossman is the composer, and Hal Hackady wrote the lyrics. Directed by Stanley Prager. Previews Wednesday, March 25. Opens officially on Thursday, March 26. (Imperial, 45th St., W. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

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PURLIE—An adaptation of the play "Purlie Victorious," grown too big for its hand-me-down breeches. With Cleavon Little and Melba Moore, who are very good. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

SALVATION—A rock musical that is cast—but very loosely—in the form of a revivalist meeting. This revivalist theme gets a bit trying at times, but every other aspect of the show—the songs, the singing, the dancing, the performances, the staging—is a delight, and most delightful of all is the spirit of the company. Words and music by Peter Link and C. C. Courtney. (Jan Hus, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

SHOW ME WHERE THE GOOD TIMES ARE—A musical and very loose adaptation of Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire," set on the lower East Side in the early years of this century. The imitation old-time songs, by Kenneth Jacobson and Rhoda Roberts, are lively enough, but the script and many of the performances are Catskill-sleazy. The good exceptions among the performances are those of Cathryn Damon, Christopher Hewett, and Michael Berkson. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

STOMP—A rock musical (or something) devised and performed by a group of young renegades from Texas. The boys and girls are engaging, and some of their songs sound fine, but whatever ideas they have are all but drowned in "effects." Considerable audience participation is expected. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

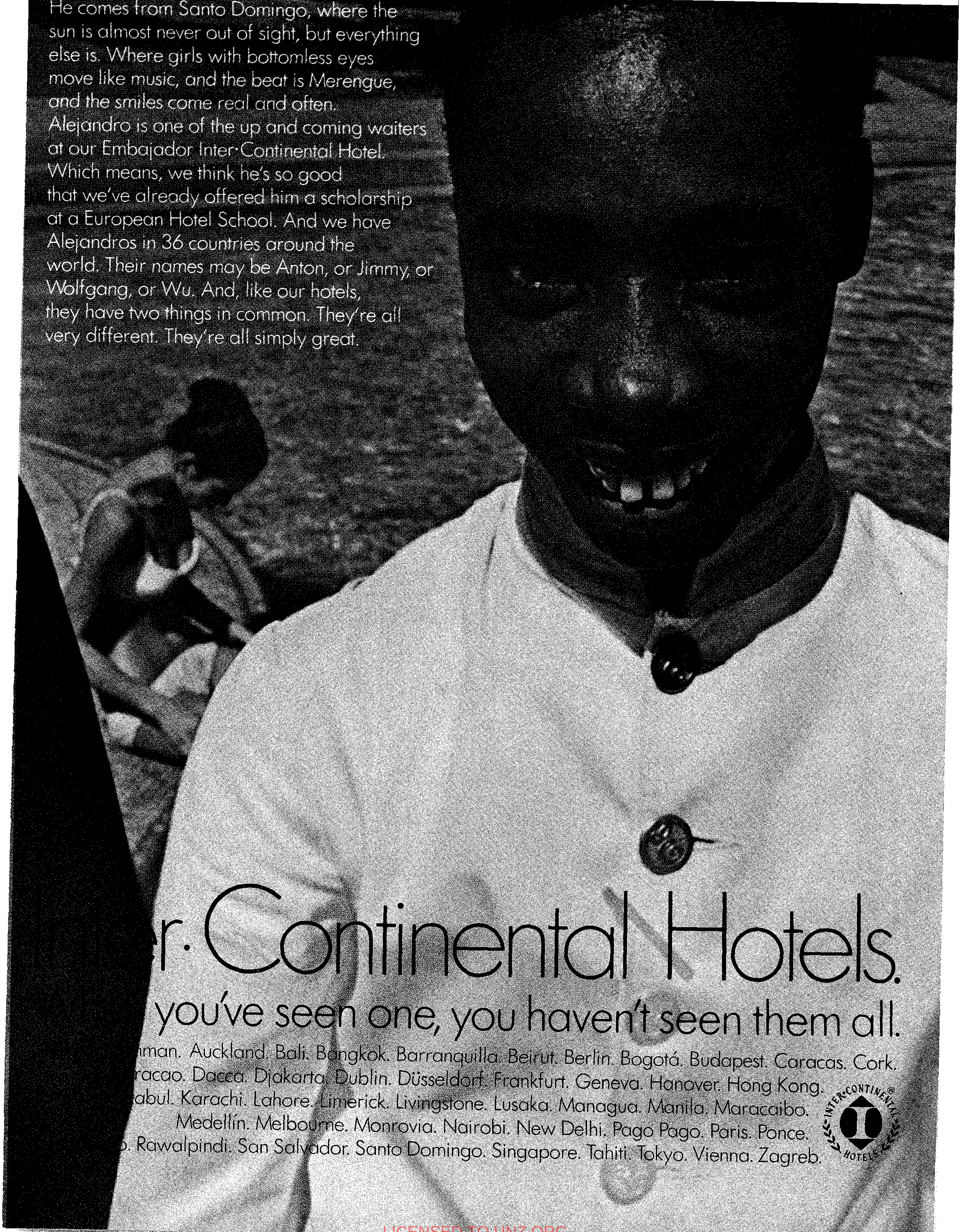
THIS WAS BURLESQUE—Miss Ann Corio and her young ladies bump and grind and twirl tassels, but there is no life in the show, in spite of the venerable presence of Steve Mills and a few other comedians. (Hudson West, 361 W. 57th St. JU 2-4020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

UNFAIR TO GOLIATH—A merry little revue by the Israeli satirist Ephraim Kishon, adapted by Herbert Appleman, who is also responsible for the lyrics. Menachem Zur wrote the music. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, except March 25, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS:** A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)... **DAMES AT SEA:** A takeoff on musical movies of the thirties, about a dancer named Ruby who loves a boy named Dick and is befriended by a chorine named Joan. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** A scared calf's face gilded with marmalade. I don't want to be debagged! Don't you play the giddy ox with me! (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 9:45. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Shouts from the open window startling evening in the quadrangle. A deaf gardener, aproned, masked with Matthew Arnold's face, pushes his mower on the sombre lawn watching narrowly the dancing motes of grasshalms. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** To ourselves...new paganism... omphalos. —Let him stay, Stephen said. There's nothing wrong with him except at night. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Incidentally, Ethel Merman will be Dolly starting with preview performances Thursday and Friday evenings, March 26-27, and Saturday matinée, March 28, and opening officially on Saturday evening, March 28.)... **HAIR:** Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Somegoro Ichikawa plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. Jack Dabdoub substitutes for Mr. Ichikawa at the matinée performances. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches, which purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 982-9815. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **PROMISES, PROMISES:** Jerry Orbach and Jill O'Hara in an adaptation of the movie "The Apartment." Book by Neil Simon, music by Burt Bacharach, and lyrics by Hal David. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **1776:** A thin retelling of a heroic chapter in our history. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its merry way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 5.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

CITY CENTER JOFFREY BALLET—Wednesday, March 25, at 8:30: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Confetti,"... and "Astarte."...¶ Thursday, March 26, at 8:30: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Confetti," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Friday, March 27, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "The Poppet," and "Viva Vivaldi!" ...¶ Saturday, March 28, at 2:30: "Cello Concerto," "Secret Places," "Confetti," and "The Three-Cornered Hat."...¶ Saturday, March 28, at 8:30: "The Poppet," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll."...¶ Sunday, March 29, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "Secret Places," and "Pineapple Poll."...¶ Sunday, March 29, at 8: "The Three-Cornered Hat," "Confetti," and "The Clowns."...¶ Tuesday, March 31, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "The



He comes from Santo Domingo, where the sun is almost never out of sight, but everything else is. Where girls with bottomless eyes move like music, and the beat is Merengue, and the smiles come real and often. Alejandro is one of the up and coming waiters at our Embajador Inter·Continental Hotel. Which means, we think he's so good that we've already offered him a scholarship at a European Hotel School. And we have Alejandros in 36 countries around the world. Their names may be Anton, or Jimmy, or Wolfgang, or Wu. And, like our hotels, they have two things in common. They're all very different. They're all simply great.

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Poppet," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30: "Petrouchka," "William Tell Variations," and "Astarte.". . . ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 8:30: "The Poppet," "Fanfarita," and "Pineapple Poll.". . . ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8:30: "Petrouchka," "Solarwind," and "Pineapple Poll.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2:30: "Petrouchka," "Pas des Déesses," and "Viva Vivaldi!". . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8:30: "The Clowns," "Confetti," and "Astarte." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Through Sunday, April 5.)

American Ballet Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 12—Tuesday, March 31, at 8: "Harbinger," "At Midnight," and "Meadowlark.". . . ¶ Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Cortege Burlesque," "Games," and "Intermezzo.". . . ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 8:30: "Meadowlark," "Early Songs" (première), and "The Maids.". . . ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8:30: "At Midnight," "Cortege Burlesque," "Caprichos," and "Early Songs.". . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2: "Harbinger," "Games," and "Meadowlark." . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8:30: "Harbinger," "Early Songs," and "Meadowlark." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)

Louis Falco—With his dance company, in a program of his own works. (New York University School of Education Auditorium, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-2116.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Among those represented from out of the past at Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey's hundredth-anniversary gala will be P. T. Barnum, Jenny Lind, Tom Thumb, Buffalo Bill, Sitting Bull, and Gargantua. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, March 27, at 2 and 7:30; Saturday, March 28, at 10:30, 3, and 8; Monday through Friday, March 30-April 3, at 2 and 7; and Saturday, April 4, at 10:30, 3, and 8. The performances on Thursday, April 2, may be cancelled because of a basketball playoff. Closes Sunday, May 10. The doors open an hour before show time for those who like to roam around the menagerie.)

Mask & Wig Show—A musical, "Wrought Irony," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (The Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 8:30. For tickets, call 524-6366.)

Hasty Pudding Show—Benefit performances of a musical, "The Boy Who Cried Beowulf," this year's Harvard undergraduate production. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. Saturday, March 28, at 6 and 9. For tickets, call 986-1648, from 8:30 to 4:30.)

Blue Hill Troupe—Presenting benefit performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Wednesday through Saturday, April 1-4, at 8:30, and a performance primarily for children on Saturday, April 4, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4718, Mondays through Fridays between 9 and 12 and 2 and 4.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—The quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. Young singer Dion begins an engagement on Thursday, March 26. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine, ten-thirty, and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers. Coffee and tea abound.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Some come to drink and some to dine, and some hang around to hear the music. It is a quietly vital kind of jazz, turned out by Jo Beck on electric guitar, and it runs from eleven to three. Dinner is served until one.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Jazz in a cerebral direction, from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2	3	4

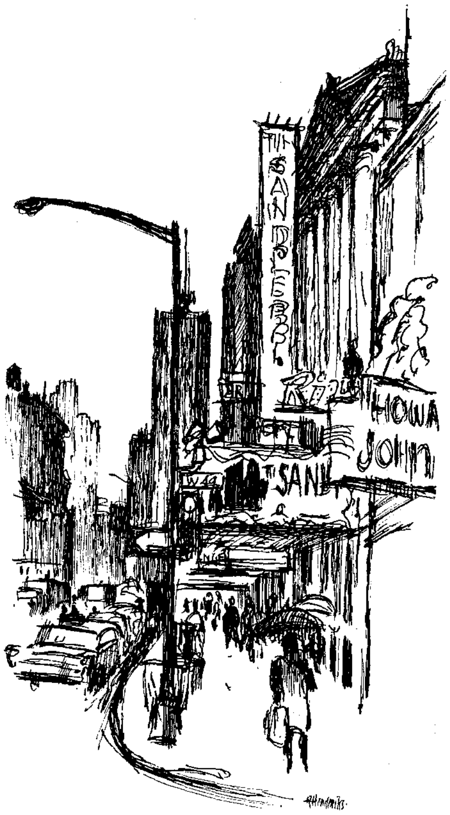
Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Roy Eldridge's quartet is on the stand six nights a week. Light Italian dishes are served, and the jukebox is filled with jazz. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—A forthright place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—a group that includes Max Kaminsky, Bobby Pratt, Eddie Hubble, Eddie Locke, and Joe Muranyi. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three. Closed Sundays.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another paean to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Roosevelt Grill, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The World's Greatest Jazz Band—well, anyway, Yank Lawson, Bob Haggart, Billy Butterfield, Lou McGarity, Bud Freeman, Ralph Sutton, Bob Wilber, Gus Johnson, Jr., and Kai Winding—is working hard on behalf of Early Americana, and if it is to survive, dig we must. Hot—in every sense of the word—on their heels is Bobby Hackett's quintet, including Vic Dickenson, Dave McKenna, Jack Lesberg, and Cliff Leeman. The mood is the Good Old Days, of which we could all use a few. Dancing as well. The hours are seven to two. Closed Sundays and Mondays. Dinner.



Slug's, 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—It's a trip getting to this spectral part of town, and wheels may be needed to get back, but the audience knows pretty much where it's at. Reeds predominate in a quintet run by Hank Mobley and Jimmy Heath. On Tuesday, March 31, the Charles Mingus quintet will take charge. Music most nights from nine to four. On Mondays, from nine-thirty, Sun Ra's band will be performing under the title of the Intergalactic Research Arkestra. Research is a tough field.

Uncle John's Straw Hat, 316 W. 49th St. (581-1828)—Budd Johnson's Jazz Giants will do an eight-to-eleven session on Sunday, March 29. The Giants: Ray Nance, Earle Warren, Nat Pierce, Gene Ramey, and Oliver Jackson. Wednesday through Saturday, a rock group plays. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the congenial upstairs rooms, you can drink or dine while listening to the Junior Mance trio, which on Tuesday, March 31, will be relieved by the Chico Hamilton quartet. On Mondays, these people are off and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Through Sunday, March 29, folk singers Ian & Sylvia will trade sets with an outfit called the Great Speckled Bird. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, Herbie Mann's cool flute will set the pace for his quartet. (Music from ten on Fridays and Sundays, from nine-thirty on Saturdays, and from ten-forty-five on Wednesdays and Thursdays.)

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface and—in the history of jazz—significant establishment. Freddie Hubbard's quintet plays through Sunday, March 29. On Tuesday, March 31, Roland Kirk's ebullient quartet takes over. Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—On a quiet corner in an empty area, where you wouldn't expect to find much of anything. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass: Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. Sawdust is on the floor, and collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, ponderous chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten until three or four.

C'Est Moi, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (935-1282)—Downstairs is a restaurant named Sam's. Upstairs, underneath the arches, couples shake, shuffle, or glide—depending on the whims of the *discaire*—from nine to three-thirty every night. The atmosphere is quasi-Moorish.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a little dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of rock records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

L'Etoile, 1 E. 59th St. (PL 1-7025)—Calmness and an absence of obtrusive gadgetry make for smooth-running evenings. Dinner and supper of an advanced sort. Dancing to records from eleven until three or four. No music Sundays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

Later at Act I, 1 Times Square. (695-1880)—A discothèque with a view, on the fifteenth floor of the Allied Chemical Tower. Dancing

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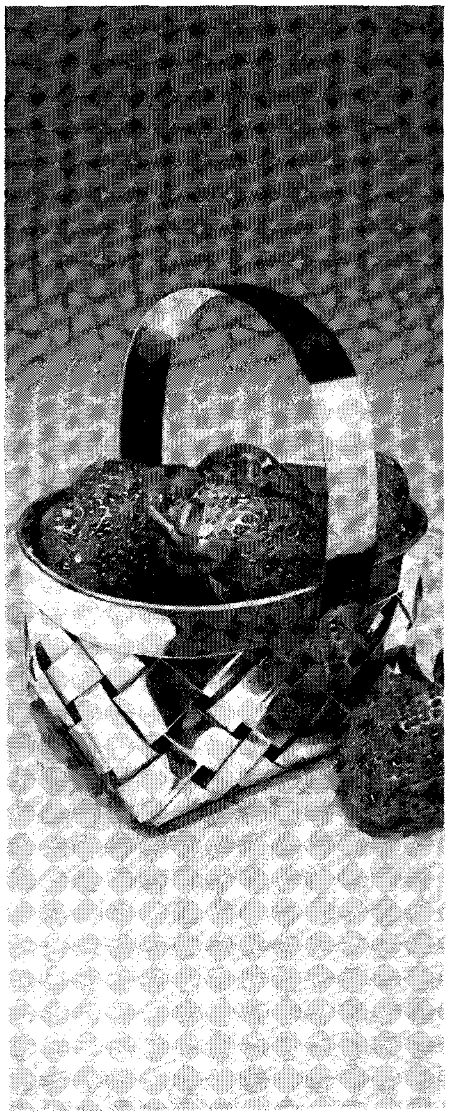

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

to music both live and nonlive, Mondays through Fridays from ten to three. Light suppers are served. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—Suavity prevails, in an ambience of reverberating luxe. People dance to strong records from ten until three or four. The view of the Park is fine. Reservations preclude disappointments.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—For evenings when you feel like dancing in a glyptotheca, this one will do as well as any. Sphinxes gleam. The records are as loud as squibs. Three times a night, a six-man group known as the Victorians plays and sings. On Monday, March 30, Hagood Hardy & the Montage will relieve the Vs. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from six to three every night but Saturday, when the doors open at eight. The whole thing sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—A down-to-earth club whose youthful patrons seem more interested in music and dancing than in ogling other people's threads. The live sounds of the Whisper alternate with high-powered records until Monday, March 30, when another group will move in. Closed Sundays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—A burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations—which may or may not be honored at the door—are a good idea on weekends. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. Good vibrations, comely people.

OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too, unless noted.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): The medina never looked better. You see a lot of Americans around now, and fewer of the old native customs, but at that it's superior to Acapulco any day—or night. Billy Reed is the new head man; Lester Lanin's is the band. The music runs from nine until three. No action on Sundays. . . . **DELMONICO'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The ways and miens of the restaurant are decorous, even when Ernie Warren's small band gets the dancers out on the floor. Eight to one in midweek, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY,** 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): What was good enough for our founding fathers is still good enough here—the foxtrot, the two-step, et al. No others need apply. Eight until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at two-thirty. Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve, and Thursdays from two until twelve. The dietary arrangements are almost invisible. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Dangerfield's, 1118 First Ave., at 61st St. (593-1650)—A quick glance, and not a discouraging one, at Las Vegas. Music and song and stuff, but the point of it all is Rodney Dangerfield, a commentator and wit whose words are often constructed of arsenic and old Mace. His earthy eruptions take place every night, beginning at nine on Saturdays and a trifle later the rest of the time. Steaks and such as well. Closed Sundays.

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—No one can build a bigger syndrome than Shelley Berman, yet no one can make it more habitable. This legerdemain is performed at ten and twelve during the week, from nine-thirty until one Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Visiting hours on the Eastern seaboard—but of the Mediterranean, where Israeli lion and Grecian lamb lie down together, and other nations follow suit. The lion (and humorist) is Avram Grobard. The music, which is practically perpetual, is also wily—and winning—Oriental, except when a numbing electronic group takes the floor. Home cooking, often Israeli. Dancing, too. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Weigh-In, Way-Out," the incumbent mixed-triples revue (three boys, three girls), is quite aware of what has gang agley in the world, but only some of the time is it able to express its feelings in the matter wittily. The cast is without any sort of guile. At nine-thirty and midnight every evening but Sunday.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and a show.)

Alpine Cellar, in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700)—The Cellar is Bavarian, like the band, the singers, and the *schuhplattler* dancers; the architecture is beer-hall; the character is *volksspiel*, loud and clear, from six until one. Dance music for all hands. Closed Sundays.

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box reopens Tuesday, March 31, as host to Sergio Franchi, a triumph of vocal cords, not of sound engineers. He will be stalwart and romantic during both dinner and supper. The Lee Evans band will return to deliver its well-spoken sermons from the mount at stage right.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—Nati Mistral, who is in a way a restoration of Spanish royalty, ends her valuable contribution to night-life song on Wednesday, March 25. Thursday, March 26, La Morucha, a flamencan sprite not hitherto visible in this territory, marches her troupe of Spanish adventurers aboard. No dark nights. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Flamenco Room, the activity, likewise on a no-nights-off basis, is enhanced by guitar (Pepe Preiego) and voice (Antonio Maya). They commence at ten, and do not stop until way past bedtime.

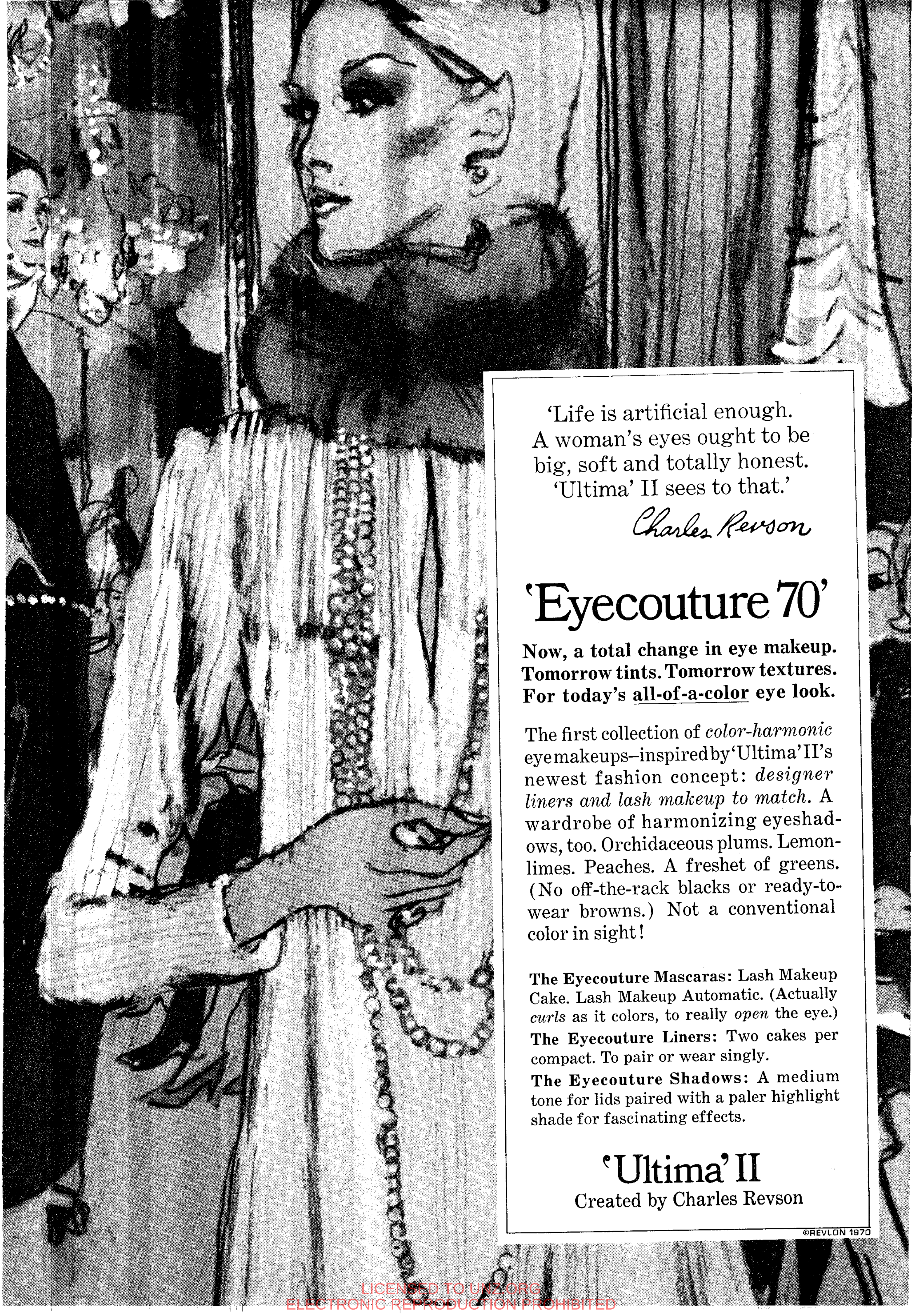
Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Stevie Wonder's haunted voice gives the ears an electric (not an electronic) thrill, and it would be great to hear it involved in something apart from the innocent illiteracies of minor rock and roll. As for Jerry Shane, spokesman of the evening, it would be great not to hear him at all. On Thursday, April 2, a new deal: the bursting-in-air songs of Tom Jones, definitely a prince of Wales. . . . ¶ In the lounge, the music and the listeners are sort of home-on-the-range, out at that big ranch in Nevada.

Downbeat, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (889-5100)—The pleasure is both hers and ours when Anita O'Day's voice takes wing over and around Artie Baker's jazz band. The rear is brought up by Monty Alexander's triad, a thoroughly successful study of applied dynamics. Everyone moves out on Thursday, April 2, and next evening's arrival is Sy Oliver, with his most recent superorchestrated band. No dancing; closed Sundays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—The noble Persian Room, which has always had a thing about girl singers, has it now about Florence Henderson, who is carolling during dinner and supper. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte share the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the showpiece is the Tokyo Happy Coats, five chickadees who just blew in on the Orient Express. Their activity is solely for eyes and ears (maybe more for the eyes); dancing occurs only when Marty Napoleon's really rollicking trio is in motion. Dinner is sufficient, supper is fragmentary. Events begin at eight; Mondays are dark. . . . ¶ The Edwardian Room offers, from seven to ten-thirty, dinner music—Sandu Marcu's fiddle and a piano; Easter they'll hang around until nine. . . . ¶ Palm Court, we love thy templed hills! No rock, but rill music begins with the Marcu teatime duets (four-thirty to six-thirty every day) and ends with another set of violin (almost always Gunnar Hansen's) and piano, eight to one, except Sundays.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Argentina becomes the land of milk and honey when Alberto Rochi begins his dinner and supper sets of songs. The dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at dinner during the week and dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays, Jeanne Steel pipes herself on board with a bunch of cantatas. On Thurs-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day, April 2, Earl Wilson, Jr., who pipes, too, will replace Miss Steel. Quintero's Latin scholars and Hal Turner's new, and first-rate, band will continue doing all the other honors. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, the next-door woodland glade, Ernest Schoen's violin and Jules Kuti's piano discourse peacefully from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The Empire Room will be reactivated on Monday, March 30, so that Ella Fitzgerald can sing (and that she can) at dinner and supper. The band of Charles Turecamo will be by far the best of the dance music.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as indicated.)

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): Whatever songs Bobby Short decants in this highly educational institution are in the Academy of the Immortals, but there is nothing academic about his performance of them. His aides-de-camp (and sometimes de-Camp) are Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The set is right out of "Treasure Island," but the crew is calypso, not Long John Silver, and the native rum and edibles are not served on a dead man's chest. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): College reunion, continual, coeducational, and convivial. The bar is straight and narrow; the dining room is as broad as it is long, and frequently filled by the music of a duo, led by Joel Shulman, which is in service every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): The Hungarian mixture as before—Tibor Rakossy for officer of the watch. Béla Babai's band for serenader, and Budapest for remembrance. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): The Manhattan *pied-à-terre* of Rita Dimitri, the perpetual-motion *grande vedette,* which serves also as her *pied-à-piano,* from the top of which she is apt to sing at nine-thirty most nights and again at midnight on Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **A QUIET LITTLE TABLE IN THE CORNER,** belowstairs in the Executive Hotel, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (685-7160): An underground movement all its own, from the busy bar to the tiny tables (glassed-in, but only by strings of beads). Someone is almost always at the piano, and the best of this ground swell is Scott Reed, whose voice and mild piano carry on from nine-thirty until three. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Nourishment, yes, and even a stirrup cup to end your evening. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti is the name of the cuisine, right enough, but the vocal outpouring, which often involves not only the entire staff but the entire audience, runs from Neapolitan opera to the Donnybrook fairgrounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **CHEZ VITO,** 36 E. 60th St. (PL 5-2025): Fiddledeedee all over the place (by, naturally, prowling violinists) and, for good (and hearty) measure, an occasional rehearing (by a quartet whose lead singer is Leyna Gabriele. prop.) of this or that operetta. From dinner until two, every night but Sunday.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): Feudal life as it always was—knights and their ladies dining at their leisure in the refectory, but quite a bit of jousting in the outer court, or bar. George Cardini and his faithful violin, Herman Arminski and his faithful piano all begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. Everything is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): No delusions of grandeur; the grandeur is real, and Roman. In the bar, Lynn Mullinax does the proper and joyous prandial and post-prandial piano, six to midnight, every evening but Sunday. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): The alter ego of the Sign of the Dove, and alto ego, too, since it's one flight up. Any resemblance in décor to the Dove is coincidental, except that it, too, has piano, six to one. Closed Sundays. . . . **IPERBOLE,** 137 E. 55th St. (759-9720): Armando Mei's newest concept of Imperial Rome is architecturally Mod on the surface, but the architects in the scullery preserve his, and Rome's, culinary traditions. The food of love is supplied by voice and guitar, from seven until one absolutely every night. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): The well-known pump room and pomp room returns to real life on Monday, March 30. New scenery but the same pianist, Dick Hankinson, who will address the keyboard off and on from six until one; Sundays, someone fills in for him. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): *Supra dig.* is how the bar-restaurant operates. There is piano (five-thirty to eight and nine to twelve-thirty) except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven and twelve Mondays through Thursdays and seven-thirty and twelve-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): A pretty formal occasion, and a just plain pretty one, too. George Feyer, dean of our Viennese musicologists, has the use of the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. No sound on Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana Hotel, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Dinner and supper to the tune of Ray Hartley's piano, whose felicities would be hard to top. Six to midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): A fairly ornate mulberry bush, around which, regular as clockwork and eager as little beavers, a posse of musicians goes from seven until a late bedtime. Closed Sundays. . . . **MCALPIN GRILL,** in the Hotel McAlpin, Broadway at 34th St. (PE 6-5700): Wayne Sanders, whose piano makes Christmas cheer everlasting, is on duty (after a lifetime at the late Goldie's New York) from five to ten every night but Sunday. . . . **HOUSE OF HUNGARY,** 320 E. 79th St. (TR 9-6220): *Faubourg* existence, and a well-fed one, in an Old, Old World. The favorite tipple of the musicians, who are led by Elemer Horvath, is Romany Rye. They sound off from seven-thirty until three, night after night. . . . **POLO BAR,** in the Westbury Hotel, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): State occasion. Joe Miles is as quiet as a church mouse when he tends piano, which he does from nine until twelve-thirty, except Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

STEPHEN ANTONAKOS—One huge neon-light work; starting Saturday, March 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD AVEDISIAN—Bright vertical stripes on huge canvases; through Thursday, April 2. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

MARCH AVERY—Pastoral themes and figures by the daughter of the well-known American painter; starting Sunday, March 29. (Waverly, 103 Waverly Pl. Daily, except Wednesdays, noon to 6.)

HAROLD BAUMBACH—Oils done between 1940 and 1955; through Saturday, March 28. . . . ¶ Abstract canvases from 1955 to 1965; starting Tuesday, March 31. (Cerberus, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

HARRY BERTOIA—Metal sculptures that move and whisper; starting Tuesday, March 31. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

JOHN BUTTON—Representational paintings, mostly landscapes; through Thursday, April 2. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON—"Man and Machine," a show of fifty-six photographs taken all over the world; through Saturday, April 4. (IBM Gallery, 16 E. 57th St.)

DADO—Colorful monsters by a Yugoslav Surrealist; through April 11. (Byron, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

SALVADOR DALI—Paintings and drawings done between 1965 and 1970, including three mammoth oils; through Saturday, April 4. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT DE NIRO—Expressionist figures and still-lifes; starting Tuesday, March 31. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

ARTHUR G. DOVE (1880-1946)—Watercolors and drawings done between 1915 and 1943 by

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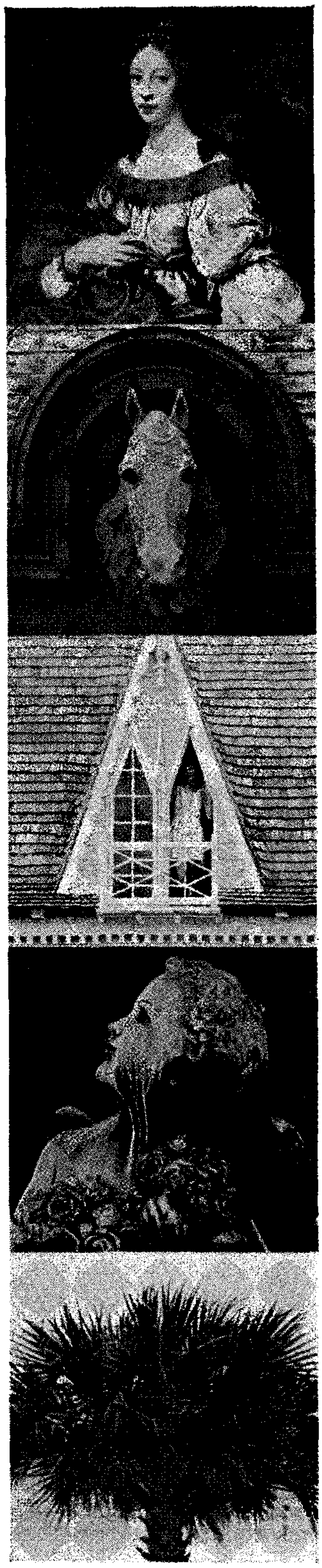

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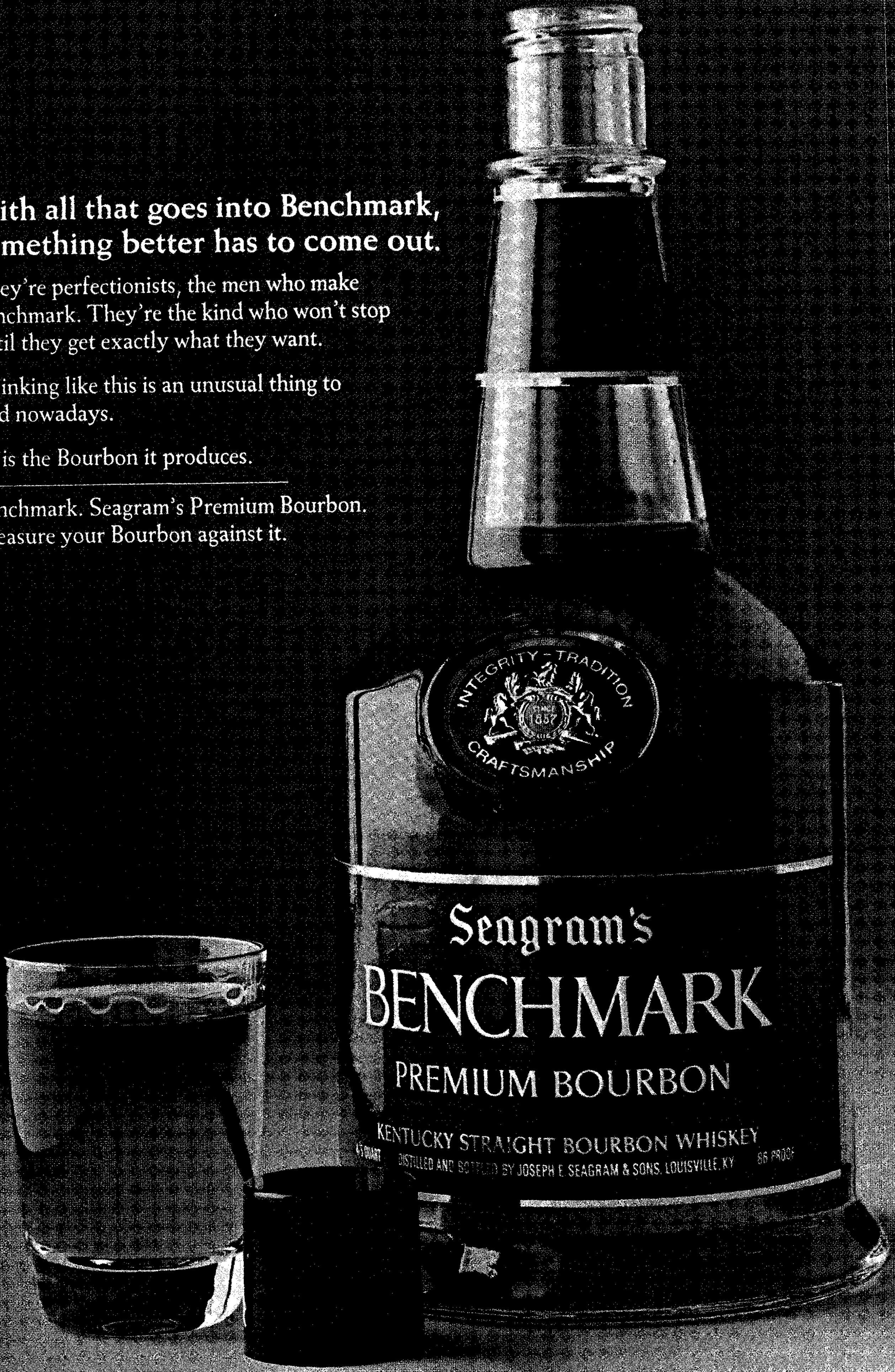
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this pioneer abstractionist; starting Tuesday, March 31. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Juan Downey—Constructions that affect the viewer by means of sound, light, and/or movement—some audience-activated; starting Saturday, March 28. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1894-1941)—Paintings done between 1908 and 1921 by the prominent New York eccentric; through Saturday, April 4. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jean Fautrier (1898-1964)—Oils, gouaches, drawings, and sculptures by a leading French Abstract Expressionist; through Saturday, March 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Paul Feeley (1910-66)—Color paintings in simple patterns; through Saturday, March 28. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Herbert George—Semi-figurative painted stones; starting Saturday, March 28. (Stable, 33 E. 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Goodnough—White-on-white canvases with the appearance of collage; through Thursday, April 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

William Gropper—Recent works lampooning the current scene by a foremost American social satirist; starting Monday, March 30. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

George Grosz (1893-1959)—More than sixty drawings and watercolors from the Berlin Period, 1913-31; through April 18. (Deitsch, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

H. N. Han—Seemingly all-white paintings, in which colors come to light; through April 10. (French & Co., 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Grace Hartigan—Oils, collages, and drawings by a prominent second-generation Abstract Expressionist; starting Saturday, March 28. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Al Held—Large geometric paintings in black and white; through Tuesday, March 31. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Martin Hurtig—Superimposed planes of color; through Saturday, March 28 (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Alfred Jensen—Emblematic abstractions in thick pigments; through Saturday, April 4. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

Walter Kamys—Abstractions; through Thursday, April 2. (East Hampton Gallery, 22 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Craig Kauffman—Suspended sheets of colored Plexiglas; through April 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings by the Art Nouveau master; through April 28. (St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aristide Maillol (1861-1944)—Sixty-two bronzes, plus pastels and drawings; through April 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Irving Marantz—Abstract landscapes, many with figures in masses of bright color; through April 10. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—Paintings and drawings of the New York scene; through Saturday, March 28. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Emil Nolde (1867-1956)—A comprehensive collection of etchings, woodcuts, and lithographs; through Friday, April 3. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)...¶ Oils and watercolors by the German Expressionist; through April 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Anthony Padovano—Chrome-plated geometric forms; starting Saturday, March 28. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Ad Reinhardt (1913-67)—Square all-black paintings by the artist famous for this format; through Saturday, April 4. (Marlborough, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Resika—Figures in landscapes, and landscapes; through Saturday, April 4. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Constance Richardson—American landscapes; through Saturday, April 4. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Shalom of Safed—Biblical paintings by a widely circulated Israeli primitive; through April 18. (La Boetie, 1042 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Thomas Sills—Expressionist paintings and drawings, mostly large; through Saturday, March 28. (Bodley, 787 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Kenneth Snelson—Constructions of stainless-steel cylinders suspended on tense cables; through Thursday, April 2. (Dwan, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Keith Sonnier—Pieces by a "materials" artist; through Saturday, March 28. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.... ¶ Castelli Warehouse, 103 W. 108th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Peter Stroud—Color paintings by a British artist; through Thursday, April 2. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St., at W. Houston St. Closed Mondays.)

Lenore Tawney—Symbolic juxtapositions in box assemblages and wall pieces; through April 18. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

William Thon—Landscapes of Maine and European settings; starting Tuesday, March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Charles White—Paintings and drawings of themes taken from the history of the blacks in America; through Friday, April 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Worthington Whittredge (1820-1919)—Landscapes by a member of the Hudson River School; through Tuesday, March 31. (Kennedy Americana Galleries, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Paul Zimmerman—Semi-abstract landscapes and still-lifes; through Saturday, March 28. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **AUTOMATION HOUSE**, 49 E. 68th St.: An exhibit of eight monumental, electrically complex environments by as many artists, among them Stephen Antonakos, Boyd Mefferd, Robert Whitman, and Stanley Landsman; through April 12. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **DINTENFASS**, 18 E. 67th St.: Drawings by Robert Gwathmey, Stefano Cusumano, and Alan Cober; through Saturday, March 28.... **FEIGEN**, 27 E. 79th St.: Twenty examples of Tantric art; through April 11.... **FIRST STREET GALLERY**, 305 Bowery, at 1st St.: Conventional still-lifes, figures, and landscapes by four young artists; through April 12. (Tuesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5.)... **GOLDOWSKY**, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.: Paintings by Christensen, Budd, Baer, Müller, O'Keeffe, and others; through April 10. (Closed Mondays.)... **O.K. HARRIS**, 465 W. Broadway, at W. Houston St.: Drawings by John Fawcett, paintings by Ellen Cibula, and sculptures by Richard Kalina; through Saturday, April 4. (Closed Mondays.)... **SAIDENBERG**, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Arp, de Kooning, Feininger, Pollock, Léger, González, and Salemme; through April 23.... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by such twentieth-century Europeans and Americans as Afro, Beckmann, Glasco, Lanyon, and Tchelitchew; through April 11. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Bronzes by members of the Sculptors Guild, who include Doris Caesar, Robert Cronbach, Vincent Glinsky, and Ruth Vollmer; through Tuesday, March 31. (797 Madison Ave., at 67th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Over three hundred items of medieval art, including gems, manuscripts, stained glass, textiles, sculptures, and works in enamel, metal, and ivory, done between 1180 and 1220, the period when the cathedrals of Chartres, Reims, and Notre Dame, and the first palace of the Louvre were built. The exhibition, which represents the emergence of the Gothic style, comprises borrowings from fourteen countries, including the United States. Through May 10. Except on Mondays, admission is $1. (Weekdays, 10 to 4, and Tuesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 4.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Forty paintings by Frank Stella, dating from 1959

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and covering the entire range of his work; starting Thursday, March 26.... ¶ A hundred and fifty items and photographs of Art Nouveau by designer-architect Hector Guimard (1867-1942), including furniture, textiles, graphics, and industrial objects; through May 10.... ¶ Fifty etchings done by Joan Miró between 1965 and 1968; through April 26.... ¶ Drawings of architectural ideas by Theo van Doesburg, leading De Stijl painter; through June 7. (No admission charge on Mondays, 2 to 9; the rest of the week—Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, Thursday evenings until 9, and Sundays, noon to 6—the usual $1.50 will be charged.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, drawings, photographs, and stage designs by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy (1895-1946), designer in many mediums, who was affiliated with the Bauhaus; through April 19. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, March 30, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the paintings, assemblages, drawings, and prints of the Pop artist Jim Dine; through April 19.... ¶ Five large paintings dealing with slavery and contemporary political personages by Thomas Nast, America's leading cartoonist of the nineteenth century; through May 10. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.... ¶ On Tuesday, April 7, at 8:30, there will be a Composers' Showcase program of jazz compositions by Charles Mingus, performed by his quintet, and the music and poetry of Moondog, who will recite while his music is performed by the Aeolian Chamber Players. Tickets, which are very scarce, will be issued on a first-come, first-served basis starting Wednesday, April 1.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred paintings and twenty-seven graphics constituting the first major retrospective of the work of Milton Avery (1893-1965), a vital influence in mid-century American painting; through Sunday, March 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Drawings and sculptures executed by the students of the School of Art and Design at Pratt Institute from a study of forms in nature. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A memorial exhibition of paintings by Shahn, Dehn, Bouché, and Duchamp; also works submitted for Institute awards by twenty-five American painters and sculptors. Through April 5. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—An exhibit devoted to German, Austrian, and Swiss printing from 1918 to the present; through Saturday, April 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Paintings and sculptures by four young New York artists concerned with "beauty;" through April 26.... ¶ Fifty examples of Indian Tantric mystical diagrams; through April 26.... ¶ Works that incorporate words and images; through April 26. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—Fifty major pre-Columbian objects from the Metropolitan Museum—they include stone carvings, a gold breastplate, a pendant, animals, ceramics, and textiles; through May 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—Photographs depicting Soviet life from the 1917 October Revolution to the present, together with sculptures, folk-art products, and recorded music; through Friday, April 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 8.)

New York University Library, 19 University Pl.—An exhibition of selections from the Hellman Papers, marking the acquisition by the University of fifty-eight cases full of manuscripts, memoranda, and workaday odds and ends accumulated over the past forty years by Geoffrey Hellman, who has been a staff writer for *The New Yorker* all that time; through April 17. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 4.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Over a hundred African objects (masks, figures, musical instruments, textiles, jewelry, and artifacts), together with a sampling of the Western art they inspired; through April 19. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 25: "Don Carlo," with Marion Lippert, Fiorenza Cossotto, Sándor Kónya, Mario Sereni, Cesare Siepi, and John Macurdy.... ¶ Thursday evening, March 26: "La Traviata," with Jeannette Pilou, Carlo Bergonzi, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Friday evening, March 27: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Franco Tagliavini, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 28: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Evelyn Lear, James King, William Dooley, and Theodor Uppman.... ¶ Saturday evening, March 28: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, Raymond Michalski, and Clifford Harvuot.... ¶ Monday evening, March 30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Teresa Stratas, Rosalind Elias, Cesare Siepi, Tom Krause, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 31: "Aida," with Lucine Amara, Shirley Verrett, Carlo Bergonzi, Mario Sereni, Justino Díaz, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Wednesday evening, April 1: "Ariadne auf Naxos," with Leonie Rysanek, Reri Grist, Teresa Stratas, Sándor Kónya, and William Dooley.... ¶ Thursday evening, April 2: "Roméo et Juliette," with Colette Boky, Marcia Baldwin, Franco Corelli, John Reardon, Raymond Michalski, and Clifford Harvuot.... ¶ Friday evening, April 3: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Mirella Freni, Evelyn Lear, Justino Díaz, Tom Krause, and Paul Plishka.... ¶ Saturday matinée, April 4: "Norma," with Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, Carlo Bergonzi, and Cesare Siepi.... ¶ Saturday evening, April 4: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Ina Delcampo, Joann Grillo, Franco Tagliavini, and Frank Guarrera; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, James McCracken, Cornell MacNeil, Dominic Cossa, and Andrea Velis. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 25, at 8:15: "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Kay Creed, Michele Molese, and Norman Treigle.... ¶ Thursday, March 26, at 7:45: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Friday, March 27, at 8:15: "Pelléas at Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico.... ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 2:15: "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Deborah Kieffer, Michele Molese, and Robert Hale.... ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Sunday, March 29, at 1:15: "Mefistofele," with Gilda Cruz-Romo, Beverly Evans, Robert Nagy, and Norman Treigle.... ¶ Sunday, March 29, at 7:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Frances Bible, Arturo Sergi, Malcolm Smith, and Gary Glaze; and "Carmina Burana," with Patricia Wise, John Darrenkamp, and Enrico DiGiuseppe.... ¶ Tuesday, March 31, at 8:15: "La Cenerentola," with Frances Bible, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Wednesday, April 1, at 8:15: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, André Jobin, and Louis Quilico.... ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Patricia Wise, John Stewart, and Herbert Beattie.... ¶ Friday, April 3, at 8:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Mary Cross Lueders, Michele Molese, and Louis Quilico.... ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 2:15: "Oedipus Rex," with Sheila Nadler, Arturo Sergi, David Rae Smith, and Edward Pierson; and "Carmina Burana," with Elisabeth Carron, John Darrenkamp, and Enrico DiGiuseppe. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 8:15: "The Abduction from the Seraglio" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Patricia Wise, John Stewart, and Herbert Beattie. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 19.)

Opera Composers Festival—The last in a series of concerts of arias, duets, trios, and scenes from operas, this one (which was postponed from Feb. 8) devoted to the music of Verdi, performed by an orchestra conducted by Alfredo Silipigni, with Teresa Apolei and Linda Heimall, sopranos; Eugenio Fernandi, tenor; and Seymour Schwartzman and Vern Shinall, baritones. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, March 31, at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, George Szell conducting—Thursday, March 26, at 8:30; Friday, March 27, at 2; Saturday, March 28, at 8:30; and Monday, March 30, at 7:30 (all with Edith Peinemann, violin); and Thursday, April 2, at 8:30; Friday, April 3, at 2; Saturday, April 4, at 8:30; and Monday, April 6, at 7:30 (all with Claude Frank, piano).

Washington National Symphony—At Philharmonic Hall, final performances of the season here—Friday, March 27, at 8:30: Howard Mitchell directing Acts I and III of Wagner's "Parsifal" as a staged oratorio, with Ticho Parly, tenor; Theodor Uppman, baritone; Malcolm Smith, bass-baritone; and the University of Maryland Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 29, at 5:30: Arthur Fiedler conducting a pop concert.

Boston Symphony—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the final performances of the season here. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, April 1, and Friday, April 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 4, at 8:30.)

Rotterdam Philharmonic Orchestra—Jean Fournet conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 3, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Reynold Giovaninetti directing a performance of Goldmark's "Die Königin von Saba" in concert form, with Teresa Kubiak, soprano; Alpha Floyd, mezzo-soprano; Arley Reese, tenor; and Wolfgang Anheiser, baritone. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 26, at 8.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting a benefit concert, with Leonard Rose, cello. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 28, at 9.)

RECITALS

Joseph Fuchs and Artur Balsam—Violin and piano, in a program of Beethoven sonatas. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 25, at 8:30.)

Philidor Trio—Music from the Court and salons of eighteenth-century France. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 30, at 8:30.)

John Graham—Viola. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The third in a series of five programs presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, March 31, at 8:30.)

Yale University School of Music Concerts—The last in a series of concerts, this one offering chamber music performed by the Yale Wind Ensemble, conducted by Keith Wilson. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 1, at 8:30.)

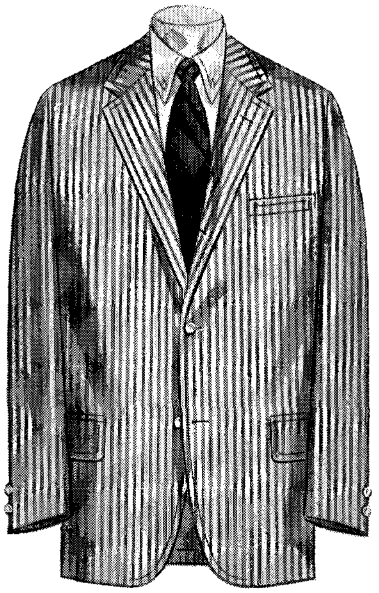
Mahmud Mirza—Sitar, with Fayyaz Khan, tabla. (Asia House, 112 E. 64th St. Thursday, April 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—At Alice Tully Hall, the final concerts of the season—Friday, April 3, at 8:30: Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; Charles Wadsworth, piano; and the Amadeus String Quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 4, at 9: The Messrs. Trampler and Parnas; Paula Robison Sylvester, flute; Richard Goode, piano; and the Amadeus String Quartet.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Joe Cocker and the Grease Band, Ronnie Hawkins, and Stone the Crows—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, March 27-28, at 8 and 11:30.

Quicksilver Messenger Service, Van Morrison,



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OUR NEW "346" SPORT JACKETS
featuring striped all-worsted tropicals

This is a particularly good-looking group of Odd Jackets for Spring and Summer. We have had them tailored on our 3-button model with the wider lapel in favor these days. Of lightweight tropical worsted, they are available in these stripings: blue on white ground; rust on off-white; blue on grey; and dark blue on light blue. This same model also comes in a blend of silk, wool and linen in a solid shade of bronze or natural stripes on green ground. $90

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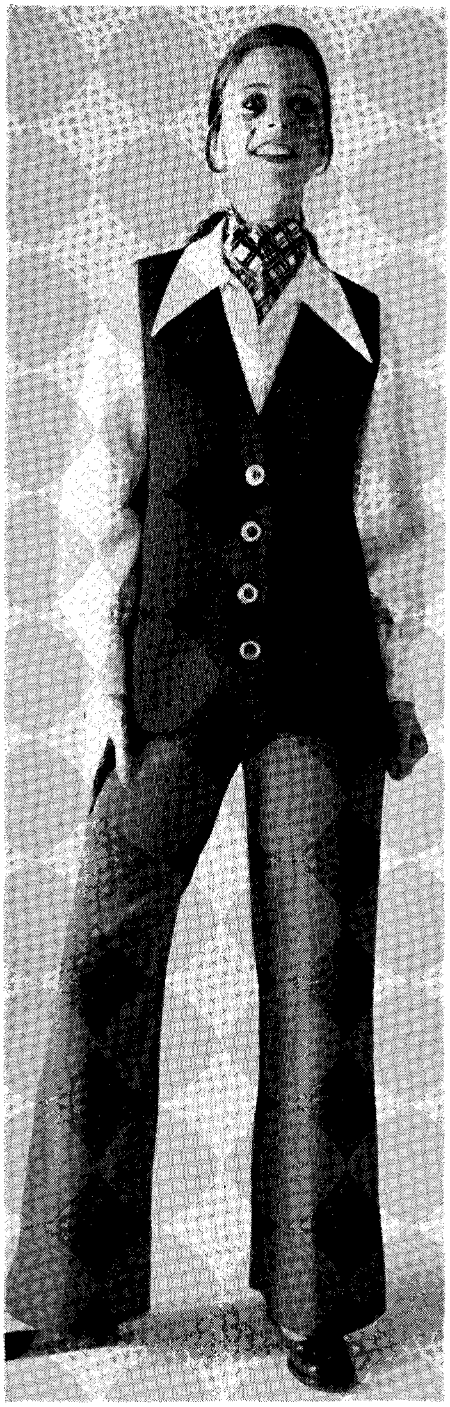

Pull-on pants, very V'd vest, dashingly collared shirt and a scarf to tie up the red, white and blue-ness of it all. Impeccably done in Trevira® polyester knit (because this is the Trevira® Era and we know you're going places!). 8 to 16, 76.00*

*Slightly higher on the West Coast

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

AND BRINSLEY SCHWARZ—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, April 3-4, at 8 and 11:30.

FREDDIE HUBBARD QUINTET—Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 3, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—National Basketball Association Eastern Division playoffs, Knicks vs. Baltimore. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, March 26, at 7:30; Sunday, March 29, at 1:55; and, if necessary, Thursday, April 2, at 7:30.)

HOCKEY—At Madison Square Garden—Wednesday, March 25, at 7:35: Rangers vs. Boston. . . . ¶ Sunday, March 29, at 8:35: Rangers vs. Canadiens.

HUNT RACING—Deep Run Hunt Race Association. (Richmond, Va. Saturday, April 4.)

RACING—At Aqueduct: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 23. The Westchester, Saturday, March 28, and the Gotham, Saturday, April 4.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weekdays at 8; through Monday, May 25. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15, from Thursday, April 2, through Saturday, Nov. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

MUSIC—By the **WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY**: Arthur Fiedler conducting, with Hiro Imamura, piano. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, March 28, at 3.). . . **BLUE HILL TROUPE**: A benefit performance, primarily for children, of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, April 4, at 2:30. For tickets, call BU 8-4718, Mondays through Fridays between 9 and 12 and 2 and 4.)

"BRAVE"—The Robert F. Kennedy Theatre for Children presenting benefit performances of a program of music, dance, and mime, epitomizing the American Indian. Narrated by Frank Converse. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Sunday, March 29, at 7:30—with Buffy Sainte-Marie as guest artist—and Monday and Tuesday, March 30-31, and Thursday and Friday, April 2-3, at noon and 3.)

STAGE SHOWS—By the **BIL BAIRD MARIONETTES**: "The Whistling Wizard and the Sultan of Tuffet." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday, March 28, through Saturday, April 4, at 1 and 3:30.). . . **ROSE LYNCH PRODUCTIONS**: "Hansel and Gretel," Saturdays and Sundays at 1. . . . ¶ "Heidi," Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. (Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave., at 14th St. 475-9647.). . . **MERI MINI PLAYERS**: "The Princess and the Pea," Saturday, March 28, at 3:30. . . . ¶ "Peter Pan," Saturday, April 4, at 3:30. (Universalist Church Theatre, 4 W. 76th St. 877-1952.) . . . **PERFORMING ARTS REPERTORY THEATRE**: "Don Quixote." (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Wednesday and Thursday, March 25-26, at 10.). . . **PIXIE JUDY TROUPE**: "Aurora, the Sleeping Beauty." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, March 28, through Saturday, April 4, at 1:30.). . . **PRINCE STREET PLAYERS**: "Mother Goose Go-Go." (Edison Theatre, 240 W. 47th St. PL 7-7164. Friday, March 27, at 1 and 3:30; Saturday and Sunday, March 28-29, at 10 and noon; Monday and Tuesday, March 30-31, at 1 and 3:30; Wednesday, April 1, at 11 and 5:30; Thursday and Friday, April 2-3, at 1 and 3:30; and Saturday and Sunday, April 4-5, at 10 and noon.). . . **SYROTIAK PUPPETS**: "Beauty and the Beast." (Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St. LE 4-1672. Tuesday through Saturday, March 31-April 4, at 1:30. Children under five not admitted.). . . **TRAVELING PLAYHOUSE**: "Pinocchio," Monday, March 30. . . . ¶ "Rip van Winkle," Tuesday, March 31. . . . ¶ "Greensleeves," Wednesday, April 1. . . . ¶ "Prince and the Pauper," Thursday, April 2. . . . ¶ "Snow White," Friday, April 3. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Afternoons at 1. Children under five not admitted.)

MARIONETTE EXHIBITION—A troupe of over forty Bil Baird puppets dating from the nineteen-thirties to the present; through April 6. (Library and Museum of the Performing Arts, Lincoln Center. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 9; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "New Challenge of the Planets." (Special holiday schedule: Wednesday, March 25, at 2 and 3:30; Thursday, March 26, at 1, 2, and 3:30; Good Friday at 11, 1, 2, and 3:30; Saturday, March 28, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Easter at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Monday through Friday March 30-April 3, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4; and Saturday, April 4, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

CHILDREN'S ZOOS—In **CENTRAL PARK**: A turreted castle, a Peppermint Stick House, Jonah's Whale, and many other delights make up this fairy-tale world, and the resident animals include kids, lambs, deer, monkeys, and chickens. (Daily, 10 to 4:30.). . . ¶ At the **BRONX ZOO**: Reopens Saturday, March 28, with a variety of small animals, among them lambs, piglets, kids, prairie dogs, and turkeys. (Open daily, weather permitting, 10:30 to 4:30. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

NOTE—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every weekday, starting on Friday, March 27, from 10 to 12.

ET ALIA

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every fifteen minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

NEW YORK BOTANICAL GARDEN, Bronx Park—The annual Easter show of spring flowers in the main conservatory, with the traditional cross of lilies and a Dutch-bulb exhibit that offers a Dutch village street and a windmill. (Daily, 10 to 4:30; through Sunday, April 5.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, March 26, at 2: Italian and German Renaissance bronzes, eighteenth-century sculptures, a set of Elizabethan painted trenchers, and other works of art; from several collections. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 10:15: Indian and Far Eastern art, from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 28, at 2: Furniture and decorations, from a number of collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 2, at 10:15 and 2: Russian works of art, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 28.

FILM LIBRARIES—At the **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Six films by the Ceylonese filmmaker Lester James Peries: March 26 at 2, 5:30, and 8, "The Line of Destiny" (1956); March 27 at 2 and 5:30, "The Silence of the Heart" (1968); March 28 at 3 and 5:30, "The Changing Countryside" (1964); March 29 at 2 and 5:30, "The Yellow Robes" (1967); March 30 at 2:30, 5:30, and 8, "Between Two Worlds" (1966); March 31-April 1 at 2 and 5:30, "Five Acres of Land" (1969). . . . ¶ March 25 at 2 and 5:30: "Man of Aran" (1934), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ March 28 at 11:30: "Potemkin" (1925), a Russian film, directed by Sergei Eisenstein. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Upthrown Stone" (1969), a Hungarian film. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon, or, if a Monday, after 2. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30.). . . **NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER**, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—A program of Soviet travel and documentary films. (Tuesdays through Sundays at 1, 2, 3, and 4.). . . **SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Six short silent films by Laszlo Moholy-Nagy. (Sundays at 2. For information about tickets, call EN 9-5110.)

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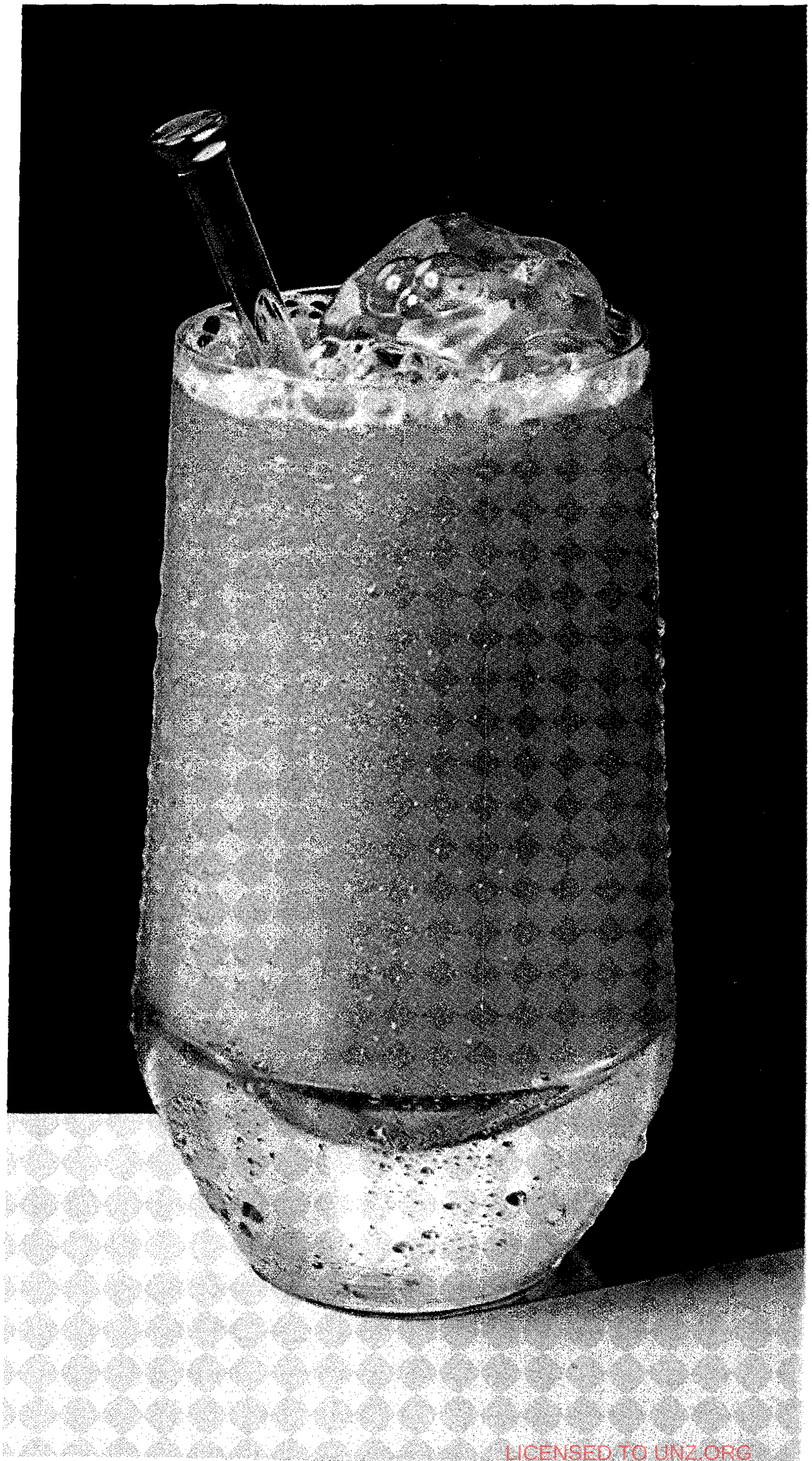

A screwdriver tastes like orange juice. Vodka, which is virtually tasteless, does nothing for it. But it does do something to it. It makes the orange juice taste thinner.

A Rum & Orange tastes like orange juice, too. But rum does have a taste. A taste that complements the orange juice. So rum doesn't make it taste thinner. It makes it taste better.

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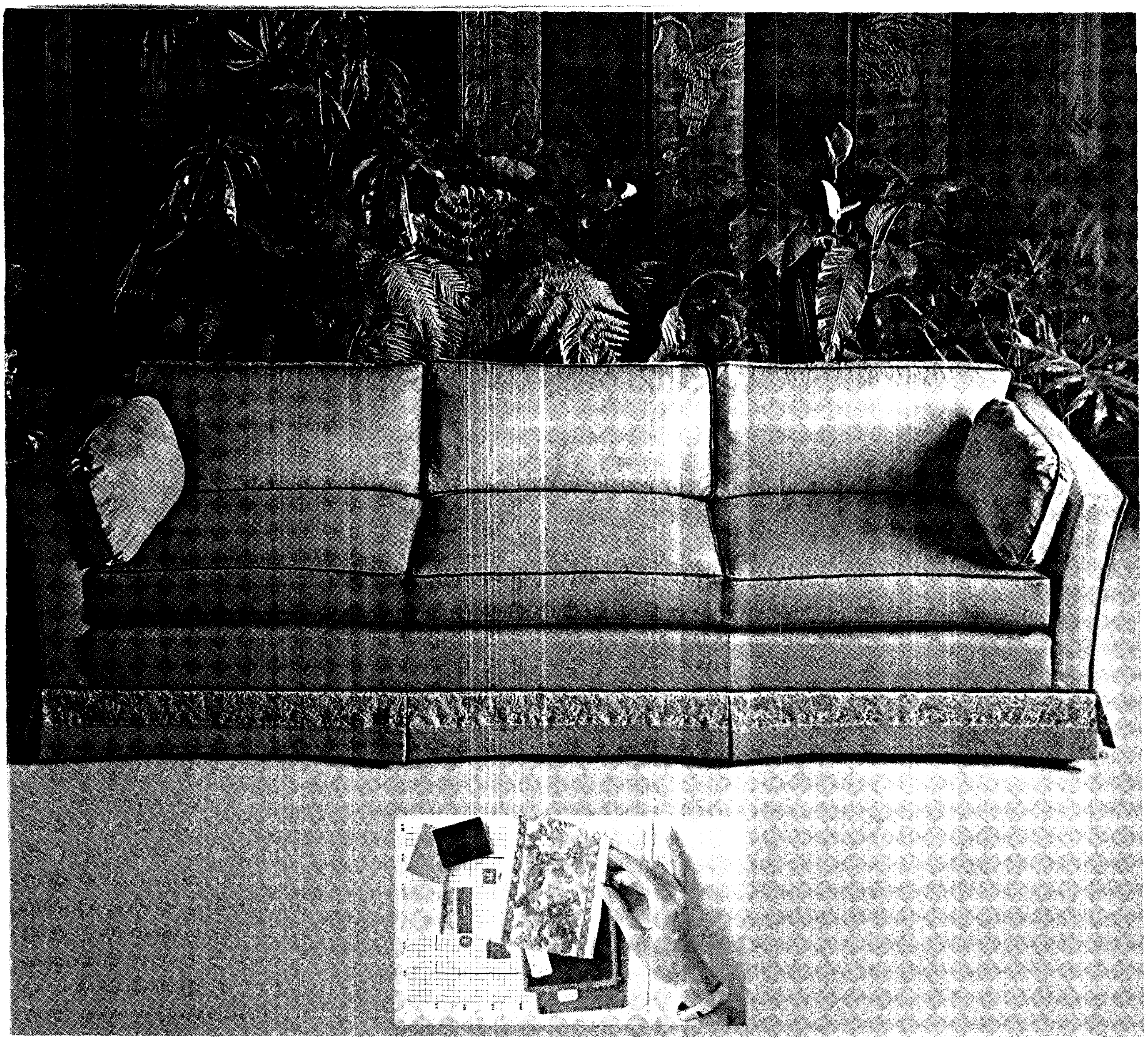

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When a sofa is made to meet a maker's high standards but looks more like it's made to meet yours, only more money can buy it.

You might be able to find a sofa *that looks somewhat like this* for about $635. And, if all you want is a place to sit down and happen to like one of the handful of fabrics it comes in, you'll be happy with it.

Covered, welted and bordered in velvet, this 100" Heritage sofa will cost about $885. Or $250 more than its look-alike. Below the velvet, this sofa is built with the strongest system of support it can have. A frame designed for this style alone and locked into one solid unit. Springs tied to each other and to the frame. Layers of batting stretched and *stitched to the shape set down* by the frame. Steps that make the look last. Steps that are standard at Heritage.

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Some of our extras cost no extra money. Others will add just a fraction to the price. Simply because we feel that nothing should keep a sofa this basically fine from becoming the exact sofa you're after.

The higher price on this sofa, or any other piece of furniture we make, buys something that only more money can buy. Whether it's the way we'll build this *sofa to support the look you* select. Or the way we'll take the extra steps to bring a wood to a finish that no shortcut method can match.

When you see work like this, you'll find the Heritage name. Hiding under the cushions of this multi-length sofa. Burned inside the drawers of a Heritage armoire. If you'd like to see how Heritage could fit into your home, send two dollars for a catalog collection and room planning kit to Dept. N.Y. 3-28-70, Heritage Furniture Company, High Point, N.C. 27261.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Adventurers—A new low in big pictures. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255; and Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607.)

Alfie (1966)—Michael Caine gives his best performance as a self-centered working-class swinger who divides his attentions among Vivien Merchant, Jane Asher, Shelley Winters, and others. Directed by Lewis Gilbert, from Bill Naughton's play. Score by Sonny Rollins. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 31.)

Anne of the Thousand Days—Richard Burton as a mild Henry VIII, who lets himself be pushed around by Anne Boleyn (Genevieve Bujold). Well written, well acted, but rather wan. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice—Dyan Cannon (who has the smallest nose since Jane Wyman) and Elliott Gould give a classic portrait of a dreadful modern marriage in this lively, deft comedy by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, who wrote last year's "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" and who may just be the best new comedy team in Hollywood. With Natalie Wood and Robert Culp. Mazursky directed. (Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th, PL 3-6022.)

The Boys in the Band—A movie of Mart Crowley's play—written in faggot vernacular—about a gathering of homosexuals at a birthday party. The text has been preserved as if the quips were ageless; the movie disproves this supposition. Directed by William Friedkin, who emphasizes the suffering and heartbreak, and fails to freshen the comedy. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Brief Encounter (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life," and Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard played the lovers with such touching restraint that they broke hearts all over the world. A craftsmanlike tearjerker. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 26.)

The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari (1919)—The sets are used expressionistically to convey the angular, warped world as a madman sees it. This famous (silent) nightmare film stars Werner Krauss as the mountebank-doctor, and tall, thin, young Conrad Veidt as the somnambulist in his cabinet. Directed by Robert Wiene. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 2.)

Chaplin Comedies—"The Adventurer" and "The Count," both mementos from the silent past. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 26-April 1.)

Cluny Brown (1946)—Ernst Lubitsch directed this charming, light satire on English social conventions, with Jennifer Jones in a rare comic performance that's a delight and with Charles Boyer as a debonair scrounger. The cast includes Richard Haydn and Una O'Connor as his mother. From a novel by Margery Sharp. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 2.)

The Damned—Visconti, who doesn't have much talent for flamboyance, appears to be grimly serious about all this curling-lip and thin-eyebrow decadence. The story is the basic mother-son romance of homoerotic literature, dressed up in Nazi drag. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200.)

Duck Soup (1933)—The Marx Brothers in their greatest movie—a semi-surrealist farce about war. This was made before Irving Thalberg got hold of them, and so it's uncorrupted by sentimentality and vocalizing lovers. With Margaret Dumont, Edgar Kennedy, Louis Calhern. Directed by Leo McCarey. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 25.)

Fellini Satyricon—The pre-Christian Roman world as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. A tired, oppressive movie, with many freaky people exhibiting their grossness or abnormalities and making faces to tell us they're soulless. In Italian. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123. Nightly at 7:15 and 9:45. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4:45.)

Footlight Parade (1933)—One of those "classic" early Warner Brothers musicals—silly but from time to time irresistibly wonderful in a way that will never come back. The young James Cagney dances and shows off his Olivier-like eyes, Joan Blondell is tough and honest, Dick Powell sings some good songs, and Ruby Keeler dances while bending down anxiously to watch her leaden feet. Directed by Lloyd Bacon, choreography by Busby Berkeley. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037. . . . ¶ Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through March 31.)

MOTION PICTURES

ALL THIS WEEK

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			25	26	27	28
29	30	31	1	2		

Gold Diggers of 1935 (1935)—Dick Powell is hired by Alice Brady to escort her daughter, Gloria Stuart, while Gloria's fiancé, Hugh Herbert, completes his book on snuffboxes. Guess what happens. The score is good, even though the picture is terrible in a pleasant sort of way. Busby Berkeley, who usually only choreographed, did the direction, too, and he wasn't too skillful. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037. . . . ¶ Regency, B'way at 67th, 724-3700; through March 31.)

Great Expectations (1946)—David Lean directed this elegant and satisfying production, which is one of the most memorable of all the many Dickens films. John Mills is Pip; Jean Simmons is Estella as a young girl, and then Valerie Hobson takes over the role; Martita Hunt is Miss Havisham; Finlay Currie is Magwich; Alec Guinness is Herbert Pocket. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 26.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier gives an active and exciting performance in the version he directed—a handsome production with lively contributions by Eileen Herlie (the Queen), Basil Sydney (the King), Jean Simmons (Ophelia), Stanley Holloway (Grave Digger). (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 25.)

Hello, Dolly!—A great star (Barbra Streisand) redeems an impersonal big circus of a show. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, March 25, and Friday, March 27, at 2:30, and Saturday through Thursday, March 28-April 2, at 1:30 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

In the Heat of the Night (1967)—A comedy-thriller with Sidney Poitier as a quick-witted police officer from the North and Rod Steiger as a blundering Southern chief of police. Fast and enjoyable, with lively, atmospheric cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Directed by Norman Jewison. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 1.)

Intimate Lighting—Country people, their love of music, and their eccentricities. Ivan Passer's little droll comedy may be the closest thing lately to the English thatched-roof comedies of the fifties. A Czechoslovakian film. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting March 26.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Runaway heiress Claudette Colbert met reporter Clark Gable, and they transformed the romantic style of America, as well as the style of American comedy. Frank Capra directed this charming film, which is now a nostalgic incarnation of thirties humor and sentiment. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 26-April 1.)

John and Mary—Dustin Hoffman and Mia Farrow are the cuddly, infantile lovers who are meant to be darling. Thin little romance, with lots of modern accoutrements. Remember when that man in "The Graduate" told Hoffman to go into plastics? Well, he did when he made this one. Directed by Peter Yates. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the amoral young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Brittle, witty, and good fun, though a little on the pokey side. Robert Hamer directed. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 30-31.)

The Last Laugh (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; starting April 2.)

The Lavender Hill Mob (1951)—Alec Guinness as the fubsy little bank clerk with the gleaming eyes of a man who plans to rob the Bank of England. T. E. B. Clarke's script, Charles Crighton's direction, the score by Auric, and the assisting performances by Stanley Holloway, Alfie Bass, and Sidney James make this one of the most charming of all English comedies. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 30-31.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Karel Reisz directed this study of the life and character of the great Isadora Duncan, danced and acted by Vanessa Redgrave. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through March 31.)

Loving—George Segal gives his best performance yet as a commercial artist who doesn't like his life. An intelligent—often funny—movie, directed by Irvin Kershner. (Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th, 427-1332; and Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

The Man in the White Suit (1951)—Alec Guinness, as a quirky idealist who invents a fabric that will stay clean and last forever, and guileful Joan Greenwood in Alexander Mackendrick's deft comedy about capital, science, and labor. With Cecil Parker and Ernest Thesiger. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 25.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." With Jean-Pierre Léaud as a young radical in love with Chantal Goya, a *yé-yé* singer. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 25.)

M*A*S*H—A gloriously sane comedy about the insanity of war. With Elliott Gould, Donald Sutherland, and Tom Skerritt. Directed by Robert Altman. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Midnight Cowboy—Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman give fine performances as the cowboy and his seedy pal Ratso in John Schlesinger's garish interpretation of the book by James Leo Herlihy. (Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, 877-4040.)

The Milky Way—A genial guided tour of heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874.)

Nothing But a Man (1964)—A study of a Negro's refusal to accommodate, enacted by Ivan Dixon. Directed by Michael Roemer. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 1-2.)

Oh! What a Lovely War—A socially significant anti-war musical that is also a big, heavy movie in the pukka-sahib tradition of English moviemaking. Maggie Smith and Laurence Olivier are very funny, but oh, so briefly. With John Mills, John Gielgud, Dirk Bogarde, Ralph Richardson, various Redgraves, et al. Richard Attenborough directed. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting April 1.)

Oliver! (1968)—Dickens provided a good story, and the director, Carol Reed, supplies a superb demonstration of intelligent craftsmanship. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Patton—George C. Scott as Patton in an epic designed to satisfy those who think he was crazy and those who think he was great, but not those who don't just want to have their prejudices greased. Franklin J. Schaffner directed. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesday, March 25, and Friday through Thursday, March 27-April 2, at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Point of Order! (1964)—A documentary on the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 1-2.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. It's all fairly blubbery and self-conscious, but undeniably it's some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high-class *kitsch*. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 27-29.)

Seventh Heaven (1927)—The first year Academy Awards were given, Frank Borzage took the prize for directing this tender, sweet (and silent) film starring Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting April 2.)

Stolen Kisses (1968)—A modern comedy-romance in an improvisatory style, by François Truffaut. With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale. In French. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 31.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; March 26-April 1.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A moist, romantic pastiche about a brain-damaged young man (Hardy Krüger) and a girl of twelve (Patricia Gozzi, who has the eyes of a Keane painting). Directed by Serge Bourguignon. In French. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 25.)

Take the Money and Run—Woody Allen as a criminal who never makes the Ten Most Wanted list. Far from taking the money and running, he writes polite holdup notes to bank tellers and argues desperately when they can't read his writing. Written and directed by the star. A stop-and-go film, but a true original. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through March 31.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They?—Jane Fonda is first-rate as Gloria, the hard, funny, knowing girl who expects nothing and gets it, in Sydney Pollack's heavy-handed but effective version of Horace McCoy's thirties novel. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th, 249-5100; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, 255-7050.)

Tight Little Island (1949)—The only amusing famine in movie history is the whiskey famine on the mythical Scottish island of Todday. A ship bound for the United States with fifty thousand cases of Scotch is wrecked on the shore and the parched islanders take on the sweet task of salvage. Alexander Mackendrick directed. With Joan Greenwood. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; March 25.)

Tropic of Cancer—A trivial but entertaining sex comedy derived from the Henry Miller classic. Directed by Joseph Strick. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Twentieth Century (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th, 675-0935; March 26-April 1.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth. (Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th, 765-7600.)

West Side Story (1961)—The Ben-Hur of musicals, distinguished by the Bernstein tunes and the Robbins dances. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting April 1.)

Z—A political thriller with a purpose. "Z" demonstrates how Fascist corruption may be hidden under the mask of law and order. Directed for speed and suspense by the gifted young Greek expatriate Costa-Gavras. With Yves Montand, Jean-Louis Trintignant, and Irene Papas. In French. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Zabriskie Point—Antonioni's picture about America suffers from lassitude and inanity. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663.)

Note—A series of Laurel-and-Hardy films is being shown at Town Hall (113 W. 43rd, JU 2-4536). March 30-31, and April 1-2, all at 2:30: "Swiss Miss" (1938), "Busy Bodies" (1933), and "Brats" (1930).... ¶ March 30-31, and April 1 and 3, all at 5:30: "Blockheads" (1938), "The Music Box" (1932), and "The Live Ghost" (1934).

THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ABOVE

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE DAMNED.

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
Through March 29: "Winter Wind" (in French), Jacques Charrier.
From March 30 (tentative): "The Most Beautiful Age," a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 29: "The Most Beautiful Age," a Czechoslovakian film.
From March 30 (tentative): "Mister Freedom," Donald Pleasence, Delphine Seyrig.

Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through March 31: **TAKE THE MONEY AND RUN**; and **STOLEN KISSES** (in French).
From April 1: **OH! WHAT A LOVELY WAR**; and "A Degree of Murder" (in German).

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
"Dionysus in 69," a filmed performance of the Off Broadway play.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Jenny," Marlo Thomas, Alan Alda.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
THE ADVENTURERS.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through March 28: "The Lawyer," Barry Newman.
From March 29: "The Sicilian Clan" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
March 25: Theatre closed.
From March 26: "Woodstock," a documentary film on the 1969 pop festival.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Women in Love," Alan Bates, Oliver Reed.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
ANNE OF THE THOUSAND DAYS.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
M*A*S*H.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
ZABRISKIE POINT.

Pacific East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Liberation of L. B. Jones," Lee J. Cobb, Anthony Zerbe.

Avco Embassy East, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through March 26: "Without a Stitch" (in Danish).
From March 27: "Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Slogan" (in French).

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
BOB & CAROL & TED & ALICE.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"End of the Road," Stacy Keach.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Z (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"My Night at Maud's" (in French), Jean-Louis Trintignant.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
THE BOYS IN THE BAND.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
"Bamse" (in Swedish).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"A Boy Named Charlie Brown," a full-length cartoon.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
THE ADVENTURERS.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
LOVING.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Pussycat, Pussycat, I Love You," Ian McShane, Anna Calder Marshall.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
March 25: "Winter Wind" (in French), Jacques Charrier.
March 26-April 1: "Mandabi" (in Wolof).
From April 2 (tentative): "Antonio das Mortes" (in Portuguese).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
FOOTLIGHT PARADE; and **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935.**

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
THE MILKY WAY (in French).

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
March 25: "Me" (in French).
From March 26: **INTIMATE LIGHTING**, a Czechoslovakian film; and "Me" (in French).

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
JOHN AND MARY.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
March 25: **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** and **MASCULINE FEMININE** (both in French).
March 26-April 1: **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**; and **TWENTIETH CENTURY.**
From April 2: **THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI** and **THE LAST LAUGH** (both silent films).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
THEY SHOOT HORSES, DON'T THEY?

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
PATTON.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
HELLO, DOLLY!

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
OLIVER!

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Airport," Burt Lancaster, Dean Martin.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Love Is a Funny Thing" (in French), Jean-Paul Belmondo, Annie Girardot.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
LOVING.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
FELLINI SATYRICON (in Italian).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"Bamse" (in Swedish).

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
Through March 26: "The Magic Christian," Peter Sellers, Ringo Starr.
From March 27: "Monique," Sibylla Kay.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
TROPIC OF CANCER.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
MIDNIGHT COWBOY.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 31: **FOOTLIGHT PARADE**; and **GOLD DIGGERS OF 1935.**
From April 1: To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
March 25: **HAMLET**; and **DUCK SOUP.**
March 26-April 1: **A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**; and **CHAPLIN COMEDIES** (silent).
From April 2: **SEVENTH HEAVEN** (silent); and **CLUNY BROWN.**

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through March 31: **THE LOVES OF ISADORA**; and **ALFIE.**
From April 1: **WEST SIDE STORY**; and **IN THE HEAT OF THE NIGHT.**

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
March 25: **THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT**; and **TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.**
March 26: **GREAT EXPECTATIONS**; and **BRIEF ENCOUNTER.**
March 27-29: **THE RED SHOES**; and "The Lovers of Teruel" (1962; in French), Ludmila Tcherina.
March 30-31: **THE LAVENDER HILL MOB**; and **KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS.**
April 1-2: **NOTHING BUT A MAN**; and **POINT OF ORDER!**

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
THE DAMNED.

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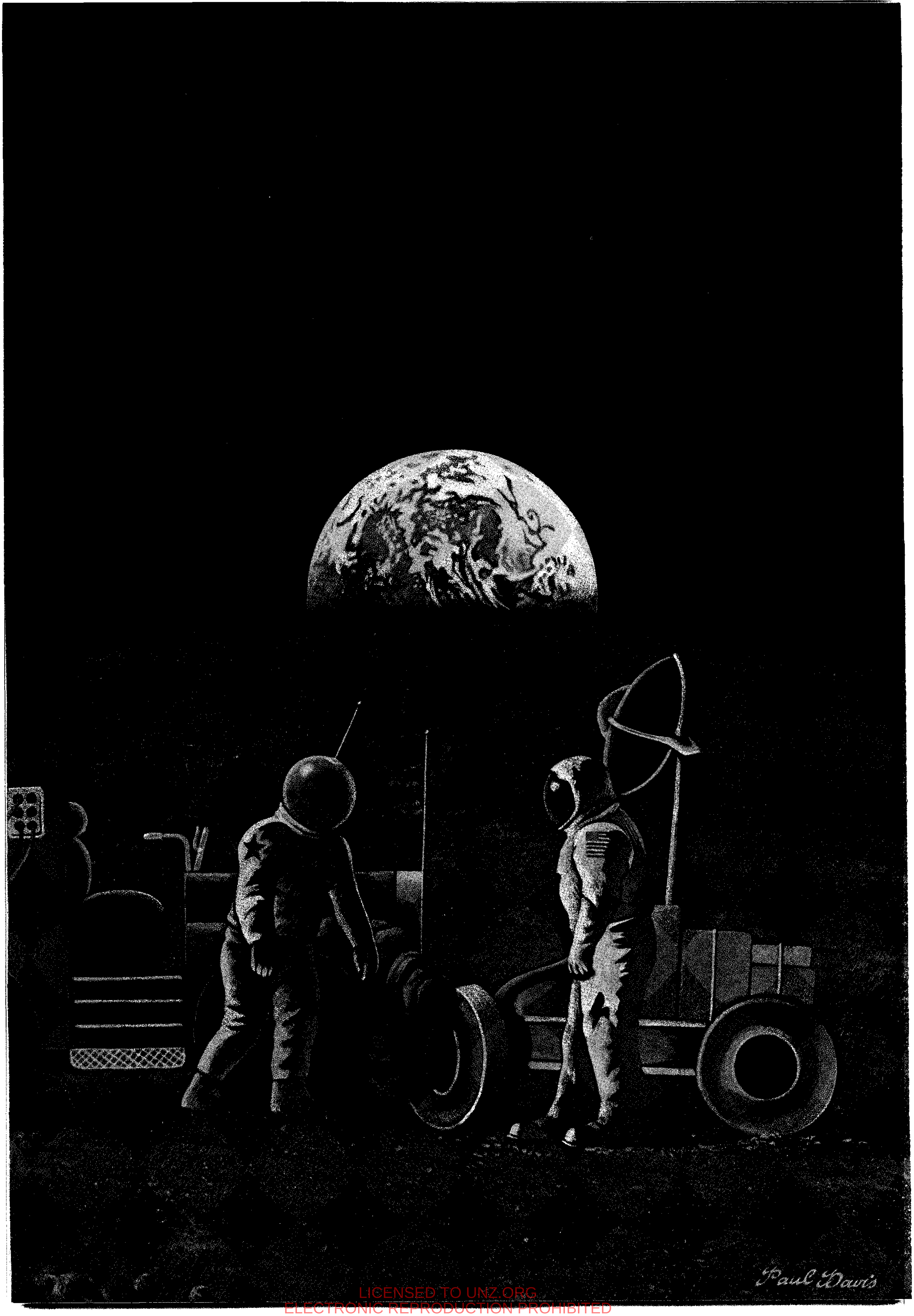
Paul Davis

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR some time, we have been uneasy about the prayer services held on occasional Sundays at the White House. The sermon at the latest one was delivered by Billy Graham, and among the three hundred and fifty guests—described by the President as "an élite group"—were Judge Clement Haynsworth, who was assured by Mr. Nixon that the revivalist preacher was "one of your supporters," and Judge Julius Hoffman. Both the President's use of a religious occasion to bring up the subject of one Supreme Court nomination while another was pending before the Senate and his implicit support of a judicial decision that is before the courts struck us as questionable extensions of Presidential power. A couple of days after the event, we learned from a black man who is a friend of ours that he had been even more troubled by the occasion, because he and his wife had been invited to attend it. Since a White House invitation is the closest thing a democracy has to a sovereign's command, he felt that it was proper to accept it, and did. Then, thinking over the propriety, or impropriety, of such services from both a general and a personal viewpoint, he decided that he had been wrong, and wrote to the President to explain his position. With his permission, we quote his letter:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

This is written to explain my earlier acceptance but later refusal of the kind invitation which you and Mrs. Nixon tendered to my wife and to me to attend worship services at the White House on Sunday, March 15.

Clearly, in a civilized nation, when the Chief of State asks a citizen to do anything, the citizen is not only flattered by the attention but is also anxious to respond in the most positive way. These feelings account for my acceptance when your social secretary tendered your invitation.

However, on later reflection, two other, much more serious considerations seemed to me to outweigh my earlier impulse. The first is that I believe in the Constitutional principle of separation of church and state and I have had serious doubts as to the wisdom of holding worship services in the White House since you instituted that practice. My reservations on this matter alone are so strong that I am unable to participate in such a service.

Secondly, the policies which have been pursued by your Administration with regard to the status of blacks in our society contravene most of what I have learned in my professional career and have come to feel as a black man living in the American society all my life. I believe that, for the most part, your policies are not only misguided, that they not only alienate great masses of black Americans, but, worst of all, that they crush the hopes, the spirits, and the beliefs of millions of citizens of this Republic. Feeling strongly, as I do, it would be most hypocritical of me to accept your tender of hospitality.

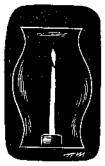
Judge Dillard

BETWEEN the time the Haynsworth controversy ended and the Carswell controversy began, another Southerner was appointed, without fuss or fanfare, to a tribunal even more august than our Supreme Court—the International Court of Justice, at The Hague, which, since it adjudicates disputes between sovereign nations, can be said to be the supreme supreme court on earth. The World Court is a branch of the United Nations, and the new judge, who was elected by the Security Council and the General Assembly, is Hardy Cross Dillard, James Monroe Professor and former Dean of the Law School of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville. Judge Dillard recently started a nine-year term at The Hague, succeeding Judge Philip C. Jessup, an old friend of his. "Everybody in the field of international law knows everybody else, like tax lawyers and labor lawyers," Judge Dillard told us the other day, when we got him aside for a chat during a trip he made to the city. He is a big, bluff, engaging man of sixty-seven, his face crosshatched with fine wrinkles. "I owe my nomination to a Czar of Russia," he said, and he explained that Nicholas II, in 1899, convened a meeting at The Hague out of which evolved the Permanent Court of Arbitration, a two-hundred-and-thirty-man body, one of whose functions has been to nominate international judges. The United States has four men on the Court of Arbitration—former Attorney General Herbert Brownell, the former State Department legal advisers Herman Phleger and John Stevenson, and Professor Richard Baxter, of the Harvard Law School—and last summer they informed Judge Dillard that they were going to propose him for the World Court seat that the United States has customarily occupied. "I was astonished," Judge Dillard told us. "I am the first to say that I can name a dozen people who could do a better job than I could. Accordingly, I have approached the job in a spirit of exuberant humility. I have a lot to learn."

The appointment to The Hague is nonpolitical. Judge Dillard has only the most casual acquaintance with President Nixon, and, in fact, he is a Democrat. He was born in New Orleans, one of ten children of James Hardy Dillard, a classics scholar, after whom Dillard University, a New Orleans college for Negroes, was named. Dillard *pater* was one of the first white Southerners to show concern about Negro education. He gave up being Dean of Tulane to run two foundations set up to further Negro education. "My father was a remarkable man," the new judge told us. "I've seen him do the *Times* Sunday crossword in fifteen minutes. When he left Tulane, his friends thought he was crazy. White people didn't understand Negroes then. It was a different world. We moved to Charlottesville in 1914, when I was twelve, and I doubt if there was a Negro in town with a complete suit of clothes." At sixteen, young Dillard entered the

University of Virginia, a few miles from home, but after a year he received an appointment to West Point and transferred. “I have no idea, really, why I applied in the first place,” he told us. “I must have seen a parade when I was a kid. After I got a telegram notifying me I’d been accepted, I called on Senator Carter Glass to try to get a postponement of my appointment. I rang his doorbell, and when he let me in I said, ‘Sir, I’m one of your constituents, and I just learned I’ve been appointed to the Military Academy and I’d like to talk to you about postponing my appointment.’ ‘Young man, you get the hell up there,’ the Senator said. ‘Fifty fellows in Virginia could have gone if you hadn’t preëmpted the spot.’ So I went.”

Judge Dillard has literary leanings—he has been chairman of the board of advisory editors of the *Virginia Quarterly Review*, and he sometimes identifies obscure lines of poetry for stumped readers of the *Times*—which he attributes largely to a West Point professor, a Major Chilton, who, among other things, had his students convert selections from the Bible into iambic pentameter. Cadet Dillard was also impressed by a moot court on which he served at the Academy. So when he graduated, in 1924, he decided to go to law school. The Army didn’t mind; it then had more young officers hanging around than it had places for. Dillard returned to Charlottesville and enrolled in the University of Virginia Law School. He has been based at Charlottesville ever since, but has wandered off, at one time or another, to lecture on international law at The Hague, in West Germany, England, and Egypt, and at Columbia University. When he left Columbia, his students gave him a loving cup inscribed “We have met the enemy, and we are his.” Meanwhile, he got married, to a minister’s daughter who was an art student and a former apprentice dancer with Isadora Duncan, and whom he met in Paris. “I sometimes say that I picked my wife up at the Deux-Magots, but that isn’t really true, and, besides, she doesn’t like it,” he said. The Dillards have two children, both with a suitably international orientation—a son, who is with Pan American Airways, and a daughter, who is in the Peace Corps. At the start of the Second World War, their father was invited to rejoin the Army, as a major, and to organize a school of Military Government. Where should it be? His wife proposed Charlottesville. Dillard thereupon got the president of his university to offer facilities and then drafted a letter, for the general in charge of Military Government, accepting them. During the war, he rose to the rank of colonel and directed the training of Military Government officers in England and China. He received the Bronze Star and was twice awarded the Legion of Merit. After V-J Day, he accepted the civilian post of Director of Studies at the National War College, in Washington.



As soon as Dillard was appointed to the World Court, he began boning up on its cases, many of which have involved complicated international treaties. He thinks it has a useful role to play in international affairs. “The Court has an ice-pack function,” he said. “It reduces international fevers.” At Charlottesville, he conducted a seminar on legal philosophy, and last fall he had each of a dozen students analyze a different World Court case, to help him try to figure out how the other judges think. His new job pays thirty thousand dollars a year, and he is entitled to diplomatic immunity, but he doesn’t rate a private secretary. “It does seem a bit lonely after being around a university all these years,” he said. “Still, I like The Hague. The Dutch are agreeably strong on tradition, including the boy with his finger in the dike, and the place is within comfortable striking distance of Amsterdam and Paris.” He is living at the Hotel Wittebrug, in a suite that has been occupied by eminent American jurists in an unbroken line dating back to Charles Evans Hughes, who served on the old Permanent Court of International Justice. As we were bidding Judge Dillard goodbye, he said, with a very non-judicial grin, “If you ever get a traffic ticket in Bangkok, the Cameroons, or Nigeria, just let me know and I’ll fix it for you.”

Russia by Russians

“U.S.S.R. Photo ’70” is a huge show of photographs of Russia by Russians. Its opening, at the New York Cultural Center, on Columbus Circle, was the occasion for a party, which we attended. We decided to look at all the pictures before talking to anybody, and we liked what we saw. There were pictures of Russian churches and birch trees and the like, which looked very much like the pictures of Russian churches and birch trees taken by good Western photographers. There were also hundreds of pictures of Russian people, who looked, for a change, like people. They were not miserably waiting in line for inadequate consumer goods. They were not grimly overfulfilling their quotas. They weren’t doing anything in particular, except living.

Later on, we looked around for some people to talk to, and we discovered a number of them at a small bar that was dispensing shots of Stolichnaya, a splendid Russian vodka. We talked first with Leslie Lewis, who is the president of Ivel Corporation, an outfit that arranges exhibits. Mr. Lewis told us he was impressed by “U.S.S.R. Photo ’70.” “It’s a very professional piece of work,” Mr. Lewis told us. “I’ve worked with a lot of different foreign groups on exhibits, and the Russians are, frankly, the most like Americans of any people I’ve worked with. They have a sense of humor under stress, and, believe me, that’s important in this business, where the tension is tremendous. There’s always something missing, even in a small show, and *this* one has seventy-one tons of material. Why, they’re the singingest, piano-playingest, joke-tellingest people I’ve ever met.”

We then introduced ourself to Donald Karshan, the director of the Center, and Yevgeny Ruzhnikov, the deputy director of the exhibit, who were chatting together. Mr. Karshan told Mr. Ruzhnikov that to his mind “U.S.S.R. Photo ’70” was the finest collection of photographs since “The Family of Man.” “I think of this as a pioneering effort in the use of photography to educate people about people,” Mr. Karshan said.

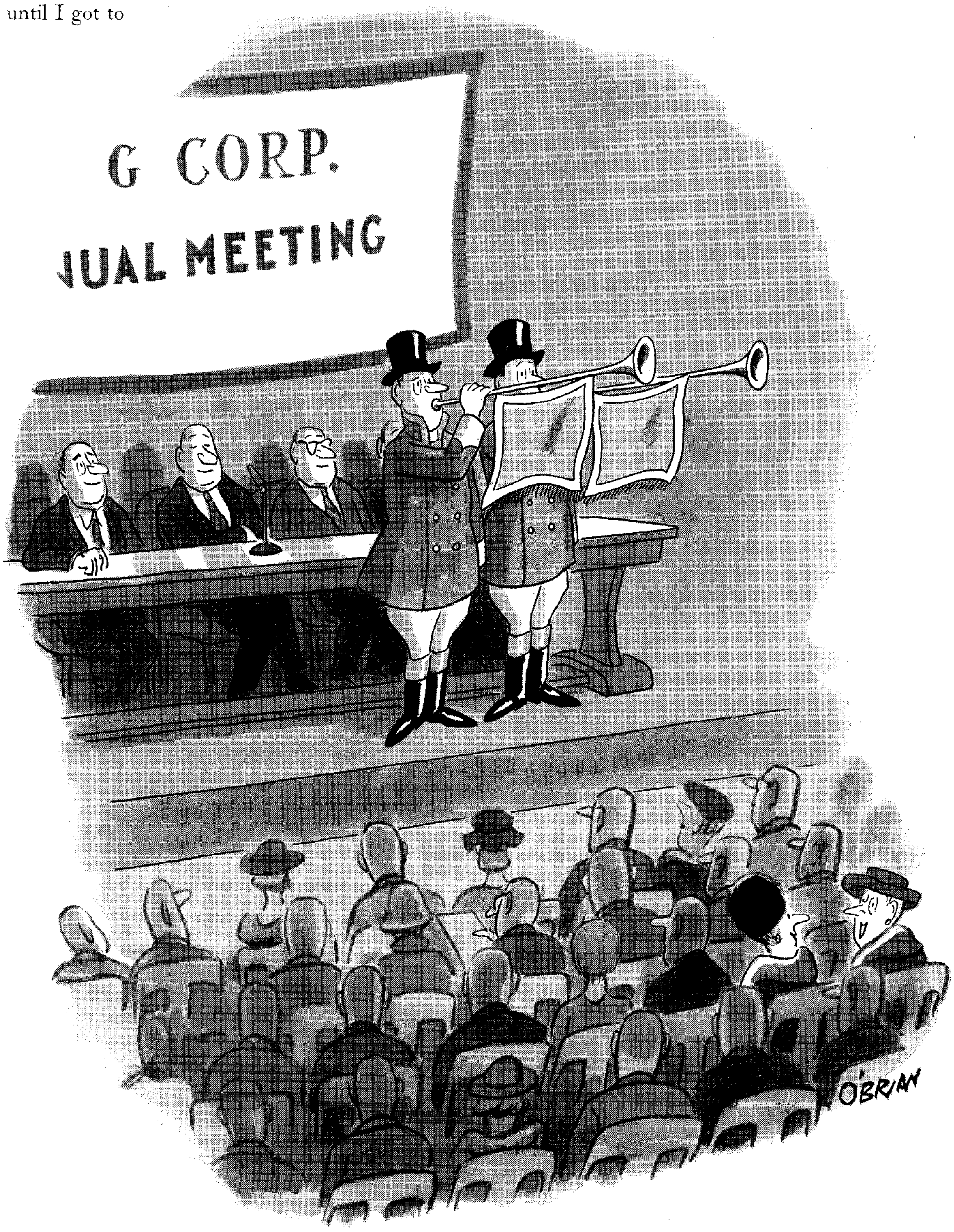
Mr. Ruzhnikov said, “Thank you. Thank you for calling us pioneers. Good photographs are taken by people who look, who walk into life.”

Archeologist

IRIS CORNELIA LOVE, who recently announced her discovery of the great circular Temple of Aphrodite in Cnidus, first visited that Turkish seaport, originally Greek, in August, 1966, in the company of Aşkidil Akarca, a granddaughter of the last Sultan of Turkey and a fellow classical archeologist, who is on the faculty of the University of Istanbul. “I was teaching at C. W. Post that year,” Miss Love told us the other day. “I had spent nine summers acting as a jack-of-all-trades at the excavation of the ruins at Samothrace, and I felt that the future of classical archeology was in Turkey. I hired a fishing boat to go to Cnidus, and I fell in love with the city. It had declined gradually during its Byzantine period, and had probably not been inhabited after the seventh century. Long Island University invited me to join its faculty, and suggested that if I found a promising archeological site it would try to get me backing to explore it. In March, 1967, two of the university trustees—William Zeckendorf, Sr. and Jr.—introduced me to Jakob Isbrandtsen, the shipping man. I talked to him for half an hour about Cnidus. I described its medical school, which antedates Hippocrates, and its astronomical observatory, but it wasn't until I got to its harbor (two harbors, really—a naval one, for triremes, and a commercial one) that he seemed genuinely interested. The entire Spartan navy wintered there during the Peloponnesian War; the Athenians sank it off Cnidus in 394 B.C. I told Mr. Isbrandtsen that the trireme harbor had silted up but could be drained and made navigable. He gave me thirty-five thousand dollars toward an expedition, and we got some more money from the Old Dominion Foundation, the Ingram-Merrill Foundation, and a couple of archeological buffs, Win Nathanson and David Fromkin, and a little from Mother." Mother is Mrs. Cornelius Ruxton Love, Jr., a daughter of the late Admiral Louis M. Josephthal—a stockbroker who used to cruise around New York Harbor on a yacht—and a granddaughter of Isaac Guggenheim.

"We started that summer with thirty-five workmen and a staff of seven," Miss Love continued. "We grew larger in 1968, and last summer we had a hundred workmen and a staff of twenty-one: one surveyor, one photographer, two archeologists, five cataloguers, ten site supervisors, one assistant field director, and one director—me. I recruited them—Long Island University gives me autonomy—from the faculties of N.Y.U., Columbia, Chicago, Oxford, Cambridge, Zurich, London, Istanbul, Jerusalem, and Tel Aviv; two of them were Israelis who had worked at Masada. The ideal time to dig is in the spring, when the ground gets soft, and in the fall, when it isn't so hot, but because of the academic schedule we start in June. All in all, we've actually dug for four and a half months. We've uncovered or identified a magnificent, really spectacular Byzantine church and eight other Byzantine churches, a council house, three temples and an excellent candidate for a fourth one, a theatre seating forty-five hundred people, and a monumental Doric portico, and we've begun to excavate a port and an agora with another large Doric portico. Everything that is found belongs to the Turkish government."

We asked Miss Love what being a director entails, and she said, "Raising



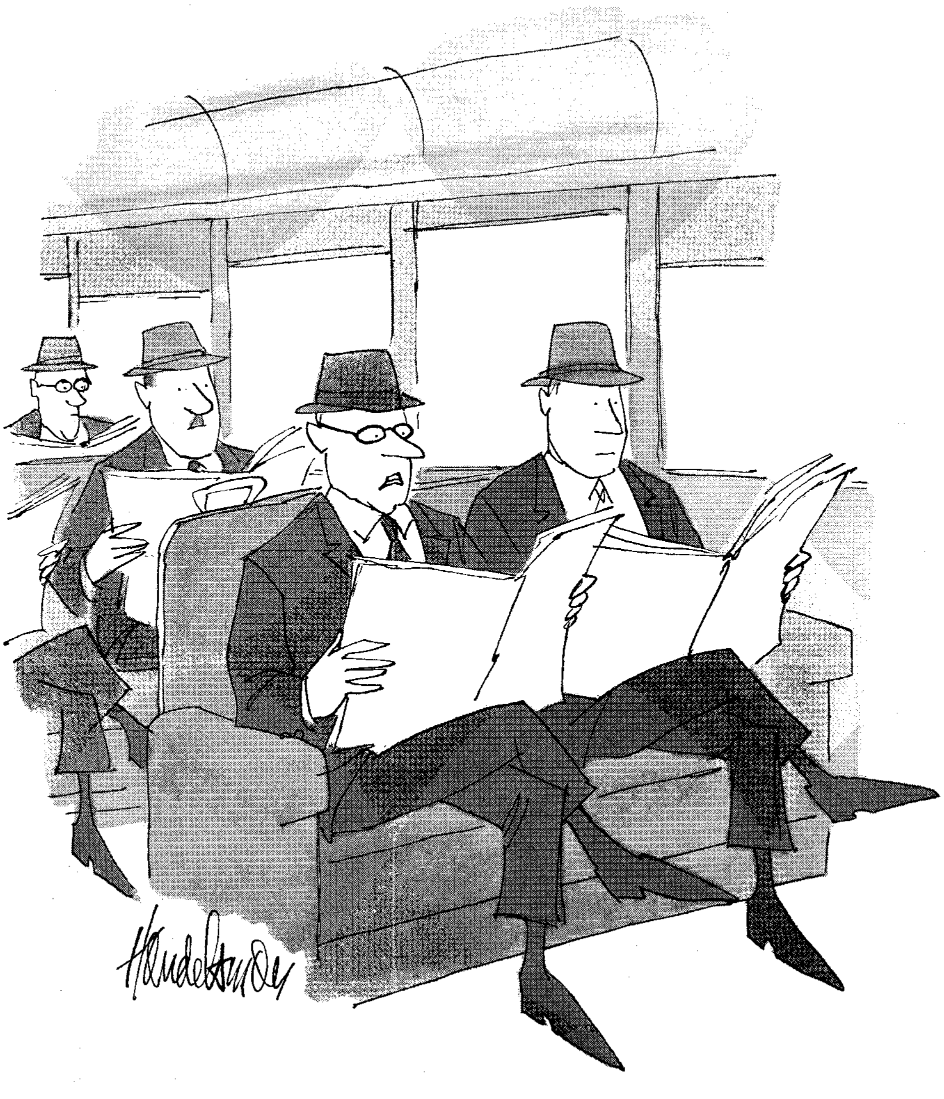
"Oh, goody! They're going to raise the dividend!"

the money (we start from scratch for each new expedition), writing the reports for the Department of Turkish Antiquities, and seeing to it that the objects reach the museums it designates. I take roll call, do payday, see that the water supply is not cut off, buy all the food, and sometimes even cook. We try to provide three decent meals a day. The native poultry and goats are too emaciated for eating; I bring in canned hamburgers and hot dogs. There's plenty of fish in the Aegean, but nobody has time to fish. We live in tents, which periodically blow down. The nearest village is ten kilometres away. I have a Land-Rover, and sometimes I pick up the food myself—okra, peppers, tomatoes, melons, eggplant, grapes, figs. We get some wild boar, which is delicious barbecued. I make a wonderful sauce for it from oranges, plus marmalade. I buy all the equipment. The Turks are delightful people to work with—very dignified, with great strength, and *so* polite! You can say good night to a Turk for twenty minutes. The area in which we work is arable—tobacco, sesame, cotton, pistachios, almonds, figs, corn—and the women who do the tilling there are still subservient to men. They can't get used to the idea that the director of a project could be a woman. They get around this by calling me *Müdür Bey*, which means Mr. Director."

Mr. Director smiled a girlish smile, and we asked her how she got started in her career. Well, her father, a retired stockbroker, is a considerable collector of Chinese, Greco-Buddhist, and Napoleonic art, she said, and she was brought up in a house on Park Avenue that looked, and felt, a good deal like a museum. Metropolitan Museum curators abounded at cocktail parties. Her governess, who had originally been her mother's governess and who stayed on until Iris went to college, used to regale her with tales of ancient history. "I would eat only if she told me stories of ancient kings and battles," she said. "Vegetables had to be given a historical background for me to choke them down. I was told that Brussels sprouts originated, as a dish, with Charlemagne, one of my great heroes. I loved studying the Greek and Latin classics when I was at Brearley, and being taken to museums here and abroad. After Brearley, I went to Smith, and I felt that my destiny was classical art and archeology. I spent my junior year at the University of Florence. As a child, I was fascinated by the three great statues of the Etruscan warriors at the Met, but I was struck by the fact that in other museums I never saw anything that looked like them, other than tiny statuettes."

Back at Smith, she discussed this striking fact with her classics professor, who advised her to write her B.A. thesis on the warriors. Her paper showed that at least two of them were fakes. "I decided not to publish it at the time," she said. "Gisela M. A. Richter, the Met's curator of Greek and Roman Art, had written them up as masterpieces and had spent years defending them. Five years later, New York University, where I now lecture at the School of Continuing Education, wanted to publish the thesis in its Institute of Fine Arts publication *Marsyas: Studies in the History of Art*, and I agreed. I altered the paper slightly to include the third warrior, which I now realized was also a fake. Three months before the publication date—February 15, 1960—I spoke with James Rorimer, the director of the Met and an old friend of my family, and told him that I was going to publish the paper. I offered to let him have it for the Museum to publish. He didn't take me up on it. I called him up in February and said the paper was to be published a week later. He invited me to lunch in his office, on a Thursday. He asked me a lot of questions, and then called in Joseph V. Noble, a vice-director. 'Joe, did you know that the Etruscan warriors are forgeries?' he said. 'I've thought they were fakes for a year,' Mr. Noble said. Mr. Rorimer called Mother up Sunday night and said that I could do what I wanted with the paper. On Tuesday, the day before it was published, the Museum announced the forgeries in the *Times*, with no mention of me. I called up Rorimer, and he apologized. He said he'd treated me rather shabbily. I've never forgotten that. I may not have been the first to think that the statues were fake, but I was the first to write it."

Leo Lerman, in his recent Met-

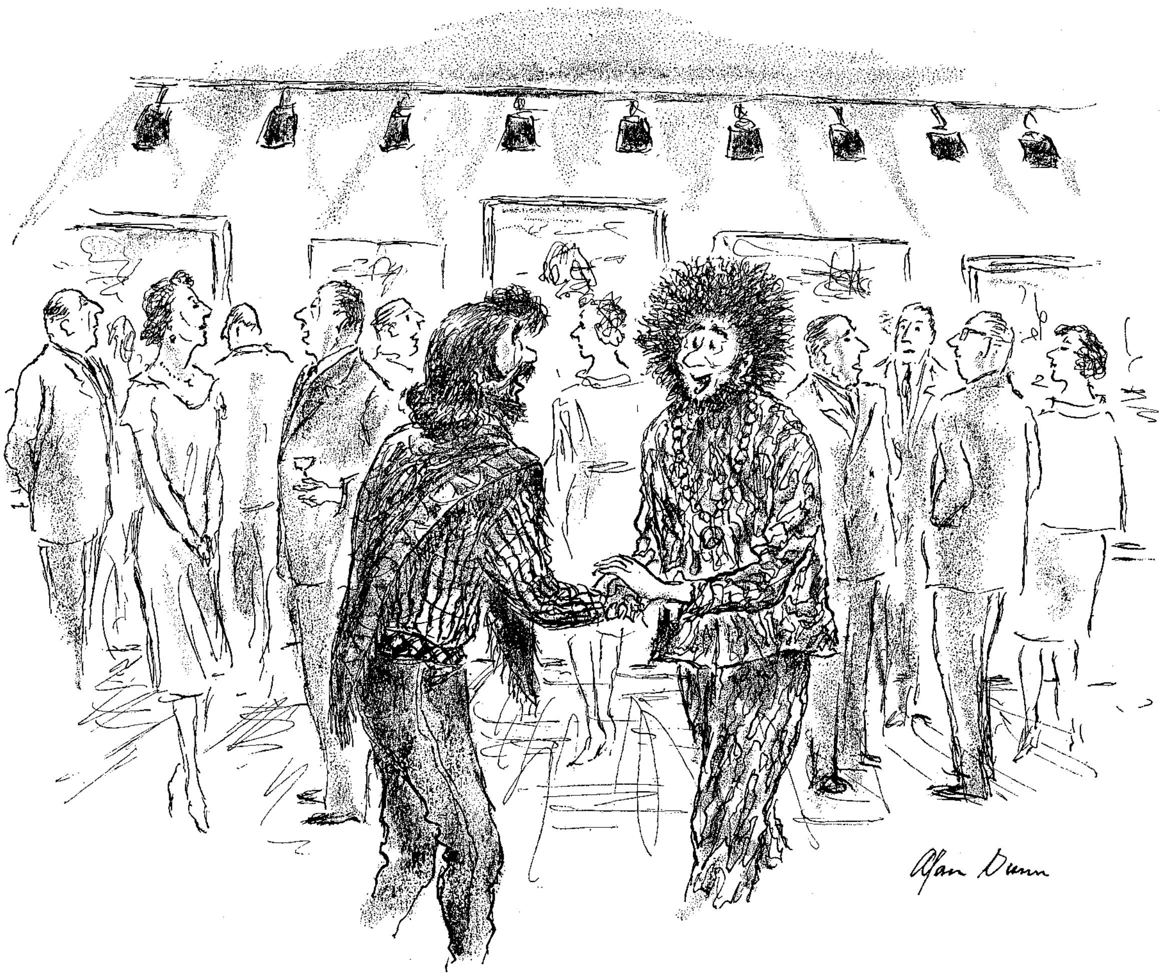


"Laos! Cambodia! Why can't we stay in Vietnam, where we belong?"

sponsored "The Museum: One Hundred Years and the Metropolitan Museum of Art," has covered this episode by writing, "Noble is . . . a forgery detector, and it was he who proved that the Museum's three Etruscan terra-cotta warriors and the Greek horse were impostors." We mentioned this to Miss Love, and she said, "A number of authorities feel that the horse may well be genuine. However that may be, I have some other Metropolitan Museum fakes up my sleeve. I once thought of sending word of one to Jim Rorimer every St. Valentine's Day, in memory of the St. Valentine's Day Massacre."

We asked for a list, but she told us she'd prefer to conclude the interview on a different note. "I have great hopes—if the Turkish government renews my permit—of finding Praxiteles' marble statue of Aphrodite next summer," she said. "Pliny considered it the finest statue in the world. There are fifty-two copies of it—two in the Vatican."

We wished her luck.



"Well, if you aren't a sight for sore eyes!"

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Rally

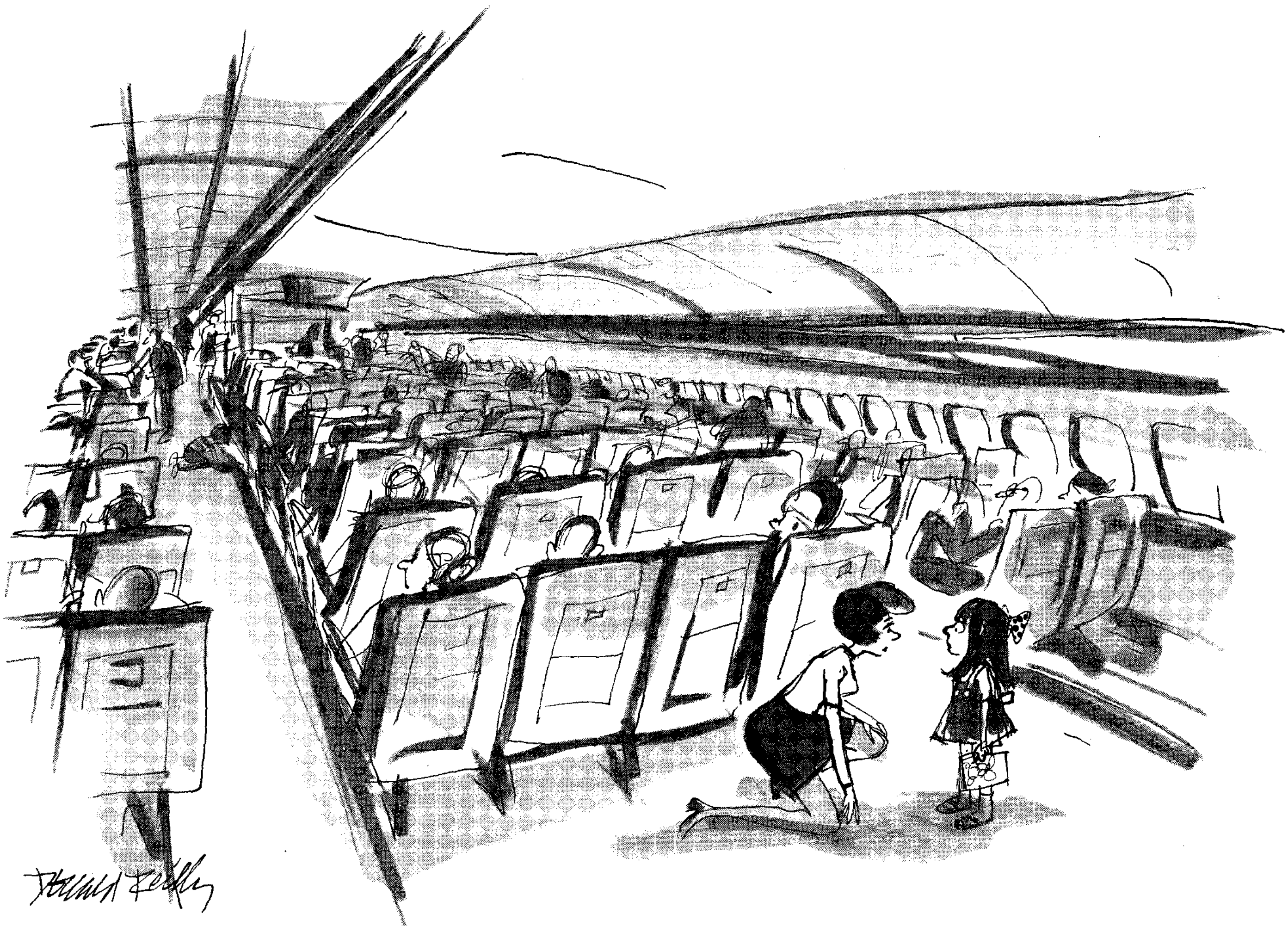
ON March 12th, an organization called the Fund for New Priorities in America staged a rally in Madison Square Garden to raise money for senatorial candidates who want to end the war in Vietnam and do something about racial and environmental problems at home. Most of the Fund's sponsors had been active in the Presidential campaigns of Senators McCarthy and Kennedy two years ago, and all felt (in the words of a Fund letter to prospective contributors) that "the Spirit of '68 cannot and must not die." We went to the rally, along with about seventeen thousand other people, and we found that while the Spirit of '68 is indeed still alive, it is coexisting, not altogether comfortably, with the Spirit of '70.

Before the rally, we stopped in at the Penn Plaza Club, under the mezzanine seats, for a bite of buffet supper with the participants in the rally. Alan Alda, the actor, who apparently didn't have anyone to sit with, either, joined us, and we asked him what he'd been up to. "I've been working on getting draft counselling—we call it 'Selective Service education'—into the high schools in my town, in Bergen County," he said. "It's very simple and very concrete, and it's as legal as tax counselling. Sometimes I think the energy expended on rallies like this might better be used for something like that. People go to rallies and nothing happens, and they get frustrated. My God, people are already throwing bombs, and we haven't exhausted the legal means yet! Of course, you need money for campaigns, but I don't know—it's not like the old days, when rallies seemed like *it*."

Mr. Alda left to rehearse a skit with Jack Gilford, and we took our seat in the Garden. The rally got under way only about forty minutes behind schedule, and the program—songs, skits, and speeches—was reminiscent of the McCarthy rallies of two years ago. The entertainment was entertaining, but not so much because of anything that was said or sung as because of the novelty of seeing people like Gwen Verdon, Jackie Mason, Henry and Peter Fonda, Tom Lehrer, Ruby Dee, Robert Ryan, Gene Wilder, Richard Benjamin, Paula Prentiss, and the Voices of East Harlem all in one room.

I. F. Stone, the independent-minded journalist, read a speech he had typed up on the backs of mimeographed rally programs. "If some of our children have been driven to the edge of lunacy, it is because the established order has itself been so stolidly and imperviously lunatic," Mr. Stone said. "Our program must be first to end the war, then to cut the military down to size, and then to restore an atmosphere in which rational discourse and the hope of peaceful change become possible again. To the cleansing of that atmosphere, we of the left must make our own contribution. Within our own ranks, the new cult of violence, the cultivation of hysteria, the suicidal impulses which mask themselves as ideological purity, the self-hatred which projects itself as hatred of our own country are poisons in the body politic, too—sure ways to alienate the silent majority we must win."

Senator Harold Hughes, of Iowa,



"I'm lost."

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compared the present political climate unfavorably with that of the early nineteen-fifties. "This is an incredible time, when those who express disagreement with government policy are lumped together as kooks and misfits," Senator Hughes said, in a slightly rough baritone. "It is politically fashionable these days to criticize the young people, with their beards and their beads and their uninhibited ways of expressing themselves. There are people in this country more worried about kids' using four-letter words than about kids' dying in a futile war in a distant land. Let me tell you one four-letter word that the young people of this generation have made to live again. It is spelled 'love'—'l-o-v-e.' And if it sounds ridiculous for a big, blunt-tongued man who happens to be a United States senator to take a platform in the Garden and talk about love, then let the legion of the blind and the complacent and the prejudiced wake up and ask themselves what the ultimate goal—the first priority—of life really is."

By the time Ramsey Clark, the former Attorney General, rose to speak, it was late, and the Garden was half empty. Mr. Clark spoke without notes, in a flat Texas twang. "Things have been kind of downhill for me lately," he said. "Last year, I lost my job—the best job I ever had. Worse than that, my law dean introduced me as 'the late Attorney General.' But the unkindest cut of all came in Chicago, where, after eighteen years at the bar, I was told I was not even qualified to be a witness." Mr. Clark said that he strongly believes in integration and in Constitutional liberty. "The First Amendment may have saved the nation from the tragedy of Vietnam," he said. "I say 'may' because the outcome is not yet certain. But if there is a failure, it will not be in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights but in ourselves."

Near the end of the rally, a dozen defendants in various civil-liberties cases were to have introduced themselves and described their cases briefly. Instead, the first one said, "We're supposed to give our little fifteen-second jive speeches, but we can't relate to that. So we're having our own rally. Our first speaker will be Jerry Rubin. Free Huey! Free Bobby! All power to the people!"

Scores of kids piled onto the stage, and Mr. Rubin, whose presence had not been anticipated, spoke, attacking the rally's sponsors. "Dig it!" he shouted. "The people who freed us were the people who went into the streets. We learned in our trial that the liberals present a bigger problem for oppressed people than right-wing conservatives." There were scattered boos from what was left of the audience. A weary-looking woman with a badge that said "Rally Staff" tried to calm a policeman who was pushing people away from the stage. We caught her eye, and she said, "I think this is what they call a 'rip-off.' If you don't have one, you're just not with it." There were more speakers and more militant demands, and after a while it all petered out. We stayed until the end. There were no "incidents."

On our way out, we caught sight of Mr. Alda again. He was standing with three kids in fatigue jackets, and we heard him say, "No, no. You have to exhaust the legal remedies. We haven't even scratched the surface of the legal remedies." The kids were smiling and shaking their heads.

BECH SWINGS?

BECH arrived in London with the daffodils; he knew that he must fall in love. It was not his body that demanded it, but his art. His first novel, "Travel Light," had become a minor classic of the fifties, along with "Picnic," "The Search for Bridey Murphy," and the sayings of John Foster Dulles. His second novel, a lyrical gesture of disgust, novella-length, called "Brother Pig," did his reputation no harm and cleared his brain, he thought, for a frontal assault on the wonder of life. The assault, surprisingly, consumed five years, in which his mind and work habits developed in circles, or loops, increasingly leisurely and whimsical; when he sat down at his desk, for instance, his younger self, the somehow fictitious author of his earlier fictions, seemed to be not quite displaced, so that he became an uneasy, blurred composite, like the image left on film by too slow an exposure. The final fruit of his distracted struggles, "The Chosen" (a title that years later turned up attached to a best-seller concerning the softball-playing sons of rabbis) was universally judged a failure—one of those "honorable" failures, however, that rather endear a writer to the race of critics, who would rather be reassured of art's noble difficulty than cope with a potent creative verve. Bech felt himself rise from the rubble of bad reviews bigger than ever, better known and in greater demand. Now five—no, six—years had passed, and Bech had done little but pose as himself, and scribble reviews and "impressionistic" journalism for *Commentary* and *Esquire*, and design a series of repellent rubber stamps:

HENRY BECH REGRETS THAT HE
DOES NOT SPEAK IN PUBLIC.

SORRY, PETITIONS
AREN'T MY MÉTIER.

HENRY BECH IS TOO OLD AND ILL
AND DOUBTFUL TO SUBMIT TO
QUESTIONNAIRES AND INTERVIEWS.

IT'S YOUR PH.D. THESIS;
PLEASE WRITE IT YOURSELF.

By appropriately stamping the letters he received and returning them to the senders, Bech simplified his correspondence. But his third stamp pad had gone dry, and the age of fifty was in sight, and it was high time to write something to justify his sense of himself as a precious and useful recluse. A stimulus seemed needed.

Love? Travel? His English publisher, J. J. Goldschmidt, Ltd., who had sidestepped Bech's collected essays and remaindered "Brother Pig" with the haste usually reserved for bishops' memoirs and albums of Pharaonic art, now, possibly embarrassed by the little novel's creeping success in its Penguin edition, and guilty over the minuscule advances and scrimped printings with which he had bound Bech's thriving name, decided to bring out a thirty-shilling anthology called, all too inevitably, "The Best of Bech." To support this enterprise, he asked the author to come to London for the week before publication and permit himself to "be lionized." The phrase snaked in less time than an eyeblink along three thousand miles of underwater cable.

"I'd rather be lambified," Bech answered.

"What, Henry? Sorry, I can hardly hear you."

"Forget it, Goldy. It was a hard word."

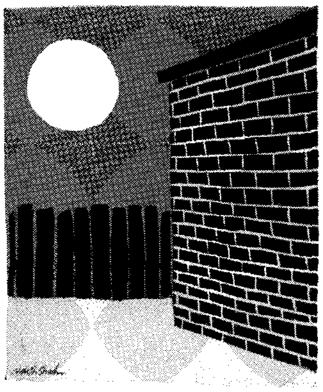
"You heard what?"

"Nothing. This is a very wet connection."

"Dead?"

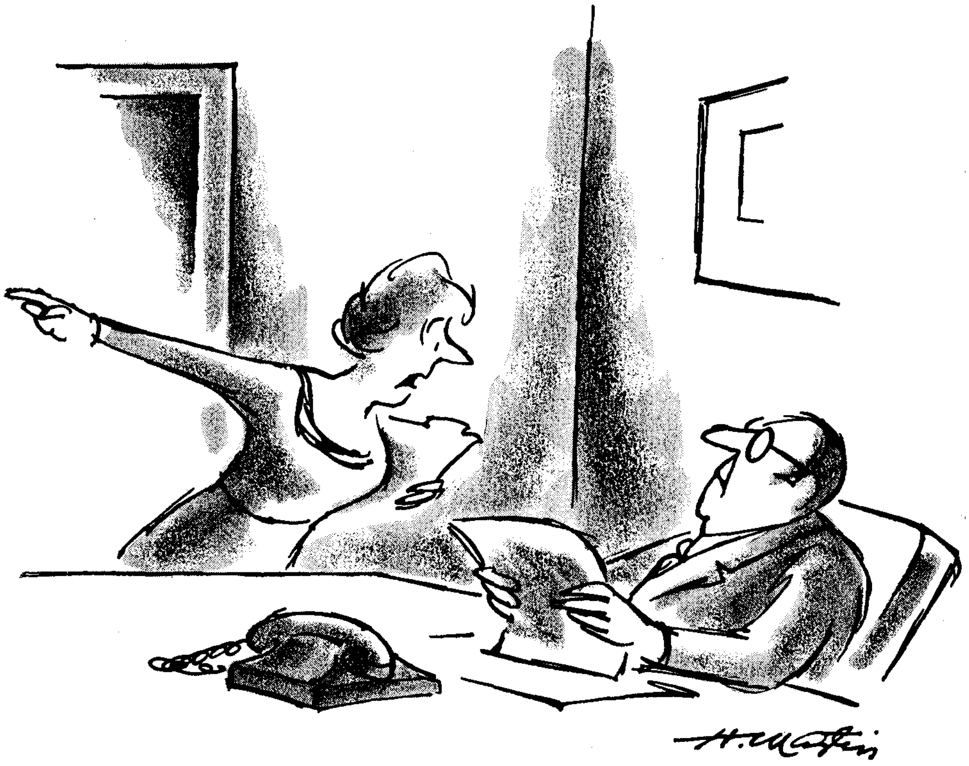
"Not yet, but let's kill it. I'll come."

He arrived with the daffodils. The Viscount banked over Hampton Court, and the tinge of their yellow was visible from the air. In Hyde Park beside the Serpentine, along Birdcage Walk in St. James's, in Grosvenor Square beneath the statue of Roosevelt and in Russell Square beneath the statue of Gandhi, in all the fenced squares from Fitzroy to Pembroke the daffodils curtsied. And the people in the streets, it seemed to Bech, formed another golden host, beautiful in the antique cold-faced way of Blake's pastel throngs, pale Dionysiacs, bare thighs and gaudy cloth, lank hair and bell-bottoms, *continuous as the stars that shine / and twinkle on the milky way*. And, the next morning, watching Merissa move nude to the window and to her closet, he felt her perfections—the parallel tendons at the backs of her knees, the kisslike leaps of shadow among the muscles of her shoulders—flow outdoors and merge with the lacy gauze of the gray British air. A Viscount hung in silent descent above the treetops of Regent's Park. He rose and saw that this park too had its pools of gold, its wandering beds of daffodils, and that under the sunless noon sky lovers, their heads androgynous masses of hair, had come to lie entwined on the cold greening grass. *Cold greening grass*, Bech heard. The echo disturbed and distracted him. The papery daytime world, cluttered with books he had not written, cut into the substantial dreams of drunkenness and love.



J. J. GOLDSCHMIDT, a bustling small anxious man with an ambitiously large head and the pendulous profile of a Florentine banker, had arranged a party for Bech the very evening of his arrival. "But, Goldy, by your time I've been awake since two this morning."

They had met several times in New York. Goldschmidt had evidently sized up Bech as a clowner to be chuckled and shushed into line. In turn, Bech had sized up Goldschmidt as one of those self-made men who have paid the price (for not letting God make them) of minor defects like inner deafness and constant neuralgia. In twenty years, he had gone from the Ministry of Information to the B.B.C. to an editorship in a venerable publishing house to the founding, in the mid-fifties, of one of his own, specializing in foreign avant-garde writers no one else wanted and dainty anthologies of poetic matter lapsed from copyright. A lucky recipe book (of health-food casseroles) and a compendium of Prayers for Humanists staved off bankruptcy. Now he was prosperous, thanks mostly to his powers of persuading his lawyers and printers to let him publish increasingly obscene American authors. Though devoid of any personal taste for obscenity, he had found a wave and was riding it. His accent and dress were impeccably British. In tune with the times, he had sprouted bushy sideburns. His face was always edged with the gray of nagging pain. He said, his brown eyes (in repose, they revealed lovely amber depths, lit by the fire of his brain, but were rarely in repose) flicking past Bech's shoulder toward the next problem, "Henry, you must come. Everyone is dying to meet you. I've invited just the very dearest, nicest people. Ted Heath might drop in later, and Princess Margaret was so sorry she must be in Ceylon. You can have a nice nap in your hotel. If you don't like the room, we



"Mr. Gregory, come quick! The Accounting Department is switched on and love is everywhere!"

• •

can change it. I thought from your books you would enjoy a view of the traffic. Your interview isn't until five, a terribly nice, intelligent boy, a compatriot of yours. If you don't like him, just give him a half hour of the usual and he'll be on his way."

Bech protested, "I have no usual," but the other man said deafly, "Bless you," and left.

Too excited by the new city, and by having survived another airplane flight, Bech instead of sleeping walked miles looking at the daffodils, at the Georgian rows plastered with demolition notices and peace slogans, at the ruffled shirts and unisex pants in the shopwindows, at the bobbies resembling humorless male models, at the dingy band of hippies sharing Eros's black island in Piccadilly Circus with pigeons the color of exhaust fumes. On Great Russell Street, down from the British Museum, past a Hindu luncheonette, a plaque marked the site of a Dickens novel as if the characters had occupied the same time-space in which Bech walked. Back in the hotel lobby, a pale young man, plainly American from his close-to-the-skull haircut and his clever hangdog way of sidling forward, came up to Bech. "My name is Tuttle, Mr. Bech. I guess I'm going to interview you."

"Your guess is as good as mine," Bech said.

The boy tipped his head slightly, like a radar dish, as if to decipher the something acerb in Bech's tone, and said, "I don't generally do this sort of thing, actually I have as low an opinion of interviews as you do—"

"How do you know I have a low opinion?" Jet lag was getting to Bech; irritability was droning in his ears.

"You've said so"—the boy smiled shyly, cleverly—"in your other interviews." He went on hastily, pursuing his advantage. "But this wouldn't be like your others. It would be all you; I have no axe to grind. A friend of mine on the staff of the Sunday *Observer* begged me to do it, actually I'm in London researching a thesis on eighteenth-century printers. I've written you letters in the past, in the States, but I suppose you've forgotten."

"Did I answer them?"

"You hit them with a rubber stamp and sent them back." Tuttle waited, perhaps for an apology, then went on. "I've read every word you've written five or six times. Frankly, I think you're *it*." This sounded to Bech like the safest praise he had ever heard; one appetite that had not diminished with the years was for unambiguous, blood-raw superlatives.

He reached over and tagged the boy. "Now you're it," he said.

Tuttle blushed. "I mean to say, what other people *say* they're doing, you really *do*." An echo troubled Bech; he had heard this before, but not applied to himself. Still, the droning had ceased. The blush had testified to some inner conflict, and Bech could maintain his defenses only in the face of a perfectly simple, resolute attack. Any sign of embarrassment or self-doubt he confused with surrender.

"Let's have a drink," he said.

"Thank you, no."

"You mean you're on duty?"

"No, I just don't ever drink."

"Never?"

"No."

Bech thought, They've sent me a real Christer. That's what Tuttle's pallor, his sidling severity, his embarrassed insistence reminded him of: the Pentecostal fanatic who comes to the door. "Well, let me frankly confess, I sometimes do. Drink."

"Oh, I know. Your drinking is famous."

"Like Hitler's vegetarianism."

In his haste to put Bech at ease, Tuttle neglected to laugh. "Please go ahead," the boy insisted. "If you become incoherent, I'll just stop taking notes, and we can resume another day."

Poor Henry Bech, to whom innocence, in its galoshes of rudeness and wet raincoat of presumption, must always appear as possibly an angel to be sheltered and fed. He ordered a drink ("Do you know what a whiskey sour is?" he asked the waiter, who said "Absolutely, sir" and brought him a whiskey-and-soda) and tried for one more degrading time to dig into the rubbish of his "career" and come up with the lost wristwatch of truth. Encouraged by the fanatic way the boy covered page after page of his notebook with wildly oscillating lines, Bech talked of fiction and disillusionment. That it is necessary to begin by believing in an ideal reader and that slowly he is proved not to exist. He is not the daily reviewer skimming a plastic-bound set of raggedy advance proofs, nor the bulk-loving housewife who buys a shiny new novel between the grocer's and the hairdresser's, nor the diligent graduate student with his heap of index cards and Xerox applications, nor the plump-scripted young ballpointer who sends a mash note via *Who's Who*, nor, in the weary end, even oneself. In short, one loses heart in the discovery that one is not being read. That the ability to read, and therefore to write, is being generally lost, along with the abilities to listen, to see, to smell, and to breathe. That all the windows of the spirit are being nailed shut. Here Bech gasped for air, to dramatize his point. He said, then, that he was sustained, insofar as he was sustained, by the memory of laughter, the specifically Jewish, embattled, religious, sufficiently desperate, not quite belly laughter of his father and his father's brothers, his beloved Brooklyn uncles; that the American Jews had kept the secret of this laughter a generation longer than the Gentiles, hence their present domination of the literary world; that unless the Negroes learned to write there was nowhere else it could come from; and that in the world today only the Russians still had it, the Peruvians possibly, and Mao Tse-tung but not any of the rest of the Chinese. In his, Bech's, considered judgment.

Tuttle scribbled another page and looked up hopefully. "Maoism does seem to be the coming mood," he said.

"The mood of t'mao," Bech said, rising. "Believe it or not, my lad, I must take a shower and go to a party. Power corrupts."

"When could we resume? I think we've made a fascinating beginning."

"Be*gin*ning? You want *more*? For just a little puff in the *Observer*?"

When Tuttle stood, though he was skinny, with a little round head like a newel knob, he was taller than Bech. He got tough. "I want it to be much more than that, Mr. Bech. Much more than a little puff. They've promised me as much space as we need. You have a chance here, if you *use* me hard enough, to make a d-definitive t-t-testament."

If the boy hadn't stammered, Bech might have escaped. But the stammer, those little spurts of helpless silence, hooked him. Stalling, he asked, "You never drink?"

"Not really."

"Do you smoke?"

"No."

"Matter of principle?"

"I just never acquired the taste."

"Do you eat between meals?"

"I guess once in a while."

"Call me tomorrow," Bech conceded, and hated himself. Strange, how dirty the attempt to speak seriously made him feel. Comparable to his sensation when he saw someone press an open book flat and complacently, irreparably crack the spine.

Bech's tuxedo over the years had developed a waxen sheen and grown small; throughout Goldy's party, his waist was being cruelly pinched. The taxicab, so capacious that Bech felt like ballast, turned down a succession of smaller and smaller streets and stopped on a dead-end loop, where a portico blazed. The door knocker was a goldsmith's hammer inscribed with a florid double "J." A servant in blue livery admitted Bech. Goldy bustled forward in a red velvet jacket and flopping ruffles. Another servant poured Bech a warm Scotch. Goldy, his eyes shuttling like a hockey player's, steered Bech past a towering pier glass into a room where beautiful women in cream and saffron and magenta drifted and billowed in soft slow motion. Men in black stood like channel markers in this sea. "Here's a lovely person you must meet," Goldy told Bech. To her he said, "Henry Bech. He's very shy. Don't frighten him away, darling."

"Why, this is a revelation! I never dreamed I had so many rights!"

She was an apparition—wide powdery shoulders, long untroubled chin ever so faintly cleft, lips ghostly in their cushioned perfection, gray eyes whose light flooded their cages of false lash and painted shadow. Bech asked her, "What do you do?"

She quivered; the corners of her lips trembled wryly, and he realized that the question had been consummately stupid, that merely to rise each morning and fill her skin to the brim with such loveliness was enough for any woman to do.

But she said, "Well, I have a husband and five children, and I've just published a book."

"A novel?" Bech could see it now: robin's-egg-blue jacket, brisk adultery on country weekends, comic relief provided by precocious children.

"No, not really. It's the history of labor movements in England before 1860."

"Were there many?"

"Some. It was very difficult for them."

"How lovely of you," Bech said, "to care; that is, when you look so"—he rejected "posh"—"unlaborious."

Again, her face underwent, not a change of expression, which was unvaryingly sweet and attentive, but a seismic tremor, as if her composure shelled volcanic heat. She asked, "What are your novels about?"

"Oh, ordinary people."

"Then how lovely of *you*—when you're so extraordinary."

A man bored with being a channel marker came and touched her elbow, and statelily she turned, leaving Bech her emanations, like an astronomer flooded by radio waves from a blank part of the sky. He tried to take a fix on her flattery by looking, as he went for another drink, into the pier glass. His nose with age had grown larger and its flanges had turned distinctly red; his adoption of the hair style of the young had educed woolly bursts of gray above his

SUICIDE NOTE

I take no virtue of this as I finger the hand gun,
Insulted as I am by too much power of life,
Too small, too hurt in an alien place too large
To manage belief, victim of abominations.

Beyond the horror and the terror of the grave
I can make no moral distinction of good;
Evil overwhelmed me. I require
Obliteration and shall give it to myself

With one pull, impersonal, final, and timeless.
How to cross back through the vile tracks
That have brought me to this sane conviction
I am too depressed to know, too weak to care.

Veils and mists, mists, fogs and veils
Cover my life from the beginning to the end.
The tricky ways of the living were without help,
I go useless to the useless land of the dead.

It was the unrighteousness of the bad Germany
Without the hope of kindliness or mercy
Has brought me to the edge of the peace of my ruin.
I attest I cancel the letter you sent me, God.

—RICHARD EBERHART

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ears and a tallowish mass of white curling outward at the back of his collar: he looked like a mob-controlled congressman from Queens hoping to be taken for a Southern senator. His face was pasty with fatigue, though his eyes seemed frantically alive. Blue servants rang chimes for dinner.

On his right was seated a middle-aged Lady of evident importance, though her beauty could never have been much more than a concentrate of sharpness and sparkle. "You American Jews," she said, "are so romantic. You think every little dolly bird is Delilah. I hate the 'pity me' in all your books. Women don't want to be complained at. They want to be *taken*."

"I'll try it," Bech promised.

"Do. Do." She pivoted toward a long-toothed gallant on her right; he exclaimed "Darling!" and their heads fell together like bagged oranges. On Bech's left sat a magenta shape his first glance had told him to ignore. It glittered and was young. Bech didn't trust anyone under thirty; the young now moved with the sacred and dangerous assurance of the old when he had been young. This girl was toying with her soup like a child. Her hand was small as a child's, with close-cut fingernails and endearing shadows around the knuckles. He felt he had seen the hand before. In a novel. "Lolita"? "Magic Mountain"? Simple etiquette directed that he ask her how she was.

"Rotten, thanks."

"Think of me," Bech said. "By the time I woke up in, it's four o'clock in the morning."

"I hate sleep. I don't sleep for days sometimes and feel wonderful. I think people sleep too much, that's why their arteries harden." In fact, he was to discover that she slept as the young do, in long easy swings that gather the extra hours into their arc and override all noise—though she had every woman's tendency to stir at dawn. She went on, as if politely, "Do you have hard arteries?"

"Not to my knowledge. Just impotence and gout."

"That sounds come-ony."

"Forgive me. I was just told women don't like being complained to."

"I heard the old tart say that. Don't believe her. They love it. Why are you impotent?"

"Old age?" A voice inside him said, *Old age? he tentatively said.*

"Come off it." He liked her voice, one of those British voices produced halfway down the throat—rather than obliquely off the sinuses, with alarming octave jumps. She was wearing gold granny glasses on her little heart-shaped face. He didn't know if her cheeks were flushed or rouged. He was pleased to observe that, though she was petite, her breasts pushed up plumply from her dress, which was ornamented with small mirrors. Her lips, chalky and cushioned, with intelligent, tremulous corners, seemed taken from the first woman he had met, as if one had been a preliminary study for the other. He noticed she had a little mustache, faint as two erased pencil lines. She told him, "You write."

"I used to."

"What happened?"

A gap in the dialogue. Fill in later. "I don't seem to know."

"I used to be a wife. My husband was an American. Still is, come to think of it."

"Where did you live?" The girl and Bech simultaneously glanced down and began to hurry to finish the food on their plates.

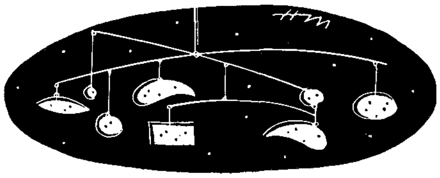
"New York."

"Like it?"

"Loved it."

"Didn't it seem dirty to you?"

"Gloriously." She chewed. He pictured sharp small even teeth lacerating and compressing bloody beef. He set down his fork. She swallowed and asked, "Love London?"



"Don't know it."

"You don't?"

"Been here only long enough to look at daffodils."

"I'll show it to you."

"How can you? How can I find you again?" Victorian novel? Rewrite.

"You're in London alone?"

A crusty piece of Yorkshire pudding looked too good to leave. Bech picked up his fork again, agreeing, "Mm. I'm alone everywhere."

"Would you like to come home with me?"

The lady on his right turned and said, "I must say, you're a stinker to let this old fag monopolize me."

"Don't complain. Men hate it."

She responded, "Your hair is smashing. You're almost Santa Claus."

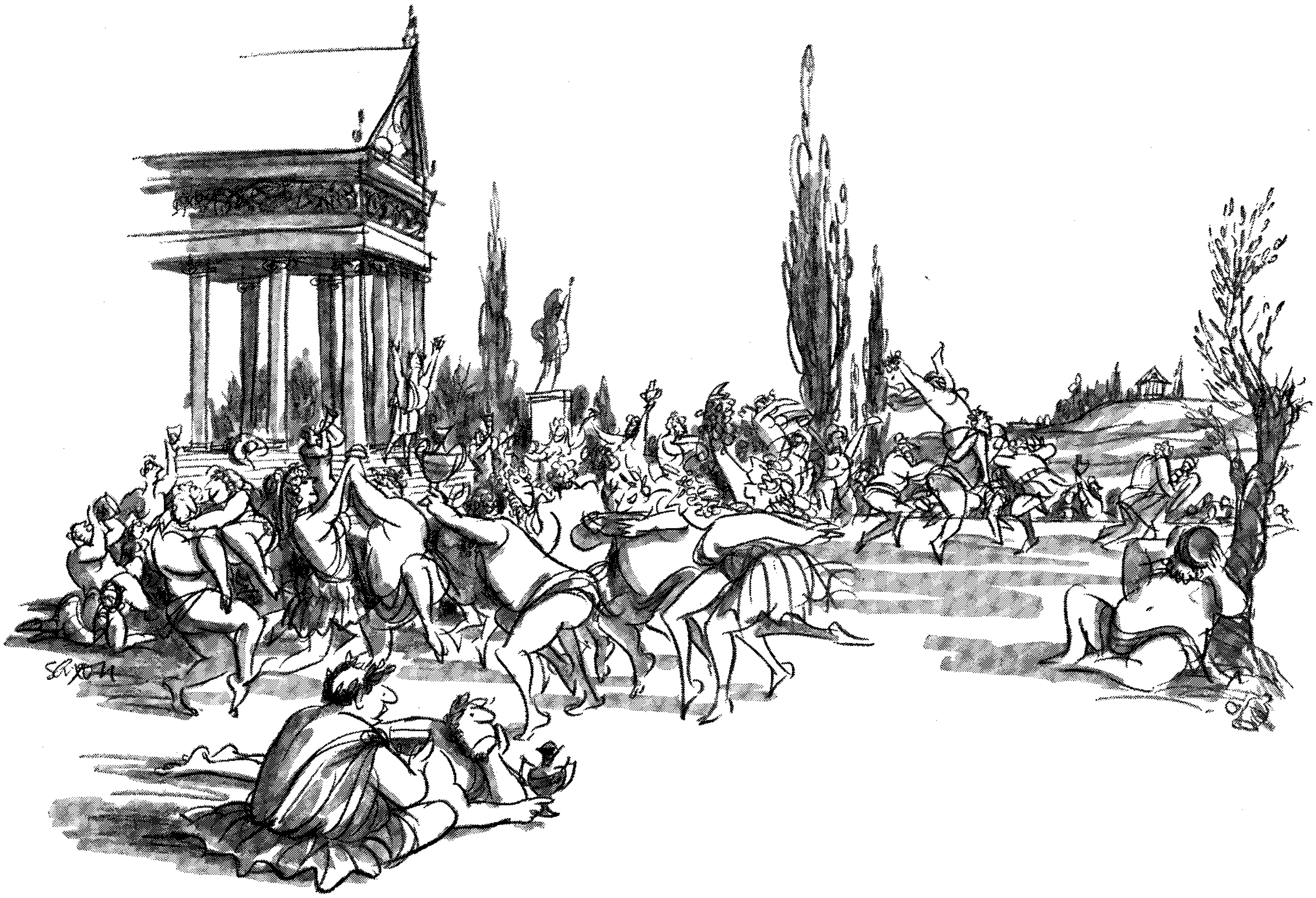
"Tell me, love, who's this, what do you say, bird on my left?"

"She's Little Miss Poison. Her father bought himself a peerage from Macmillan."

The girl at Bech's back tickled the hairs of his neck with her breath and said, "I withdraw my invitation."

"Let's all," Bech said loudly, "have some more wine," pouring. The man with long teeth put his hand over the top of his glass. Bech expected a magician's trick but was disappointed.

And at the door, as Bech tried to sneak past the voracious mirror, Goldy seemed disappointed. "But did you



"The Rites of Spring probably aren't getting any duller. Maybe we're just getting older."

• •

meet *ev*erybody? These are the nicest people in London." His eyes, as busy as if he were playing blitz chess, flicked past Bech's shoulder to the girl. "Merissa dear, *do* take decent care of our celebrity." Thus Bech learned her first name.

The taxi, with two in it, felt less like a hollow hull and more like a small drawing room, where voices needn't be raised. They did not touch. Her dress held dozens of small mirrors. They moved through empty streets, past wrought-iron gates inked onto the sky and granite museums frowning under the weight of their entablatures, across the bright loud gulch of Hyde Park Corner and Park Lane, into more quiet streets. They passed a shuttered building that Merissa identified as the Communist Chinese Embassy. They entered a region where the shaggy heads of trees seemed to be dreaming of long colonnades and of high white wedding-cake façades receding to infinity. The cab stopped. Merissa paid. She let him in by a door whose knob, knocker, and mail slot were silken with polishings. Marble stairs. Another door. Another key. The odors of floor wax, of stale cigarette smoke, of narcissi in a pebbled bowl. He was led into a bedroom. A window opened. Chill April smells. *Winter kept us warm.* She brushed back curtains. A slice of slate night yellowish above the trees. The lights of an airplane winking in descent. A rustling all around him. The candy taste of lipstick. Clean air, warm skin. *Feeding a little life with dried tubers.* Her bare back a lunar surface beneath his hands. The forgotten impression of intrusion, of subtle monstrous assault, that the particularities of a new woman's body make. *Summer surprised us.* Must find out her last name. There are rings of release beyond rings, Bech discovered in the bliss—the pang of relief around his waist—of taking off his tuxedo. Must see a tailor.

"WHEN you were writing 'The Chosen,'" Tuttle asked, "did you deliberately set out to create a more flowery style?" This time he had brought a tape recorder. They were in Bech's hotel rooms, an extensive corner suite with a fake fireplace and a bed that hadn't been slept in. The fireplace was not entirely fake; it held a kind of crinkly plastic sculpture of a coal fire that glowed when plugged in and even gave off an imitation of heat.

"I never think about style, about creating one," Bech dictated into the tiny microphone of the tape recorder. "My style is always as simple as the subject matter permits. As you grow older, though, you find that few things are simple enough."

"For example?"

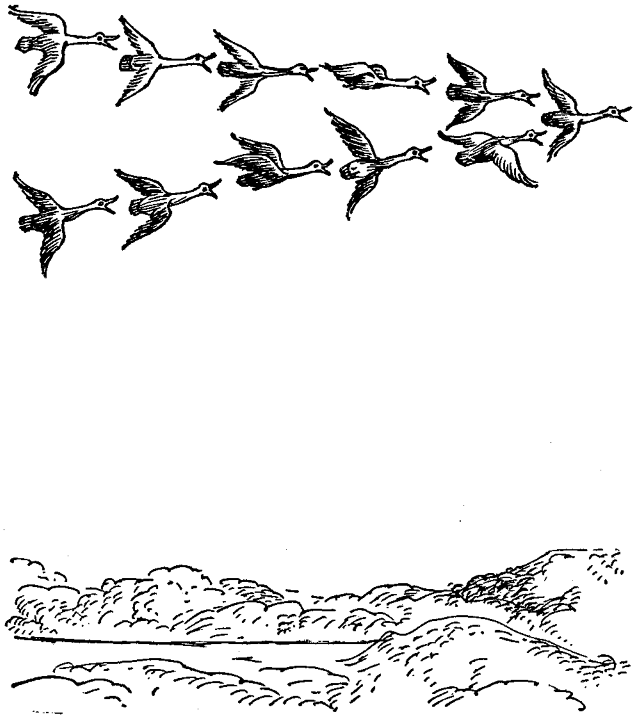
"For example, changing a tire. I'm sorry, your question seems inane to me. This interview seems inane."

"Let me try another approach," Tuttle said, as maddeningly patient as a child psychiatrist. "In 'Brother Pig,' were you conscious of inserting the political resonances?"

Bech blinked. "Resonances or raisins? I'm sorry. 'Brother Pig' was about what its words said it was about. It was not a mask for something else. I do not write in code. My books are human transactions—flirtations, quarrels."

"You're tired," Tuttle told him.

He was right. Merissa had taken him to a restaurant along Fulham Road run by fairies and then to Revolution, where posters of Ho and Mao and Engels and Lenin watched from the



"Honk, honk, honk, honk, honk, honk, honk,

walls as young people dressed in sequins and bell-bottoms jogged up and down within a dense, throbbing, coruscating fudge of noise. Bech knew something was happening here, a spiritual upthrusting like Christianity among the slaves of Rome or cabalism among the peasant Jews of stagnant Slavic Europe, but his old-fashioned particularizing vision kept dissolving the mob into its components: working girls resigned to a groggy tomorrow at their typewriters; neutered young men in fashion or photography to whom coming here was work; the truly idle, the rich and the black, escaping the empty-eye-socket stare of spooked hours. That girl in the chain-link tunic and nothing else was working off her Yorkshire accent. That man flicking his arm like a dervish under the blue battering of the strobe lights was swinging a real-estate deal in his head. Bech doubted whether the men on the wall approved what they saw. They were simple failed librarians like himself, schooled in the pre-Freudian verities. Hunger and pain are bad. Work is good. Men were made for the daylight. Orgasms are private affairs. *Down in Loo-siana/ Where the alligators swim so mean . . .* Opposite him Merissa, who had a way of suddenly looking tall, though her smallness was what enchanted him, twinkled through the holes of her dress and turned to him a shuddering profile, eyes shut as if better to feel the beat between her legs. She called over to him, through the din, "It gets to be rather same-y, doesn't it?" And he felt then his heart make the motion he had been waiting for, of love for her; like the jaws of a clam when the muscle is sliced, his heart opened. He tasted it, the sugary nip of impossibility. For he was best at loving what he could never have.

"Lord, you're lovely," he called. "Let's go home."

She accused him: "You don't love London, only me."

His conversations with Merissa did have a way of breaking into two-liners:

Merissa: "I'm terribly tired of being white."

Bech: "But you're so good at it."

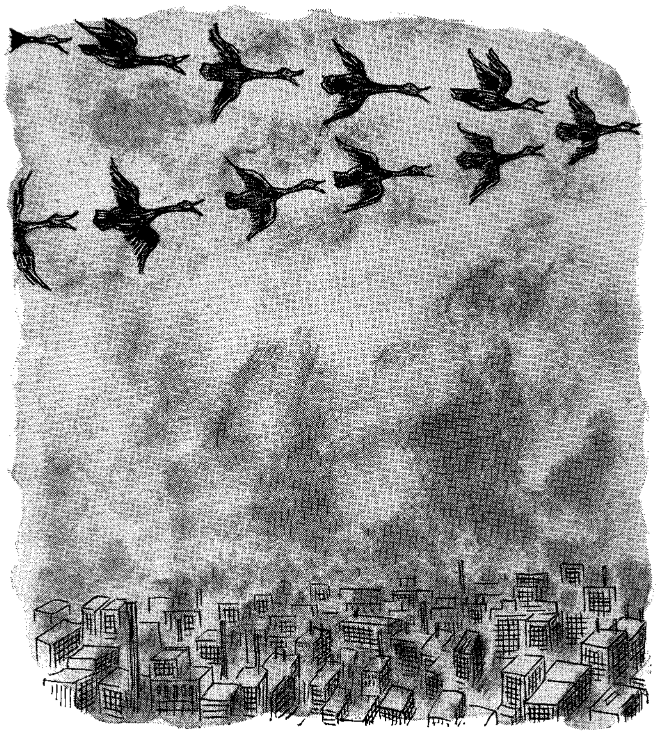
Or:

Bech: "I've never understood what sex is like for a woman."

Merissa (*thinking hard*): "It's like—fog."

The phone rang at nine the next morning. It was Tuttle. Goldschmidt had given him Merissa's number. Bech thought of expostulating, but since the boy never drank he would have no idea how Bech's head felt. With some dim idea of appeasing those forces of daylight and righteous wrath that he had seen mocked on the walls of Revolution last night, he consented to meet Tuttle at his hotel at ten. Perhaps this stab at self-abnegation did him good, for, on his way to the West End in the lurching, swaying upstairs of a 74 bus, nauseated by the motion, having breakfasted on unbuttered toast and reheated tea (Merissa had observed his departure by sighing and rolling over onto her stomach, and her refrigerator held nothing but yogurt and champagne), gazing down upon the shoppers in Baker Street, shimmering saris and polka-dot umbrellas, Bech was visited by inspiration. The title of his new novel abruptly came to him: Think Big. It balanced the title of his first, "Travel Light." It held in the girders of its consonants, braced by those two stark "i"s, America's promise, pathos, crassness, grandeur. As "Travel Light" had been about a young man, so "Think Big" must be about a young woman, about openness and confusion, coruscation and the loss of the breeding function. Merissa could be the heroine. But she was British. Transposing her into an American would meet resistance at a hundred points, as for instance when she undressed, and was as white as a woman of marble, whereas any American girl that age carries all winter the comical ghost of last summer's bikini, emphasizing her erogenous zones like a diagram. And Merissa's enchanting smallness, the manner in which her perfection seemed carried out on an elfin scale, so that Bech could study by lamplight the bones of an ankle and foot as he would study an ivory miniature, a smallness excitingly violated when her mouth swam into the dimensions of the normal—this too was un-American. Your typical Bennington girl wore a 9½ sneaker and carried her sex as in a knapsack, to be unpacked at night. Still, Bech reasoned, while the bus ponderously maneuvered into Oxford Street and the shoppers danced in psychedelic foreshortening, she was not quite convincing as she was (what did she *do*, for instance, to warrant that expensive flat and a dinner invitation from Goldy, and the closets full of swinging clothes, not to mention riding chaps and mud-crusted golf shoes?), and Bech was sure he could fill in her gaps with bits of American women, could indeed re-create her from almost nothing, needing less than a rib, needing only the living germ of his infatuation, of his love. Already small things from here and there, kept alive by some kink in his forgetting mechanism, had begun to fly together, to fit. A Broadway dance hall he had once walked upstairs to. A rabid but deft Trotskyite barber his father had patronized. The way New York's side streets seek the sunset, and the way on Fifth Avenue hard-shinned women in sunglasses hurry past mannequins in gilded robes. But what would be the action of the book (it was a big book, he saw, with a blue jacket of coated stock and his unsmiling photo full on the back, bled top and bottom), its conflict, its issue, its outcome? The answer, like the title, came from so deep within him that it seemed a message from beyond: Suicide. His heroine must kill herself. Think big. His heart trembled in excitement, at the enormity of his crime.

"You're tired," Tuttle said, and went on, "I've seen the point raised about your work, that the kind of ethnic loyalty you display, loyalty to a narrow individualistic past, is divisive, and encourages war, and helps account



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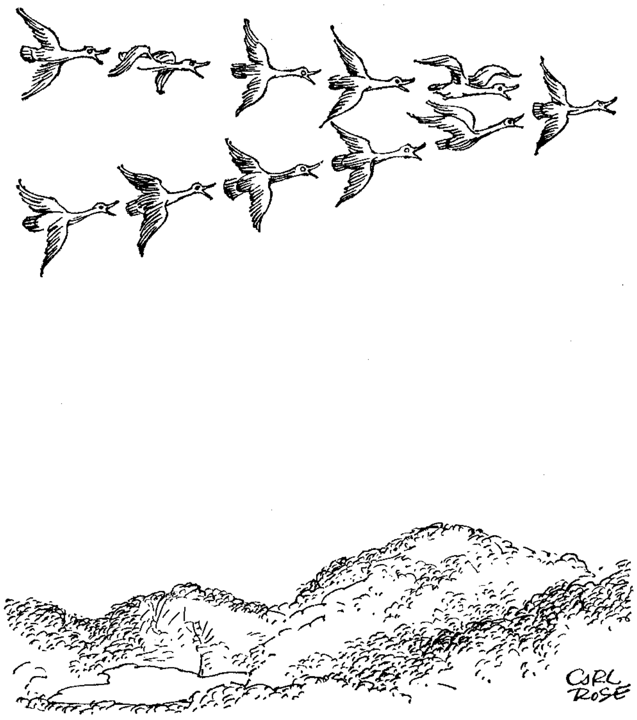


honk, honk, honk, honk, honk, honk, honk."

for your reluctance to join the peace movement and the social revolution. How would you rebut this?"

"Where did you see this point raised, did you say?"

"Some review."

"*What* review? Are you sure you just didn't make it up? I've seen some dumb things written about me but never anything quite that vapid and doctrinaire."

"My attempt, Mr. Bech, is to elicit from you your opinions. If you find this an unfruitful area, let's move on. Maybe I should stop the machine while you collect your thoughts. We're wasting tape."

"Not to mention my lifeblood." But Bech groggily tried to satisfy the boy; he described his melancholy feelings in the go-go place last night, his intuition that self-aggrandizement and entrepreneurial energy were what made the world go and that slogans and movements to the contrary were evil dreams, evil in that they distracted people from particular, concrete realities, whence all goodness and effectiveness derive. He was an Aristotelian and not a Platonist. Write him down, if he must write him down as something, as a disbeliever; he disbelieved in the Pope, in the Kremlin, in the Vietcong, in Arthur Schlesinger, Eldridge Cleaver, Senator Eastland, and Eastman Kodak. He believed, if this tape recorder must know, in the goodness of something vs. nothing, in the dignity of the inanimate, the intricacy of the animate, the beauty of the average woman, and the common sense of the average man. The tape spun out its reel and ran flapping.

Tuttle said, "That's great stuff, Mr. Bech. One more session, and we should have it."

"Never, never, never, never," Bech said. Something in his face drove Tuttle out the door. Bech fell asleep on his bed in his clothes. He awoke and found that "Think Big" had died. It had become a ghost of a book, an empty space beside the four faded spines that he had already called into existence. "Think Big" had no content but wonder, which was a blankness. He thought back through his life—so many dreams and wakings, so many faces encountered and stoplights obeyed and streets crossed—and there was nothing solid; he had rushed through his life as through a badly chewed meal, leaving an ache of indigestion. In the beginning, the fresh flame of his spirit had burned everything clean, the entire gray city, stone and soot and stoops. Miles of cracked pavement had not been too much. He had gone to sleep on the sound of sirens and woken to the cries of fruit carts. There had been around him a sheltering ring of warm old tall bodies whose droning appeared to be wisdom, whose crooning and laughter seemed to be sifted down from God. There had been classrooms smelling of eraser crumbs, and strolling evenings when the lights of New Jersey seemed strung gems, and male pals from whom to learn loyalty and stoicism, and the first dizzying drag on a cigarette, and the first girl who let his hands linger, and the first joys of fabrication, of invention and completion.

Then unreality had swept in. It was his fault; he had wanted to be noticed, to be praised. He had wanted to be a man in the world, a "writer." For his punishment they had made from the sticks and mud of his words an ugly large doll to question and torment, which would not have mattered except that he was trapped inside the doll, shared a name and bank account with it. And the life that touched and brushed other people, that played across them like a saving breeze, could not break through the crust to him.

He telephoned Goldschmidt, Ltd., and was told Goldy was out to lunch. He called Merissa but her number did not answer. He went downstairs and tried to talk to the hotel doorman about the weather. "Well, sir, weather is weather, I find to be the case generally. Some days is fine, and others a bit dim. This sky today you'll find is about what we generally have this time of the year. It'll all average out when we're in the grave, isn't that the truth of it, sir?" Bech disliked being humored, and the gravedigger scene had never been one of his favorites. He went walking beneath the dispirited, homogenous sky, featureless but for some downward wisps of nimbus promising rain that never arrived. Where were the famous English clouds, the clouds of Constable and Shelley? He tried to transplant the daffodils to Riverside Park, for his novel, but couldn't see them there, among those littered thickets hollowed by teen-aged layabouts bloodless with heroin, these British bulbs laid out in their loamy bed by ancient bowed men, the great-grandchildren of feudalism, who swept the paths where Bech walked with brooms—yes, with brooms fashioned of twigs honestly bound together with twine. It began to rain.

BECH became a docile tourist and interviewee. He bantered on the B.B.C. Third Programme with a ripe-voiced young Welshman. He read from his works to bearded youths at the London School of Economics, between strikes. He submitted to a cocktail party at the United States Embassy. He participated in a television discussion on the Collapse of the American Dream with an edgy homosexual historian whose toupee kept slipping; a mug-shaped small man who thirty years ago had invented a donnish verse form resembling the limerick; a preposterously rude young radical with puffed-out lips and a dominating stammer; and, chairing their discussion, a B.B.C. girl whose elongated thighs kept arresting Bech in midsentence—she had pop eyes and a wild way of summing up, as if all the while she had been attending to angel voices entirely her own. Bech let Merissa drive him, in her beige Fiat, to Stonehenge and Canterbury. At Canterbury, she got into a fight with a verger about exactly where Becket had been stabbed. She took Bech to a concert in Albert Hall, whose cavernous interior Bech drowsily confused with Victoria's womb and where he fell asleep. Afterward, they went to a club with gaming rooms where Merissa, playing two blackjack hands simultaneously, lost sixty quid in twenty minutes. There was a professional fierceness about the way she sat at the green felt table that requickened his curiosity as to what she *did*. He was sure she did something. Her flat held a swept-off desk, and a bookcase shelf solid with reference works. She fended off his inquiries with the disarming request that he consider her as simply his "London episode." But how did she live? "Oh," Merissa said, "my father owns things. Don't ask me what things. He keeps buying different ones."

He had not quite given up the idea of making her the heroine of his masterpiece. He must understand what it is like to be young now. "The other men you sleep with—what do you feel toward them?"

"They seem nice at the time."

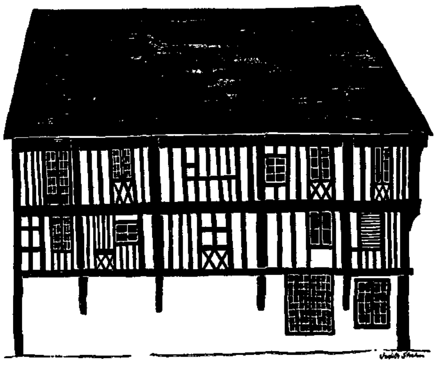
"At the time; and then afterward not so nice?"

The suggestion startled her; from the way her eyes widened, she felt he was trying to insert evil into her world. "Oh yes, then too. They're so grateful. Men are. They're so grateful if you just make them a cup of tea in the morning."

"But where is it all going? Do you think about marrying again?"

"Not much. That first go was pretty draggy. He kept saying things like 'Pick up your underwear,' and 'In Asia they live on ninety dollars a year.' " Merissa laughed.

Her hair was a miracle, spread out on the pillow in the morning light, a lustrous mass measured in infinity, every filament the same lucid black, a black that held red light within it as matter holds heat. As a character, Merissa would become a redhead, with that vulnerable freckled pallor and overlarge, uneven, earnest front teeth. Merissa's teeth were so perfect they seemed machined. *Stars with a talent for squad-drill.* As she laughed, divulging the slippery grotto beyond her palate, Bech felt abhorrence rising in his throat. He looked toward the window; an airplane was descending from a ceiling of gray. He asked, "Do you take drugs?"



"Not really. A little grass to be companionable. I don't believe in it."

Her American counterpart would, of course. Bech saw this counterpart in his mind: a pale Puritan, self-destructive, her blue eyes faded like cotton work clothes too often scrubbed. Merissa's green eyes sparkled; her hectic cheeks burned. "What do you believe in?" he asked.

"Different things at different times," she said. "You don't seem all that pro-marriagey yourself."

"I am, for other people."

"I know why sleeping with you is so exciting. It's like sleeping with a parson."

"Dear Merissa," Bech said. He tried to crush her into himself. To suck the harlot's roses from her cheeks. He slobbered on her wrists, pressed his forehead against the small of her spine. He did all this in ten-point type, upon the warm white paper of her sliding skin. Poor child, under this old ogre, who had chewed his life so badly his stomach hurt, whose every experience was harassed by a fictional version of itself, whose waking life was a weary dream of echoes and erased pencil lines; he begged her forgiveness, while she moaned with anticipated pleasure. It was no use; he could not rise, he could not love her, could not perpetuate a romance or *roman* without see-

HADRIAN'S VILLA: WATER, WIND & STONE

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.—*Wallace Stevens.*

The fountains glistened with sound as the wind rose.
One steady water jet could fill & shape
(under blown mist & stunned, shimmering rainbows)
a supple woman dressed by wind, deep
in the mind.

Ruins. How many shrines, stars,
waters have fallen since then. . . . This cold wind
sweeps the reflective pool to chipped marble.
But the statues of young women stand ripened

by what? Folds of soaked delicate cloth
are pressed flat against buttocks, thighs, nipples—
imagined wind, desire eased "out of thought"
& found in stone under the powdering tip

of a Greek chisel. . . . It blows where I stand, *has* blown
for thousands of years, in the flesh, between water & stone.

—GEORGE AMABILE

• •

ing through it to the sour parting and the mixed reviews. He began, in lieu of performance, to explain this.

She interrupted: "Well, Henry, you must learn to replace ardor with art."

The cool practicality of this advice, its smug recourse to millennia of peasant saws and aristocratic maxims, to all that civilized wisdom America had sought to flee and find an alternative to, angered him. "Art *is* ardor," he told her.

"Bad artists hope that's true."

"Read your Wordsworth."

"In tran*quil*lity, darling."

Her willingness to debate was beginning to excite him. He saw that wit and logic might survive into the lawless world coming to birth. "Merissa, you're so clever."

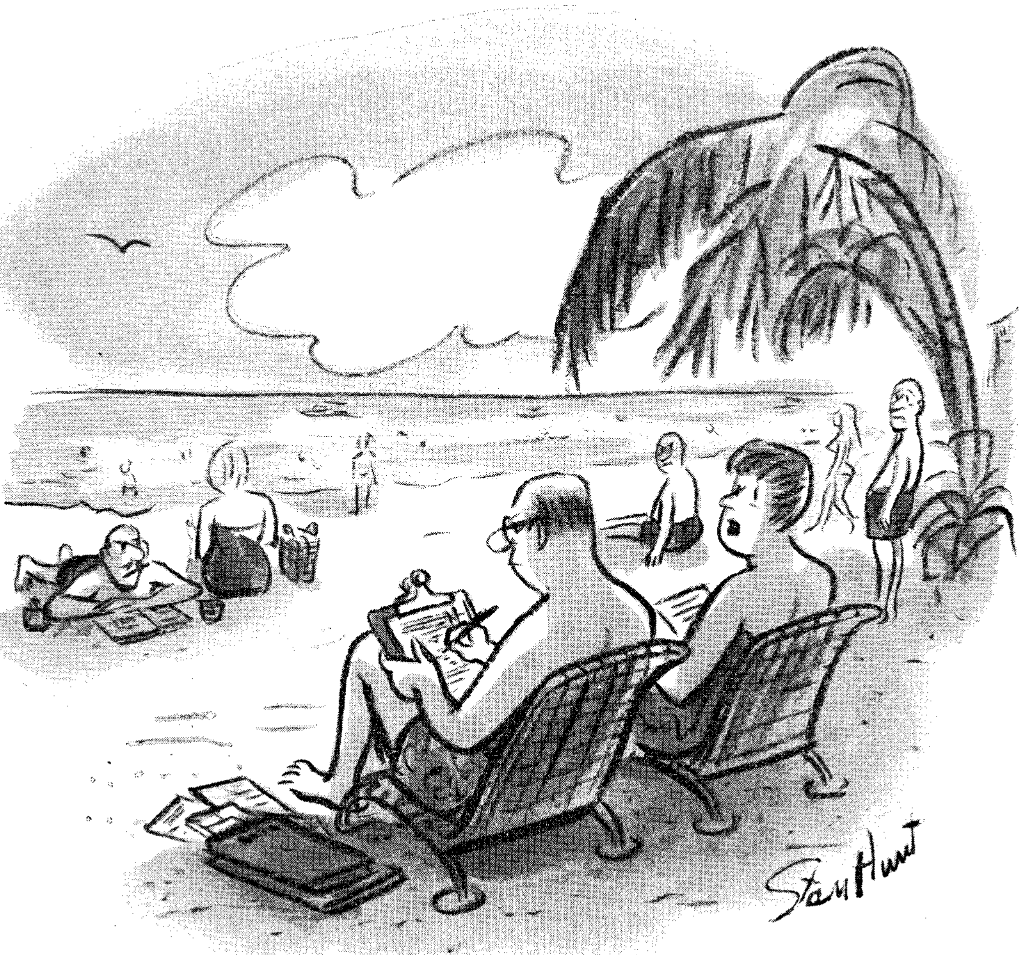
"The weak must be. That's what England is learning."

"Do you think I'm necessarily impotent? As an artist?"

"Unnecessarily."

"Merissa, tell me: what do you *do*?"

"You'll see," she said, pressing her head back into the pillow and smiling in assured satisfaction.



"It may be perfectly legal to do your income tax on the beach, Joslin, but I think it's very inconsiderate of others, who are trying to relax."

Tuttle caught him by phone at his hotel the day before he left and asked him if he felt any affinity with Ronald Firbank. "Only the affinity," Bech said, "I feel with all Roman Catholic homosexuals."

"I was hoping you'd say something like that. How are you feeling, Mr. Bech? The last time I saw you, you looked awful. Frankly."

"I feel better now that you've stopped seeing me."

"Great. It was a real privilege and delight for me, I tell you. I hope you like the way the piece shaped up; I do. I hope you don't mind my few reservations."

"No, you can't go anywhere these days without reservations."

"Ha ha." It was the only time he ever heard Tuttle laugh.

Merissa didn't answer her telephone. Bech hoped she'd be at the farewell party Goldy threw for him—a modest affair, without blue servants, and Bech in his altered tuxedo the only man in formal dress—but she wasn't. When Bech asked where she was, Goldy said tersely, "Working. She sends her love and regrets." Bech called her at midnight, at one in the morning, at two, at five when the birds began singing, at seven when the earliest church bells rang, and at nine, while packing to catch his plane.

Goldschmidt drove him to the airport in his maroon Bentley, and with an urgent, prideful air pressed a number of Sunday newspapers upon him. "The *Observer* gave us more space," he said, "but the *Times* seemed to like it more. All in all, a very fine reception for a—let's be frank—a rather trumped-up mishmash of a book. Now you must do us a blockbuster." He said this, but his eyes were darting over Bech's shoulder toward the stream of fresh arrivals.

"I have just the title," Bech told him. He saw he must put Goldy into it, as a Jewish uncle. A leatherworker, his right palm hard as a turtle shell from handling an awl. That heavy, pampered Florentine head bent full of greedy dreams beneath a naked light bulb as pocketbooks, belts, and sandals tumbled from the slaughter of screaming calves. The baroque beauty of the scraps piled neglected at his feet. A fire escape out the window. Some of the panes were transparent wire glass and others, unaccountably, were painted opaque.

Goldschmidt added a folded tabloid to Bech's supply of airplane reading.

PEER, BRIDE NABBED
IN DORSET DOPE RAID

the headline said. Goldschmidt said, "Page seventeen might amuse you. As you know, this is the paper Merissa's father bought last year. Millions read it."

"No, I didn't know. She told me nothing about her father."

"He's a dear old rascal. Almost the last of the true Tories."

"I could have sworn she was a Lib-Lab."

"Merissa is a very clever lamb," Goldschmidt stated, and pinched his lips shut. In our long Diaspora, we have learned not to tattle on our hosts. Goldy's right hand, shaken farewell, was unreally soft.

The *Times* review was headlined "More Ethnic Fiction from the New World" and lumped "The Best of Bech" with a novel about Canadian Indians by Leonard Cohen and a collection of protest essays and scatological poems by LeRoi Jones. The long *Observer* piece was titled "Bech's Best Not Good Enough" and was signed L. Clark Tuttle. Bech skimmed, as a fakir walks on hot coals, pausing nowhere long enough to burn the moisture from the soles of his feet. Almost none of the quotes he had poured into the boy's notebook and tape recorder were used. Instead, an aggrieved survey of Bech's *œuvre* unfolded, smudged by feeble rebuttals.

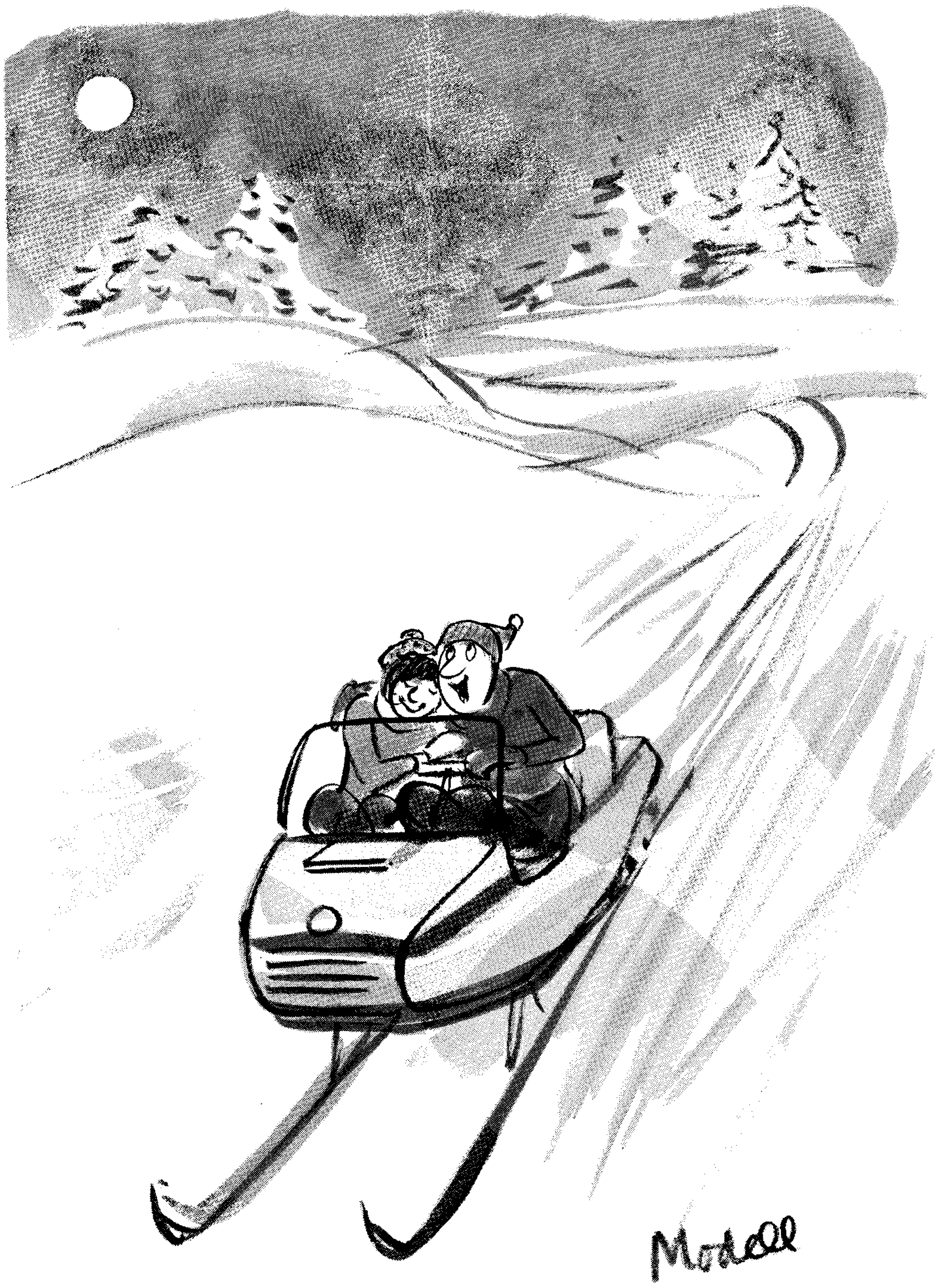
> . . . Queried concerning the flowery, not to say fruity, style of *The Chosen*, Bech shrugged off the entire problem of style, claiming (facetiously?) that he never thinks about it. . . . Of the book's profound failure, the crippling irreconcilability of its grandiose intentions and the triviality of its characters' moral concerns, Bech appears blissfully unaware, taking refuge in the charming, if rather automatically gnomic, disclaimer that "as you grow older, life becomes complicated." . . . This interviewer was struck, indeed, by the defensive nature of Bech's breezy garrulousness; his charm operates as a screen against others—their menacing opinions, the raw *stuff* of their life—just as, perhaps, drink operates within him as a screen against his own deepest self-suspicions . . . counter-revolutionary nostalgia . . . possibly ironical faith in "entrepreneurism" . . . nevertheless, undoubted verbal gifts . . . traumatized by the economic collapse of the 1930's . . . a minor master for the space of scattered pages . . . not to be classed, Bech's faithful *New York Review* claque to the contrary, with the early Bellow or the late Mailer . . . reminded, in the end, after the butterfly similes and over-extended, substanceless themes of this self-anointed "Best," of (and the comparison may serve English readers as an index of present relevance) Ronald Firbank!

Bech let the paper go limp. The airplane had taxied out and he braced himself for the perilous plunge into flight. Only when aloft, with Hampton Court securely beneath him, a delicate sepia diagram of itself, and London's great stone mass dissolved into a cloud behind him, did Bech turn to page 17. A column there was headed "MERISSA'S WEEK." The line drawing of the girl reminded Bech erotically of the spaces in her face—the catlike span between her eyes, the painted circles of her cheeks, the sudden moist gap of her mouth, which in the caricature existed as a wry tilde, a ~.

> Swinging L. was a shade more swingy this week when the darling American author Henry ("Travel Light" "Brother Pig" and don't look blank they're in Penguins) Bech dropped in at Revolution and other In spots. The heart of many a jaded bird beat brighter to see Bech's rabbinical curls bouncing in time to "Poke Salad Annie" and other Now hits. Merissa says: Hurry Back, H. B., transatlantic men are the most existential * * * He was visiting Londinium to help push la crème of his crème, "Bech's Best," a J. J. Goldschmidt release, with a dull, dull jacket—the author's pic is missing. Confidentially, his heart belongs to dirty old New York * * *

Bech closed his eyes, feeling his love for her expand as the distance between them increased. Entrepreneurism rides again. *Rabbinical curls:* somehow he had sold her that. *Automatically gnomic:* he had sold that too. *As a screen against others.* Firbank dead at forty. Still gaining altitude, he realized he was not dead; his fate was not so substantial. He had become a character by Henry Bech.

—JOHN UPDIKE



"Come along with me, Lucille, in my merry snowmobile."

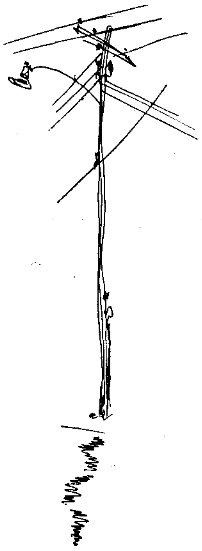
•

It was revealed that some of the welfare violators are supposedly entitled to only $47 a week basic allowance but they squander their allowance for food, gas, and electric bills and then complain to the welfare office that their funds are exhausted.—*Boston Record American.*

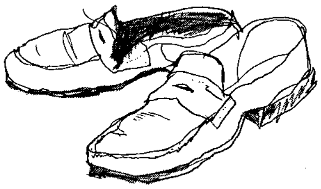
First thing you know they'll be paying their *rent*.

MARCH, SATURDAY, 2 P.M.–3 P.M.

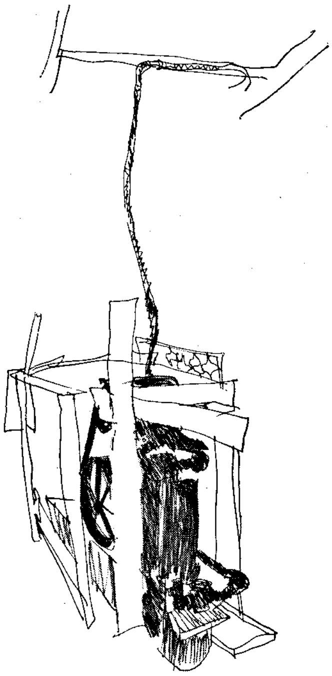
TWO o'clock in the afternoon on the day before Easter. Rain. Rain in the morning, rain now. All the children asleep except Walker. Walker is ten. We go for a walk, down the empty road, around the edges of the puddles. It isn't cold. The heavy sky is pushing down on the soggy grass; at the end of the road, the sea is smoky lavender-gray. We come to where a new house is being built, at the edge of some low woods. The yard is full of lumber; sheets of plywood have turned dark, soaking up the rain. Piles of wood—the sawed-off ends of two-by-fours, trapezoids, kindling—and wet papers in the mud. Beside the house there is a rushing stream; the water plunges into a drain through the openings of a metal cover. There is room to drop things into the drain. Walker finds a white plastic cup; it will serve. Then we will hurry to the seawall, two hundred yards away, and see if it comes out of the pipe that empties onto the rocks there. Walker drops the cup, and we go over the squishy lawns past the empty houses, through the hedges, across the road. Somewhere beneath us the cup is spinning along, riding in the darkness, heading for the sea—we hope, at least. We cross a final lawn, climb down over the concrete seawall, and jump over the rocks to where the pipe is—a three-foot hole in the side of the seawall. It is jammed with rocks, but water is gushing out around them. Walker reaches in and dislodges a boulder; the water bursts out. He pulls away more stones, and now there is a torrent shooting out over the rocks, splattering wildly. It is a horizontal geyser; the water must have been backed up all the way to the swamp in the woods. Sticks and grasses come flying out; the water changes colors. Finally, it subsides to a steady stream. We cannot find the plastic cup. We climb the seawall again and walk home.

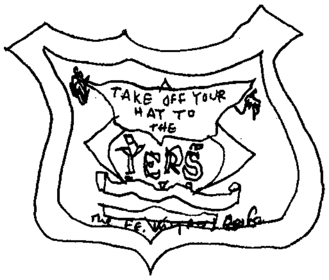


Walker steps in the puddles, watching the water rise over the soles of his loafers. "Don't—you'll get wet feet." He steps onto solid ground and walks along, but he is drawn to the next puddle, and his loafers move through it, leading a life of their own. We reach our house and open the door slowly—it squeaks. We are afraid it will wake the others. "Let's oil the door." We start a search for an oilcan. The bottom drawer in the kitchen: no. Out into the garage. Two drawers in a workbench: no. A closet: no. We cross the driveway to Grandma's house (empty for the winter) and enter her garage.

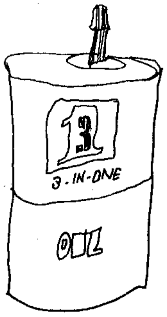


An old-fashioned oilcan, the sort a railroad engineer carries in pictures, sits on a beam. We try it—*clunk; clonk.* It is rusty and empty. Into a small room where the water pump stands. The pump is oily and silent. "The F.E. Myers & Bro. Co., Ashland, Ohio," it says on one side, and on the other side there is an emblem: "Take Off Your Hat to the Myers . . . Pumps for Every Purpose . . . Hay Tools & Door Hangers." Nearby are paint cans, a wheelbarrow, glass jars of nails, weed killer, turpentine. Over the doorway on a two-by-four is a key; reach up and fumble in the dust. The fingers find the key and its bit of string and its tag.




TAKE OFF YOUR HAT TO THE
MYERS

We leave the garage and go to the back door of Grandma's house and unlock it. We enter the house. A closet near the kitchen: a shelf of cleaning fluids, soaps, spot removers, ant buttons. We close the door again and try a closet in the back hall. It is locked. We go through the dining room to Grandma's desk, unlock and open the lid, pull out a drawer, and find the key marked "Closet." Take the key, return to the hall, unlock the closet, open the door; a white can sits on a shelf, waiting. "3-IN-ONE OIL," it says. It looks new, it looks full; we grab it and go. Out the door, across the driveway, around to the front door. Walker opens it slowly, but it cries out anyway. I reach up and oil the hinges. Walker lets go, the door gives the faintest start of a groan, then slides silently shut. We open it again—no sound. We let it close: utter silence. We tiptoe through the house, testing every door—old wooden ones on ancient hinges, new ones, the swinging doors in the kitchen—dispensing oil to each. Even the ones that don't need it; they might need it someday. The downstairs now is steeped in silence. Doors, one after the other, swing out and back, demonstrating their quietude. We oil the hinges on the top of the deep freeze, finally, and then the house is done.

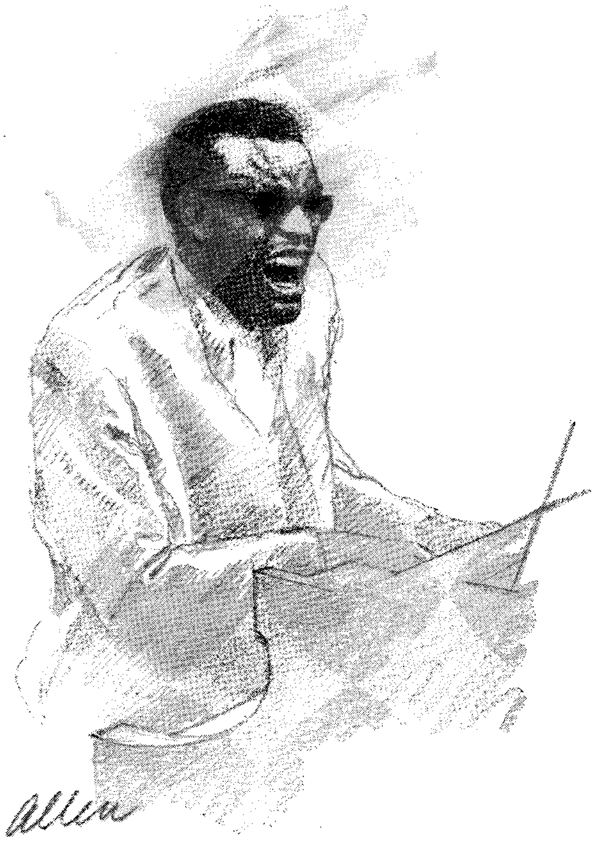


We carry the oilcan back to Grandma's house, and put it on the shelf of the closet in the back hall. Close the closet door. Lock it. Remove the key. Put the key back in the desk drawer, close the drawer, then close the desk. We walk back through the empty house and out. Close the door. It locks itself. We take the key out and go into the garage and put the key back on the two-by-four over the door. Then we leave the garage, close the door, and walk across the shiny gravel to our house. The rain is coming down. Behind us, four hundred yards along the seawall, the water is streaming from the swamp, through the pipe under the lawns, and out onto the rocks and over them into the sea. (Is the white plastic cup out there now, riding on the cold gray waves?) In the house, downstairs, no doors squeak. We part. Walker goes up the stairs to his room to read; I go into the living room. We separate without saying goodbye. Everyone is still asleep upstairs.

—JAMES STEVENSON

PROFILES

IT'S DETESTABLE WHEN YOU LIVE IT



Ray Charles

IN Los Angeles, midway between Beverly Hills and Watts, there is a small, factorylike two-story building that is occupied on the ground floor by the Urban League and on the second floor by R.P.M. International. (The initials stand for Recordings, Publishing, and Management.) The building, of gravy-colored stucco, blends easily into a nondescript, old-fashioned residential area dotted with small stores and small businesses. It has windows only on the ground floor, it is rectangular and flat-topped, and, except for its partly glassed-in front, it is as expressionless as a brick. But its insides, like a poker player's thoughts, are startling. A flight of stairs carpeted in Florida orange climbs from the foyer to an orange-and-white reception room containing a switchboard, a desk, an orange-haired receptionist, a leather sofa, a couple of leather chairs, and a coffee table displaying the newest issues of *Down Beat*, *Billboard*, *Hollywood Reporter*, and *Record World*. Two facing doors open into yellow halls. At one end of one of the halls, off which are a dozen brightly colored cubbyhole offices, is a spacious yellow-and-blue-and-black recording studio, equipped with a piano and an organ, clusters of microphones, and a control room, jammed with glistening sound equipment and resembling the cockpit of a jet plane. At the opposite end of the hall are adjoining mogul offices. In the bigger one, three of the walls are painted yellow and the fourth is made of rough brown cork blocks. The wall-to-wall carpet is bronze. A dreadnought V-shaped table-desk, set before a high-backed leather chair, faces the door, and arranged around the walls are an upright piano, a television set, a long leather sofa, and a card table ringed by chairs. An enormous moonlike lighting fixture is set into the ceiling. The smaller office is a frenetic twin: the desk and the cork wall and the sofa are black and the floor has brilliant red carpeting. This one is occupied by Joe Adams, the executive vice-president of Ray Charles Enterprises, which is the heart and mind of R.P.M. International, and the bigger office is occupied by Adams' friend and boss, Ray Charles, the unique, blind, thirty-nine-year-old singer, pianist, composer-arranger, music publisher, recording executive, and promoter.

Charles *is* the American Dream. He is wealthy and world-famous and inordinately gifted. But none of this, his talents excepted, was given him. He was born in sub-log-cabin poverty in the Deep South at the start of the Depression, he went blind when he was seven, he was an orphan at fifteen, he has been harried by drugs, and he is black. Despite all this, he has solved the Midas-touch-versus-artistic-integrity problem with extraordinary grace. He is, in his naked, powerful manner, in a class with Billie Holiday and Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong, and, in a country that has never counted jazz as one of its blessings, he is revered by every class, color, and creed. (In the past couple of years, this reverence accounted for three million-sales albums.) There is no one explanation for this miracle. Perhaps it is because Charles almost *touches* his listeners' emotions with his voice, perhaps his wild, down-to-the-bone singing offers a safety valve, a purgative in a turbulent time, perhaps the iron honesty of his voice helps offset our haywire morals, or perhaps it is simply because he is a zealously concentrated performer whose singing and presence and timing form a flawless hypnotic force.

Charles' style, fed by a bottomless emotional well, has many sides. He can sing anything short of lieder and opera. He has recorded standard popular songs, country-and-Western music, down-home blues, American anthems such as "Old Man River," novelty numbers, rock and roll, the Beatles, and folk music. He works with equal ease in front of a small jazz band, a big band, vocal groups, choruses, and strings. (The sound of his pinewoods voice tearing along over violins and a choir is one of the wonders of music.) He can shape his baritone voice into dark, shouting blocks of sound, reduce it to a goose-pimpling whisper, sing a pure falsetto, yodel, resemble Nat Cole at his creamiest, and growl and rasp. He is always surprising. Yodels follow deep-throated rasps, he dwindles from stark recitative to a soft, fleeing moan, he rocks along way behind the beat and then jumps into metronomic time, he shouts asides to his accompanists or the audience between words, he bends and cracks and splits notes in treasonous places, and he is a master of melismatics. Insofar as it is humanly possible, he never repeats himself; a 1967 performance of "Georgia on My Mind" and a 1970 one are minutely and marvellously different. He is his own best accompanist, playing a piano that ranges from the backwoods blues to a clean, Nat Cole single-note style, and he is a competent, swinging alto saxophonist. His compositions, gospel-flavored and often funny, are a natural extension of his singing, and so are his arrangements, with their economy and their affecting voicings.

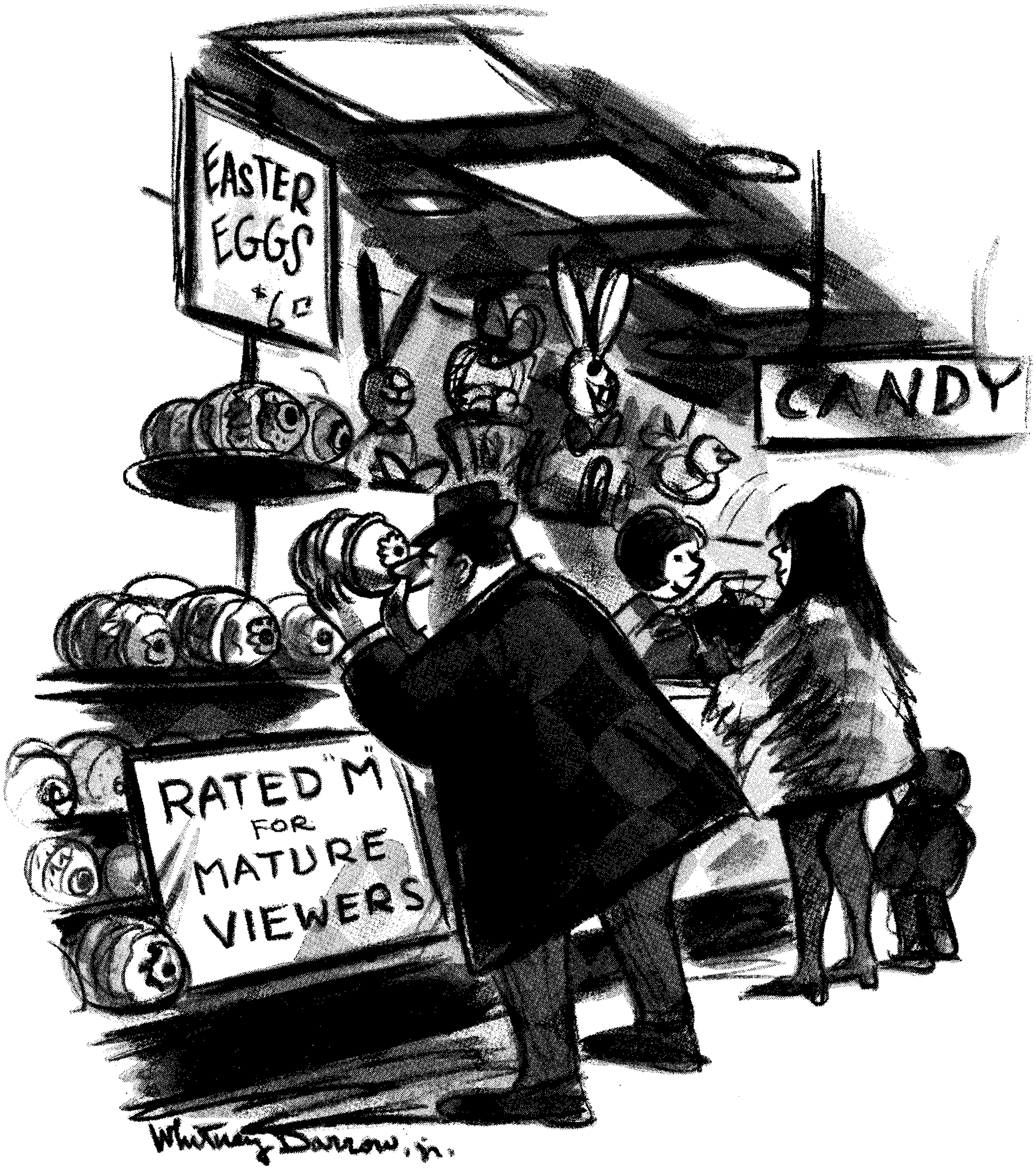
His appearance is deceptive. From a distance, he looks frail and spidery. He has a shuffling, bent-kneed walk, and at the piano he sways wildly from side to side or rears back to the point of falling over. A steady smile and big, ever-present dark glasses mask his face and make him seem smaller than he is. But close up he is tough and compact. He has wide, boxers' shoulders and a flat, trim waist, a high forehead, close-cropped hair, flaring cheekbones, and a jutting, stony chin. His speaking voice is deep and guttural and hand-hewn. He talks quickly and his language moves between sunny, sprawling Southern colloquialisms and lofty Northern abstractions. He is startling on the telephone; he literally barks and grunts. And he is in constant motion—reading from a Braille notebook with one hand and holding a telephone with the other, lifting his head and shooting out his chin, wringing his hands or clapping them softly together, and standing up for no reason to do a little hopping dance and then abruptly sitting down.

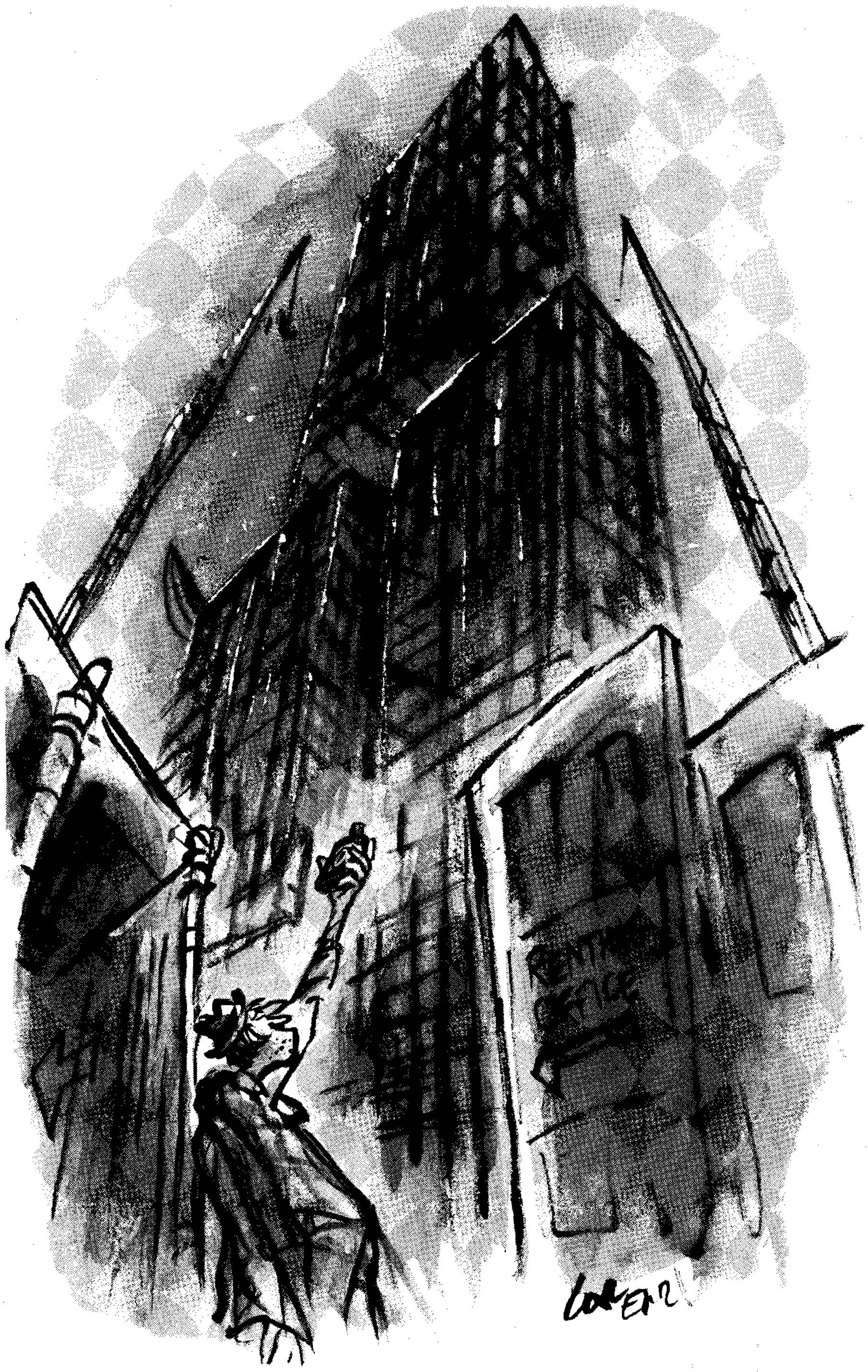
In recent years, Ray Charles the singer has become the cork bobbing on top of the Ray Charles Show, which appears, on a concert basis, in night clubs and concert halls around the country and in Europe. This generally opens with his big band, a seventeen-piece group that is the equal in precision and fervor of any current big band. The band plays a batch of instrumentals, and the Raelets, a comely female vocal quartet, sing several numbers. After an intermission, and with the audience kneaded and ready to rise, Charles himself appears, and sings and talks and plays his way through a dozen or more numbers. Joe Adams comes onstage for some you-quit-now-no-I-won't badinage with Charles, and the two men depart arm in arm, leaving a limp, grateful house. It is a dazzling, expensive, moving, clockwork show.

In January, February, and March, the Ray Charles Show rests. But Charles spends most of this time in his office at R.P.M., arranging bookings for the coming year, managing his small stable of young talents, memorizing lyrics, walking down the hall to record, consulting with Joe Adams, holding staff meetings, editing tapes, considering new songs to record, talking on the telephone, and granting interviews.

"Most days, I get here late, but I stay late, till nine or ten," he says. "I can get more done between 5 and 10 P.M. than I can during the day. Actually, one of these days I might run for senator or governor and get a bill passed to make the working day from about 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. The way it is now, most people don't go to bed until twelve or one anyway, and the next day they walk into that office at eight-thirty or nine evil. My way, you'd read your papers and drink your coffee and leave your house nice and new about nine or ten. I live in an area called View Park. It's about fourteen minutes from here and sixteen minutes from the airport. I do a lot of coming and going to the airport and to my office and I like to get there without a lot of hassle. My house is a three-level structure and it's built up against a steep hill. You have an upstairs and the next floor is even with the ground and then there's another part downstairs. I never counted them, but with all the bathrooms and the den and the playroom and the bedrooms, it's gotta have fifteen or twenty rooms. Roughly that. It's a yellow house and when you come in the front door there's a lot of glass and high ceilings. We have a tennis court and a swimming pool. You couldn't pay me to live in New York, which is just the nerve center, the money center. I like the slow pace out here, which is more like the pace of Europe.

"I've never been able to understand





"But only God can make a tree."

• •

why the people where you live should be any problem. Anyway, what the hell difference does it make if you're colored or white? I just want to be treated fair. And I don't want to be treated better because I'm blind. When I went to school, there just weren't any books about us. It was George Washington and it was just like a dictatorship. We were told what we could learn and that was it. Hitler couldn't have killed all the Jews he did by himself. He had to condition other people. It's the same with black people. That nappy hair. You've been taught it's bad. You're conditioned. Same thing, why is it *black*mail instead of *white*mail? I've seen a commercial on television where they have these two cars testing gasoline, and the white one always goes the furthest. When you have people who have been *made* to feel imperfect, the problem is how to teach them they *are* good, that it has nothing to do with color. After all, a lot of the whites who first came over here were outcasts, religious or from prisons, but people just want to control other people, they have to control other people. Now the Northern people always say, 'Did you see what they're doing to the Negroes in Alabama or Mississippi?,' but they're doing the same thing up here, only they're sneaky about it. Down South, at least they're open. They *tell* you. I wonder what would happen if Christ *was* black. 'His face shall shine like patent leather and His hair be like the wool of a sheep,' it says somewhere in the Gospels. I would like to see what would happen if He came back and He came in the wrong color."

The telephone rang. Charles answered it, stood up, and rocked back and forth: "Yrrrrh. Yeh. Yeh. Yeh-yeh. All right, sweetie, all right. Yeh." He banged the phone and sat down. His left hand swept the desk top until he found a package of cigarettes. He took one out and lit it.

"It's a cinch something's going to kill you, whether you smoke or not. I told myself I'm going to quit, but it's just a question of how you enjoy the time you have. I'm not one who worries about coming back. I don't quite believe God is going to take the good people and raise them from the dead, but if He did I don't picture Him needing to take the nothings of the world and raising them, too. The bad people would just be the dust the good people walked over. That was my wife, Della, on the phone. We have three boys, and we've been married about fifteen years. Ray, Jr., is fourteen, David is eleven, and Robert is ten. Then I have a daughter by a previous marriage—Evelyn. She's twenty. My wife and I are about as average as you can get. We have many happy moments and we have our fights. But it's got to be fifty-one forty-nine in a marriage, and I'm the fifty-one, as long as I'm out there making a living. My wife understands that. A woman *wants* a man to be a man. It's the same with kids. They really *want* guidance. When we say 'No!' they know it's authority speaking. I met my wife in Houston. She has a big family, but I don't know that much about them. I'm not that interested in having my house overrun by family, and Della is very considerate about that. She sees her father and mother from time to time, and last Thanksgiving, when I was on the road, she had a dinner for forty or fifty, with all the little cousins and the aunts and all. But that would have been all right with me. I like to see people happy. When I'm on the road, I'm home in pieces—two or three days here, a week there. It's not so bad. It used to be a lot worse. I'm fortunate enough to have my own plane. I can do four hundred miles to a gig in an hour instead

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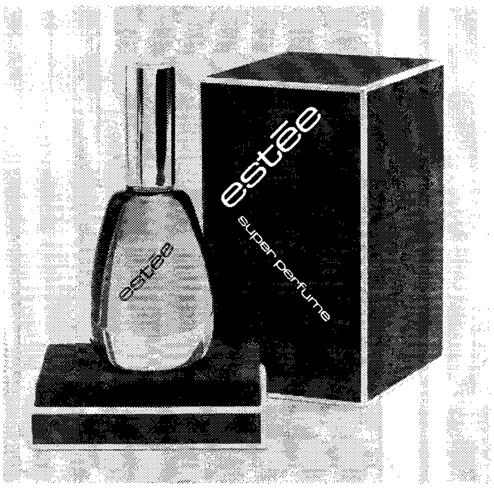
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Barbizon

of spending the whole day in a bus.

"We have a Viscount turboprop—a four-engine prop jet with Rolls-Royce engines. The way we have the configuration of it, I have a lounge and sleeping area in the back, and in the rest of the plane we took out a lot of the seats and spaced the remaining ones plenty far apart. There are roughly thirty-five of us on the road, but the plane could hold sixty-four. We bought it year before last, and before that we had a Martin 404, a two-engine job, which could carry about forty. And we have a little twin-engine Cessna 310, which holds about five people. I like to fool with radio and engineering when we're flying, but I believe I could set down a plane if I had to without killing myself. I might tear a wing off, but I don't believe I'd kill myself. Anyway, we have two full-time pilots, and we've been lucky. Once, we were in the Cessna—there was the pilot and co-pilot and a couple of friends—and we were coming into the Oklahoma City airport. It was freezing outside and the heater that is supposed to defrost the windshield broke and the windshield was coated with ice and we literally couldn't see a damn thing, even when we got down to two hundred feet. So we circled and circled, and of course the more we did the more ice the plane picked up and the heavier she got, and on top of that we were running out of fuel. Then suddenly a hole appeared through the ice on the windshield. It looked exactly like somebody had taken an icepick and made it. It was a miracle. So the pilot could see the strobe lights and he brought us in. The pilot I had then, Tom McGarity, like to broke his neck on the ice on the ground when he got out of the plane, but he didn't panic up there. We've never had any trouble with the Martin and the Viscount. Lightning hit the Martin once and went straight through the plane. It made a *bang* and scared the hell out of everybody, and you could see it come out the other side."

THERE was a knock on the door, and Joe Adams came in. He is over six feet tall and slim and Broadway-handsome. He has arching eyebrows and a small mustache. His hair is combed flat. He is a clotheshorse, and he was wearing a green V-neck sweater, a turtleneck shirt, and olive pants. His voice is low and even, and he speaks with B.B.C. precision.

"I have the band list," he said to Charles. "Contract time is coming up. You want to put your thoughts on who you want and who you don't?"

"Go ahead," Charles said, and lit a cigarette.

Adams sat down on the edge of the desk, swung one leg slowly back and forth, then began to read the roster. (Some of the names have been changed.) "Leroy Cooper."

Charles nodded.

"Wallace Davenport."

"He's all right," Charles said.

"George Jay."

"I'd like to do a little research on that."

"Fred Rooney."

"Yeh. I'd love to have him back. He's a preacher, that one."

"Albert Scullen."

"I could go either way."

"Teddy Romaine and Barklie Henry."

"I *have* to have them."

"John Masterman."

"I'm going to do a little research on that, too."

"David Griffin."

"I believe we can live without him."

Adams read the rest of the list, Charles made his yeas and nays and maybes, and Adams left.

"Out of seventeen guys in a band, it always works that you have just six or seven who are the key men—the men who concentrate and work with the younger cats and keep the outfit straight and sharp. It's very hard for a guy in the band to skate on me. I can hear every horn, every note. Musicians are not the easiest people to handle. A lot of times I make people nervous in the band, so I try and be a little close with them. If there is something personal a musician has on his mind and he can't handle it, he can come to me, and fine. I've always wanted a big band to work behind me. I like the sound. You can make a small band from a big band, but you can't make a big band out of a small band. I'm a person who takes his time, and when I could afford a big band I put one together. And I've been fortunate enough to maintain everything new I've tried. It was my mother who taught me that patience.

"Her name was Areatha and my father's name was Bailey Robinson. My name is really Ray Charles Robinson. Sugar Ray Robinson was a powerful man when I was coming up, so I took my first and middle names and dropped the last. Then, of course, later I ran into the other Ray Charles, the choir director, but it hasn't been any

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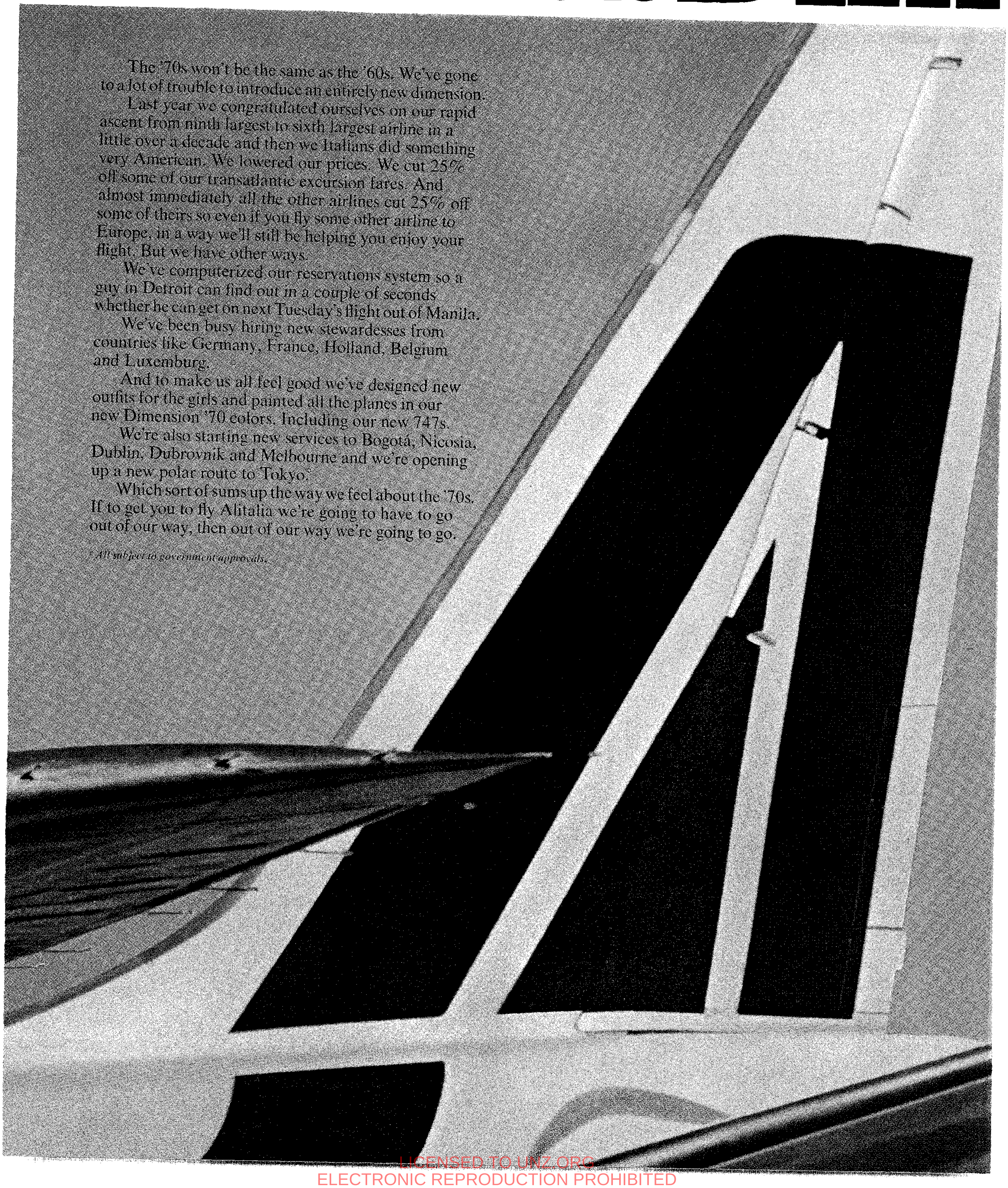

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We've computerized our reservations system so a guy in Detroit can find out in a couple of seconds whether he can get on next Tuesday's flight out of Manila.

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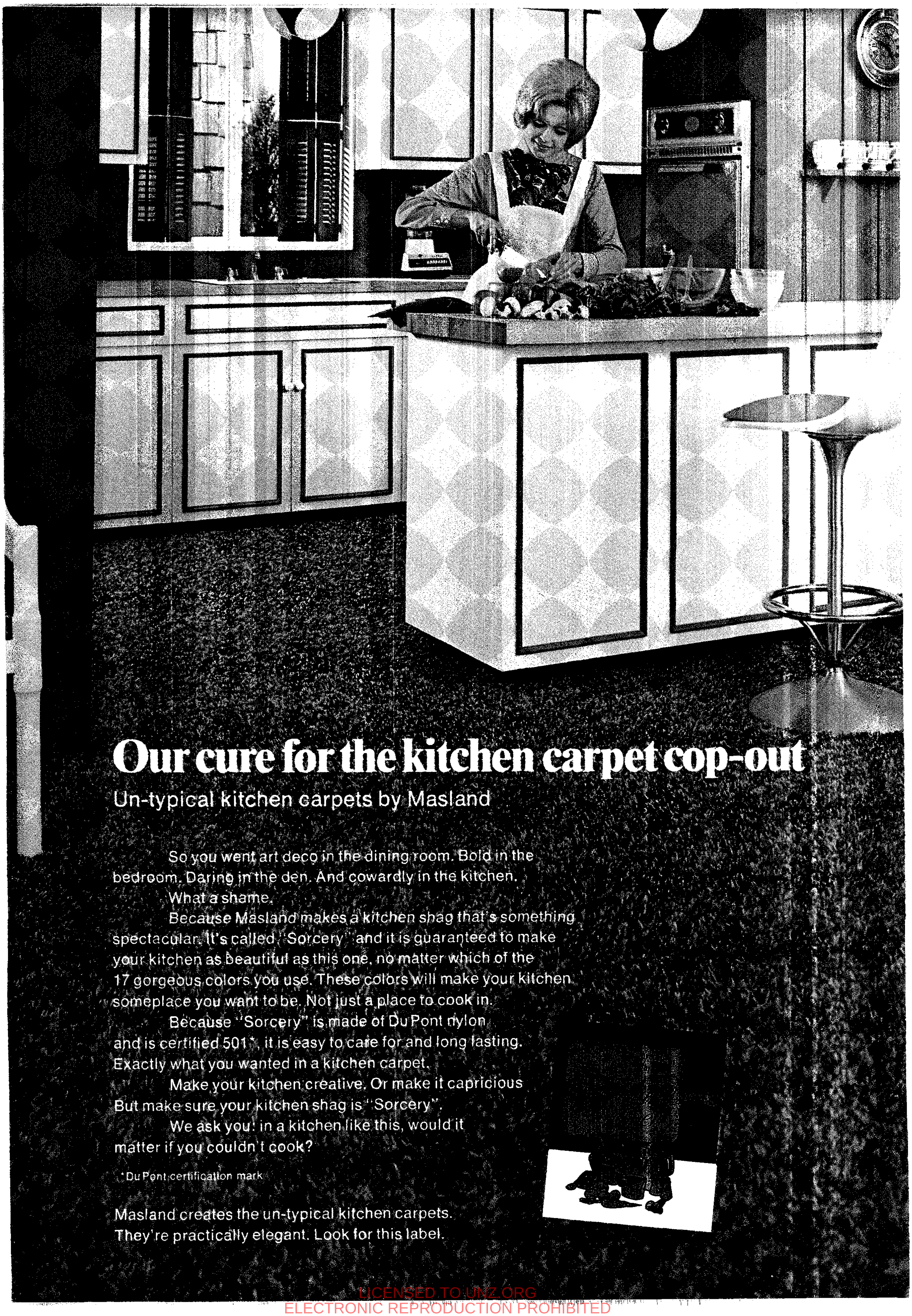

Our cure for the kitchen carpet cop-out

Un-typical kitchen carpets by Masland

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Because Masland makes a kitchen shag that's something spectacular. It's called "Sorcery" and it is guaranteed to make your kitchen as beautiful as this one, no matter which of the 17 gorgeous colors you use. These colors will make your kitchen someplace you want to be. Not just a place to cook in.

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Make your kitchen creative. Or make it capricious. But make sure your kitchen shag is "Sorcery".

We ask you: in a kitchen like this, would it matter if you couldn't cook?

*Du Pont certification mark

Masland creates the un-typical kitchen carpets. They're practically elegant. Look for this label.

trouble, outside of getting each other's mail once in a while. I was born in Albany, Georgia, in 1930. September 23rd. But my parents moved to Florida when I was two or three months. We moved about forty miles east of Tallahassee to a little bitty place called Greenville. My father worked for the railroad, cutting and repairing the crossties and connecting the steel. But he was also a mechanic and a builder. He could build anything. In the South in those days, you learned to do many things to make a living. We were poor people in every sense of the word. My father taught me if you ever get your hands on a dollar you always keep enough to get home on and you never let that dollar become your word. If your word is no good, your money isn't, either. He could go downtown and give his word anywhere, and that was it. If he said he'd be somewhere on Monday at eight in the morning, it was Monday at eight, not Tuesday at ten or eleven. I try and do that. I work maybe three hundred jobs a year, and in the last fifteen years I've missed just three jobs and I've only been late six times. My father was what they used to call a 'good nigger.' But he was no Uncle Tom. He just wanted to be left alone, and he was not interested in chasing some white woman. He was very well respected. If a white man liked you, he liked you and he'd do anything in the world for you, and that was the way my father was treated. My mother was a sweet lady. She cooked and worked for white families, and she made all our clothes. And she had a strong feeling about independence. Just because I was blind, she'd tell me, didn't mean I was stupid. 'One of these days I'm gonna die and you're gonna have to take care of yourself,' she'd say. So I was taught to wash and scrub and cook and rake the yard and make my own bed. I'd cut wood, too, which caused a situation in the church, where they got to saying that my mother was making that poor blind boy cut wood when a piece of wood might fly up and hit him in the face, so she went and told them that even when a man with sight cut wood sometimes a chip flew up and hit him in the face and even if he saw it he couldn't move fast enough, and that quieted them. If I hadn't of been taught by my mother, I wouldn't be anywhere. I was brought up not to beg. Even now, I wouldn't beg nobody for *nothing*. If we had a little extra, we knew it, and if we didn't, we knew it, and nobody said a word. I think my mother killed herself working with my father to make ends meet, and I'm

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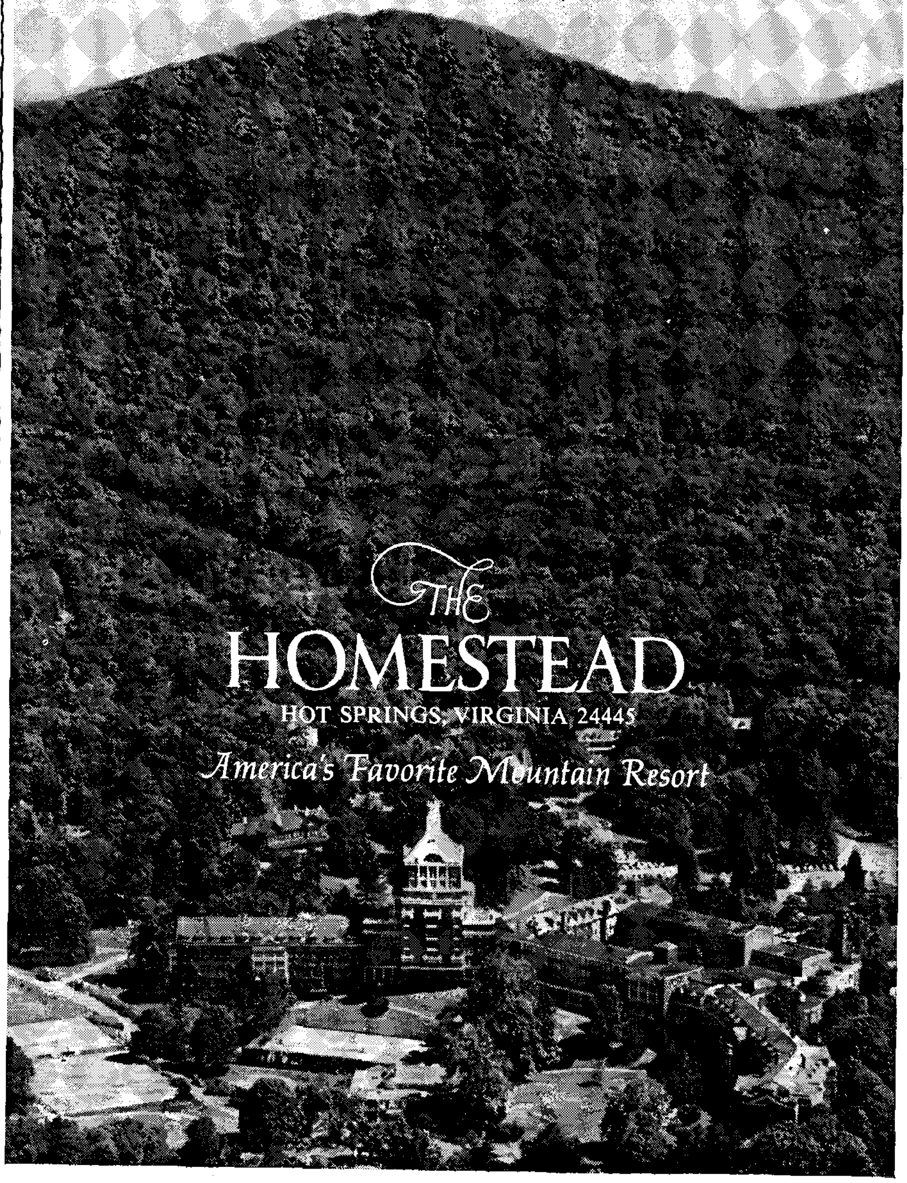
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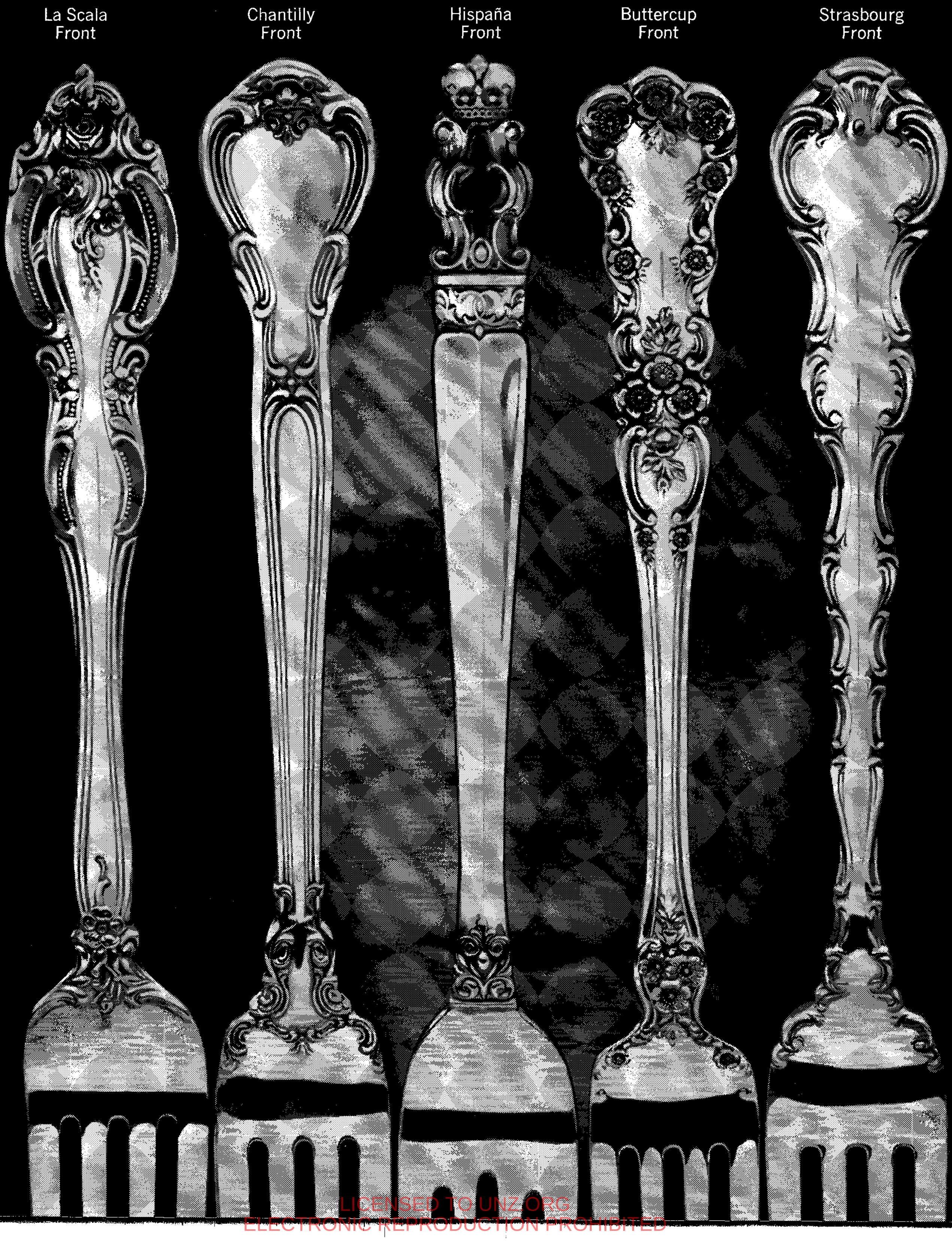
sorry she didn't live long enough to see me become something.

"I was born with good sight and I didn't start having trouble with my eyes until I was five. It started by my eyes running like hell all the time. Not tears—it was too thick. It was more like mucus, and when I'd wake up in the morning it was so thick I'd have to pry my eyes open. The pressure began to build up behind my eyes and there was a pain like the pain you get in your head when you stay up for two or three days and don't sleep. Then my horizon began to shorten up. The local doctor was not a specialist, but he did the best he could. He gave me drops and told me to stay out of strong light. But it got worse and worse, and when I was seven I was stone-blind. I often think of my parents having to watch all that. It was probably glaucoma. At least, that's what doctors I've talked to since say it sounds like. Glaucoma used to damn near kill people, but now thirty per cent get their sight back and forty get partial sight. I remember many things about seeing: the way the sun looks, the moon looks, my mother looks, and the colors, the standard colors, the mother colors—red, green, black, white. I remember the sunsets. I only use my memory of seeing if an occasion calls for it. If I want to buy some clothes, I can get a true picture of the colors using my memory of the mother colors. Normally, I don't look to the past for instruction. There are so many things you can see without the eye, and ninety-five per cent of seeing is unimportant anyway. I know what this desk is like and what this chair is like and what a woman is like. I don't have any trouble with food or taste, and I've never been a heavy eater anyway. I like a good cup of tea and about a gallon of milk a day. And there are things I don't want to see, like people lying in the street with their heads bashed open. I know what my kids look like to me. I suppose that if there was anything in the world I really wanted to see before I die it would be them. I see as much through touch as most people do through seeing. The majority of the time there is someone with me, but I'm not sure that wouldn't be the same if I could see. The first time I came to New York, I came alone, and before I had money I did everything by myself. Now, I don't drive a car, but I don't ever care about driving a car. I ride bicycles and motor scooters. I've been known to do that. I'd love to ride a bicycle in Central Park when I'm in New York next time—go out with two or three

Gorham believes there's more to beautiful sterling than just a beautiful face.

(turn the page and see what we mean . . .)


La Scala
Front
Chantilly
Front
Hispaña
Front
Buttercup
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Strasbourg
Front

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people and they'd ride right near me and talk. We used to ride bikes in the hills around home, but I don't recommend it for everybody. Your senses don't become better by theirselves. You develop them. I used to shut myself up in a hallway and take a golf ball and throw it against the end of the hall and try and catch it before it passed me coming back. I'd judge where it was by the way the sounds bounced off the walls, the same way when I was walking down the street by myself, my step would make an echo and the echo would get louder and louder when I approached something big, like a building. *Everything* makes a sound, even crêpe-rubber soles on a rug, but you have to train yourself to pay attention all the time. If I came to a very busy intersection, where the traffic sounds got mixed, I'd get myself in among a bunch of women, and when they crossed I'd cross with them. And I caught the trains and buses and planes by myself. If you hand the ticket man a one-dollar bill for a five-dollar ticket, he'll let you know, and I'd always ask for my change to be counted out in singles. I don't think in all the years I was out there by myself that anybody beat me for a penny.

"We were tough kids then, stuck in that little town in the woods in the South, where they gave you castor oil for everything. It was different from now and it helped you later in life. If we fell out of a tree and knocked our wind out, we got up and kept running. If we got cut, we'd stick some clay dirt in the cut, or a cobweb, and that would clot it. If we had boils, we'd take the thin skin from just inside the shell of an egg and put it on the boil, and it would burst, or we'd take a hot brick from on top of the stove and put water on it and create steam and the steam would burst the boil. We'd make tea out of honey and lemon and sassafras, and it would sweat out a cold, and if we ate too much candy we'd take castor oil and a few drops of turpentine, and, baby, it worked. And we ate a lot of hard foods—raw sweet potato and hard pears and coconuts and the meat from sugarcane. They'd exercise your gums."

Adams came in again. "I thought you'd like to hear this little piece from the Chicago *Tribune* about the John Bishop Trio, which we handle." Adams read it.

"Thass nice, thass very nice," Charles said.

Adams went out, and Charles leaned back in his chair and lit a cigarette, lifted his glasses slightly, rubbed his

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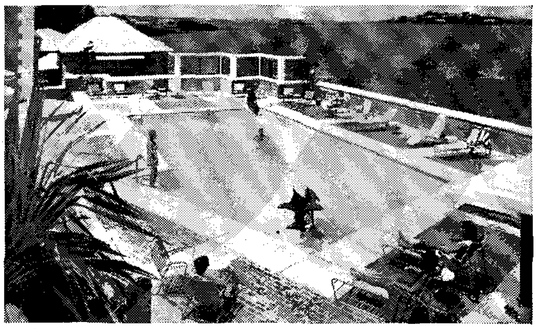
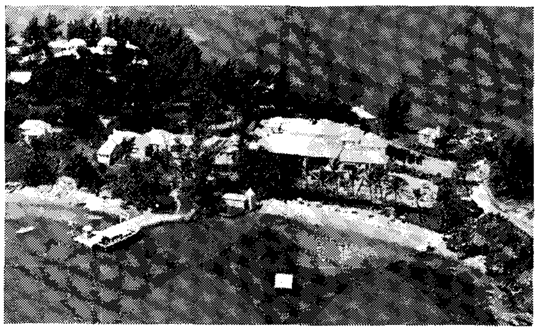


Cambridge Beaches. Charming cottage colony with white beaches and pool. Excellent cuisine, calypso entertainment. Fishing, sailing, tennis. Representative: Hetland and Stevens, Inc., 211 East 43rd St., New York. TN 7-1450.



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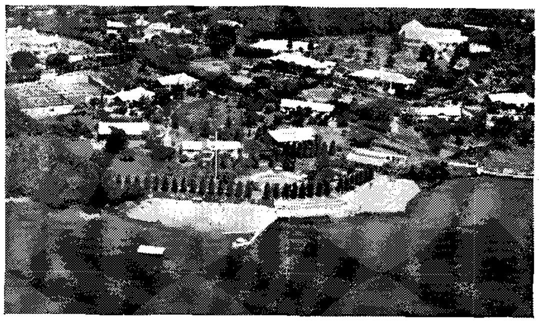

Glencoe. Sailboats at the door, in lovely Salt Kettle inlet. Dine by the pool. Sail, swim, water ski, fish at this informal waterside inn. Representative: Hetland & Stevens, Inc., 211 East 43rd St., New York. TN 7-1450.

eyes, and pushed the glasses back in place. He seemed to be staring at the light in the ceiling.

"I love to work with young people. I wished it was that one day a week, Sunday or something, the big newspapers would devote space to what the young people do *right*. Let the young people *know* that they don't have to rob a bank to get in the news. If I was in charge of a newspaper, I'd find out what the young people are doing that's *good*, and print it, so they'd know we care about them. It's like my feeling about drugs. What I did is done and that's that. I've been talking about drugs to the papers and everybody for the past two or three years and I could continue to talk about it for thirty more years. But if you make a mistake and rectify it, you don't want to hear about it the rest of your life. I'm no missionary or pope and I'm not trying to reform anybody. I did it and it's done and over and that's that."

Charles picked up the telephone and asked when the Sony people were coming to demonstrate a portable motion-picture camera. He put the phone down, missed the cradle by an inch, and jiggled the receiver into place.

"Well, I didn't start school until I was seven, when my parents sent me to the St. Augustine School for Deaf and Blind Children, in Orlando. It was a state school. Before that, my mother, who was not the most educated woman in the world, taught me. She taught me the ABCs and a little arithmetic, and she taught me how to print. I can still print today. I can't write, but I can print. I was treated very fair in school. I was normal there, happy there. In September, the state bought your train ticket to get you there, and in June they bought you another one to get you home, but at Christmas your parents had to buy the tickets. Somehow, my mother always got the money. I remember leaving at Christmas, and there would be two or three kids left at school who wouldn't get home. I didn't want to leave them there alone and I also wanted to see my mother. The school went through the tenth grade, which is what I was in when my mother died. I was fifteen. She had some sort of gastric disorder. She'd eaten a sweet-potato pie or sweet-potato bread and she blew up like a balloon overnight and she died the next day. I came right home. I couldn't cry right then, and I couldn't eat for three weeks, and I almost died for it. My father was never the same after that, and he died—they said from diabetes—not long after. My mother was thirty-three

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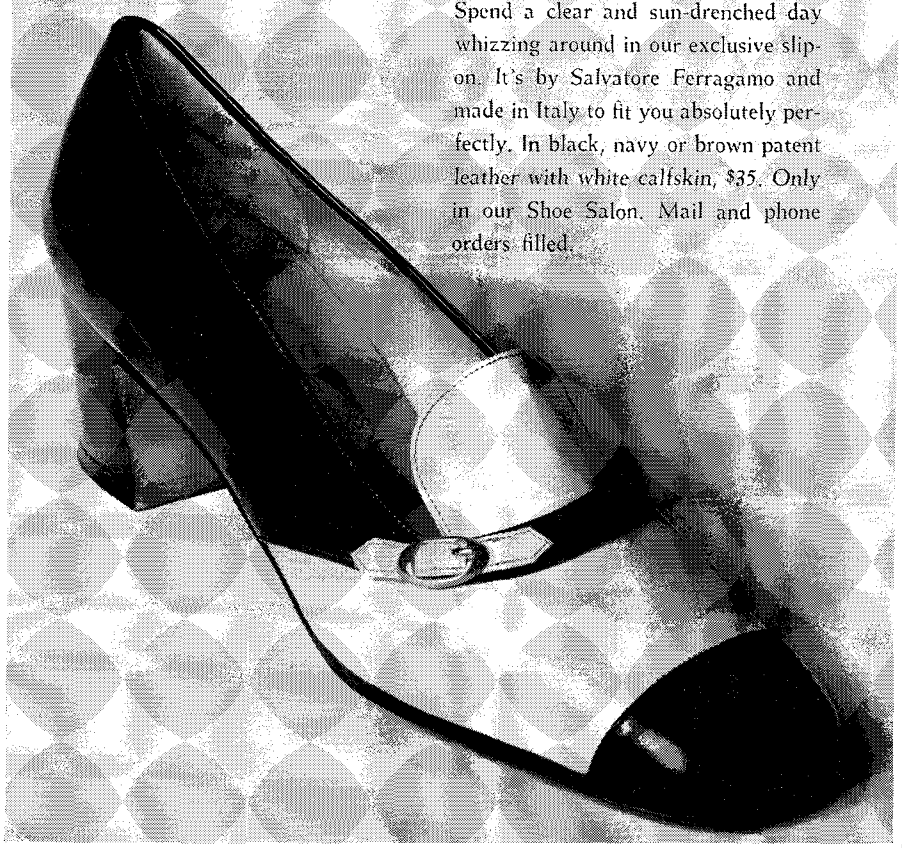

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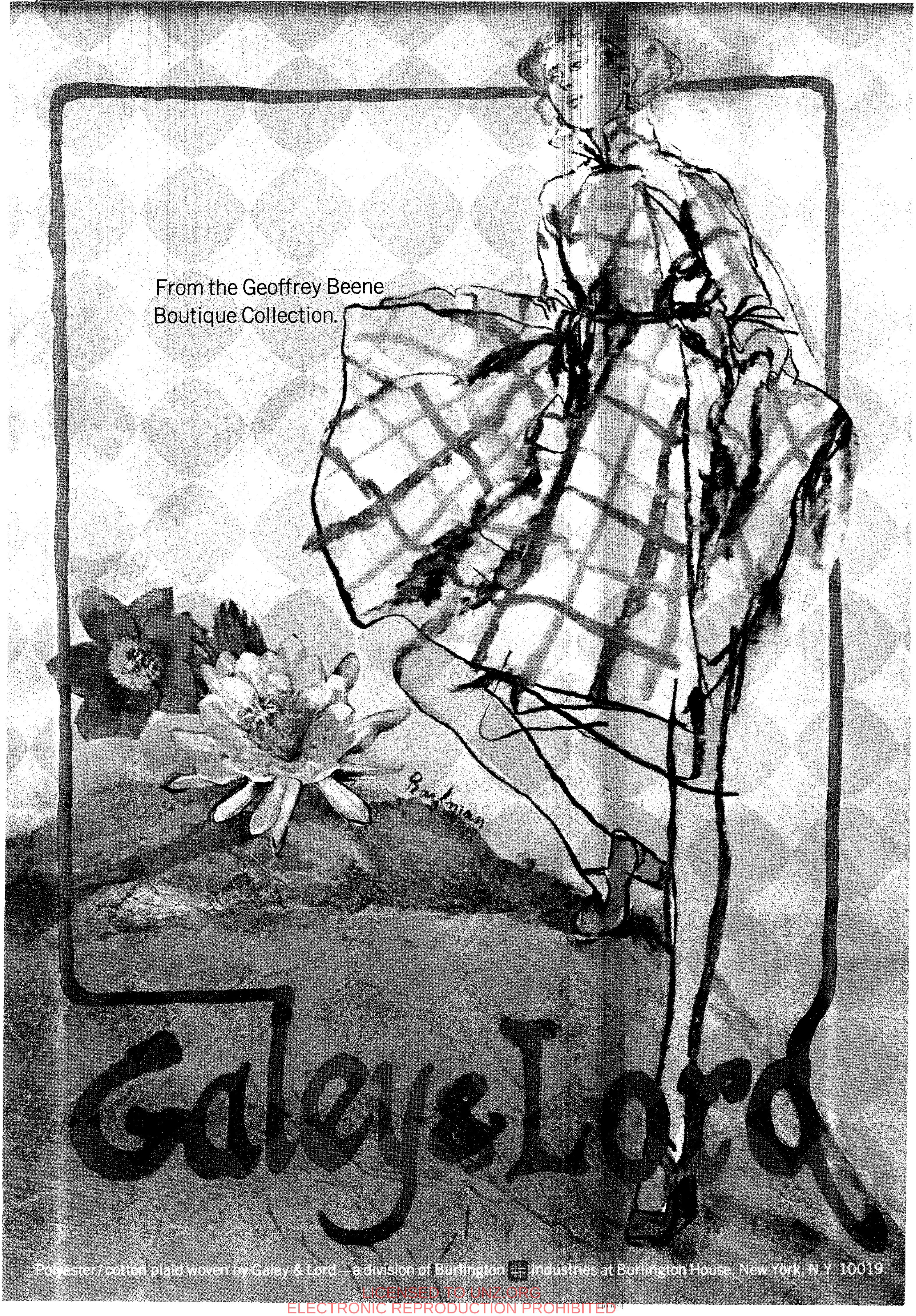
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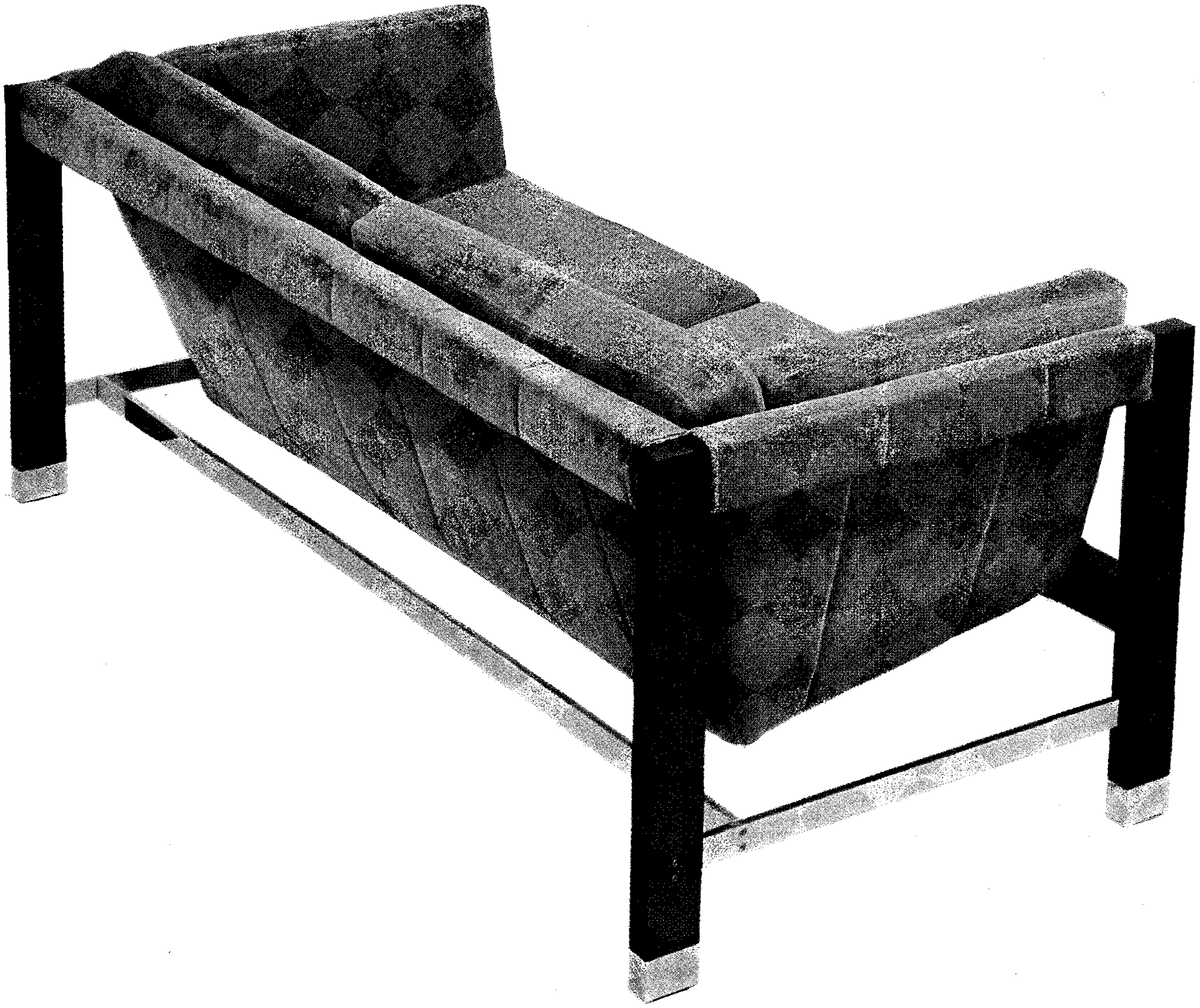
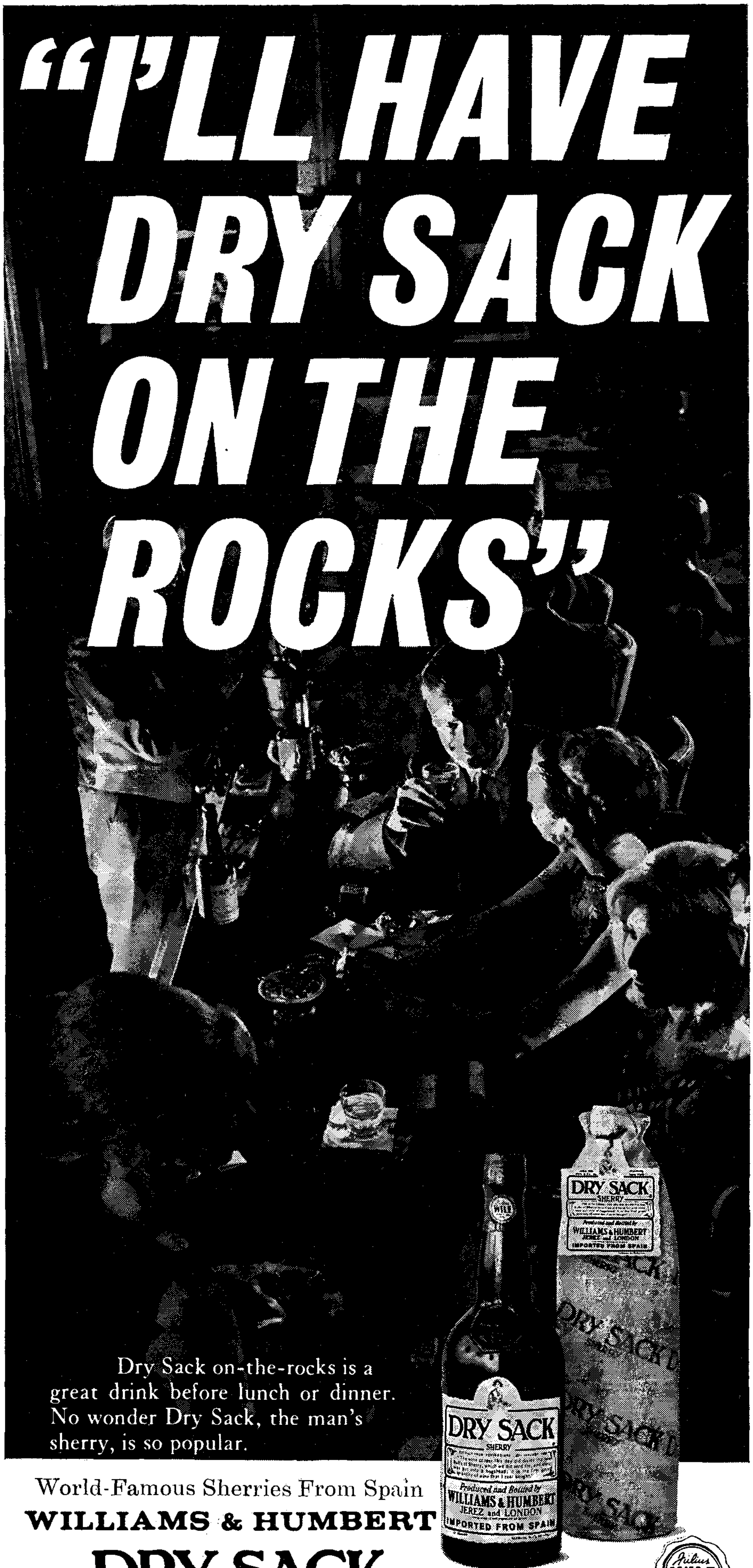


FOUNDERS FURNITURE FROM **Armstrong** CREATORS OF THE INDOOR WORLD and my father about forty. There were just no medical facilities outside of the local doctor. The nearest hospital was forty miles away, in Georgia. If you got sick you went to bed and Mrs. Reynolds or Miss Jones or Miss Williams, ladies in the area, they took turns and stayed up with you at night.

"My mother had brainwashed me to the point where I had to be independent. There was no point in living off this aunt or that uncle, and anyway they was mostly living in places like Baltimore, which was a *long* way away. But I knew some people in Jacksonville through my mother—Lena Mae and Freddy Thompson. I agreed to live with them because I could pay them something. I'd go out and play piano at tea parties and such and make five dollars and give half to them. They fed me and took care of me. I had picked up my first piano at home. There was a little café next to us and it was run by a man named Wiley Pittman. He had a piano there and he was of the boogie-woogie school—Meade Lux Lewis and Albert Ammons and the like. When he played, I'd run in and listen. He must of taken note. He would let me sit on the piano bench next to him and bang on the keys. I didn't know *nothing*. He would tell me, 'Play it, play it. You're doing fine.' I'll always love that man for that. He just let me bang on the piano, and one time when I was about six and I was losing my sight and there were some other people in the café, he called over to me and said, 'R.C.'—which is what people called me—'I want you to play like you played yesterday.' I had the nerve to get shy when I couldn't play a damn thing anyway, but I sat there moving my left hand back and forth and banging with my right and they clapped just to make me feel good. From that point on, I loved to play music. By the time I was seven I could play little tunes, one finger, then two fingers, and I had always loved to sing from the time I was tiny. Mr. Pittman had a jukebox and I'd hear those blues by Big Joe Turner and Tampa Red and Big Boy Cruddup and Sonny Boy Williams. When I got to school, I started studying. I was an excellent musical student. I studied Chopin and Mozart and Bach. Beethoven had a lot of feeling, but Bach was nervous, with all those lines running against each other. Classical music is a great foundation for playing jazz. You play correctly, *with the right fingering*. With classical music, you play exactly what the man wrote, but in jazz, when you get rid of the melody, you put yourself



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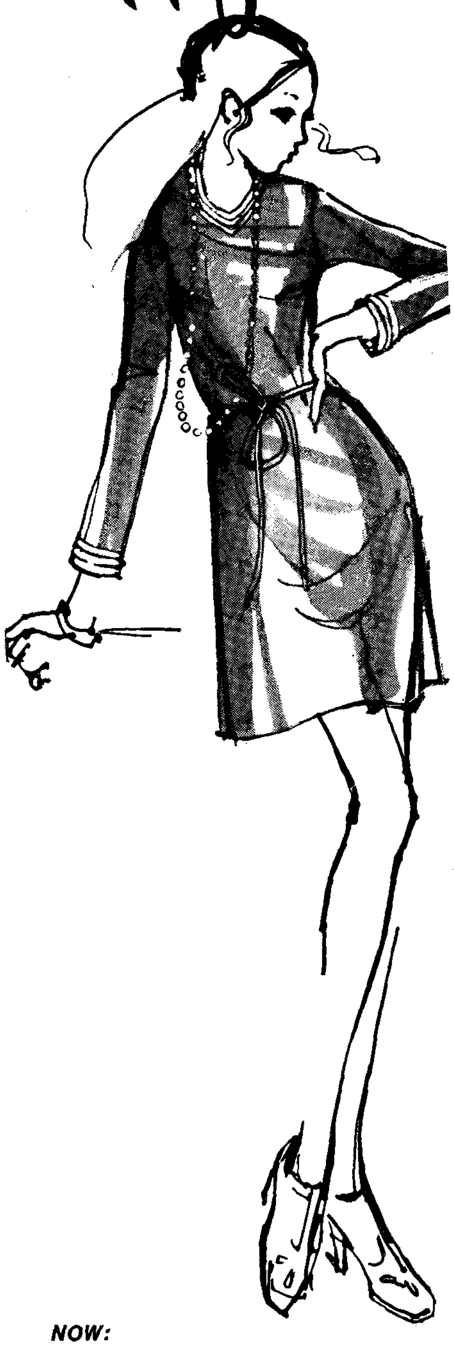

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in. So every time I thought my teacher wasn't listening, I played jazz. And I listened to Goodman and Basie and Ellington and Erskine Hawkins and Andy Kirk and Lunceford and Tiny Bradshaw and Artie Shaw. Shaw got me interested in the clarinet, so I took it up, along with the alto saxophone and a little trumpet. Shaw had more feeling than Benny Goodman, and I loved his sound. And of course my favorite pianist, then and now, my idol, was Art Tatum.

"I stayed with the Thompsons about six or seven months. I had worked a little in Jacksonville in Henry Washington's big band, but he didn't need me, so I went to Orlando and got a job with Joe Anderson, who had a sixteen-piece band. I wrote arrangements for him and I sang. I've done a lot of arranging and occasionally I still do one. I can hear the whole arrangement in my head, note for note, and I just sit down and dictate it. We didn't work too often, and there were times when I was sustaining myself on beans and water and crackers, and it came to be a heavy proposition—a malnutrition thing. I can really understand how people can get chained into situations like that, how people can get stuck in a web and can't get out. Men sit and stare and women become prostitutes. I was one of the fortunate ones. I had this little profession and I did get out of it. But it was total hell twenty years ago, with the race thing and being blind, too. It's easy for people who eat warm food and sleep in warm beds to talk about it, but it's detestable when you live it. I stayed with Anderson three or four months, then I went to Tampa. I knew a guy worked in a music store, and one night he took me to this little club and I sat in on piano with a hillbilly group, the Florida Playboys. Their piano player was sick and I got the job. It was a strange thing. They were white, but they were always nice to me. Every night, they took me home, and when the girls came up and talked to the fellows I didn't feel left out. I wasn't interested in chasing no white girl. My only interest was music and getting my hands on some money. I always loved hillbilly music. I never missed the 'Grand Ole Opry.' It was honest music, not cleaned up, and it still is. They don't sing, 'I sat there and dreamed of you;' they say, 'I missed you and I went out and got drunk.' I learned how to yodel by being around the Florida Playboys. Then I went with a small combo led by Manzie Harris, and after I had saved my money with him for seven or eight months I decided I wanted to get out on my own, go to a nice-sized city the furthest from where I was. I was afraid of New York and Chicago. I had a friend, and we took a map of the country and he traced a straight line diagonally as far as it would go and it hit Seattle. I didn't know anybody there and nobody had sent for me, but I got on the bus. I got to Seattle at five in the morning. I went to a little hotel near the bus station and I was so tired I slept twenty-one hours. When I woke up, I asked downstairs what time it was and the lady said two o'clock. I thought it was two in the afternoon. She straightened me out and I asked where could I go to hear some music and she told me about a place, a private club, called the Rocking Chair. I took a cab and knocked on the door and told the man I'd heard they was having a talent night. I pleaded with him and he said, 'O.K., you look older than eighteen. Come on in.' When I got my chance, I sang 'Driftin' Blues,' and they went wild. People from various clubs in town were there and the man from the Elks Club heard me and two days later I had a job there. I put together a trio—the Macson Trio, with Gossie-D McGee on guitar and Milt Garritt on bass. I'd known McGee in Florida, so that was one of those strange coincidences. I never thought of calling the group the Ray Charles Trio, and when we got our first money—three hundred dollars—I divided it evenly, even though I was the leader. I didn't know anything. We worked at the Elks three weeks and then the Rocking Chair man approached me and asked me to come and work for him, and instead of giving two weeks' notice, which I didn't know about, either, I told the Elks man the whole story and he said, 'All right, you have told me the straight of the thing and I am very happy for you and you go.' I spent most of my time in Seattle in the Rocking Chair, but I also worked the Black and Tan, the 908, and the Washington Social Club. And I got married, but it didn't quite work out. We had a little trouble with the girl's mother. She thought I'd never amount to anything, and rightly, I guess. I don't blame her. But once we were married and every time there was some disagreement between us this girl she'd

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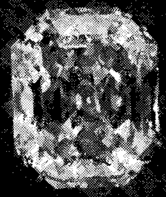

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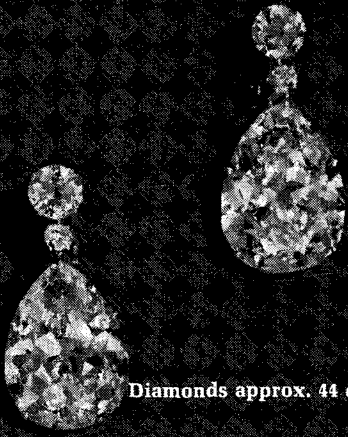

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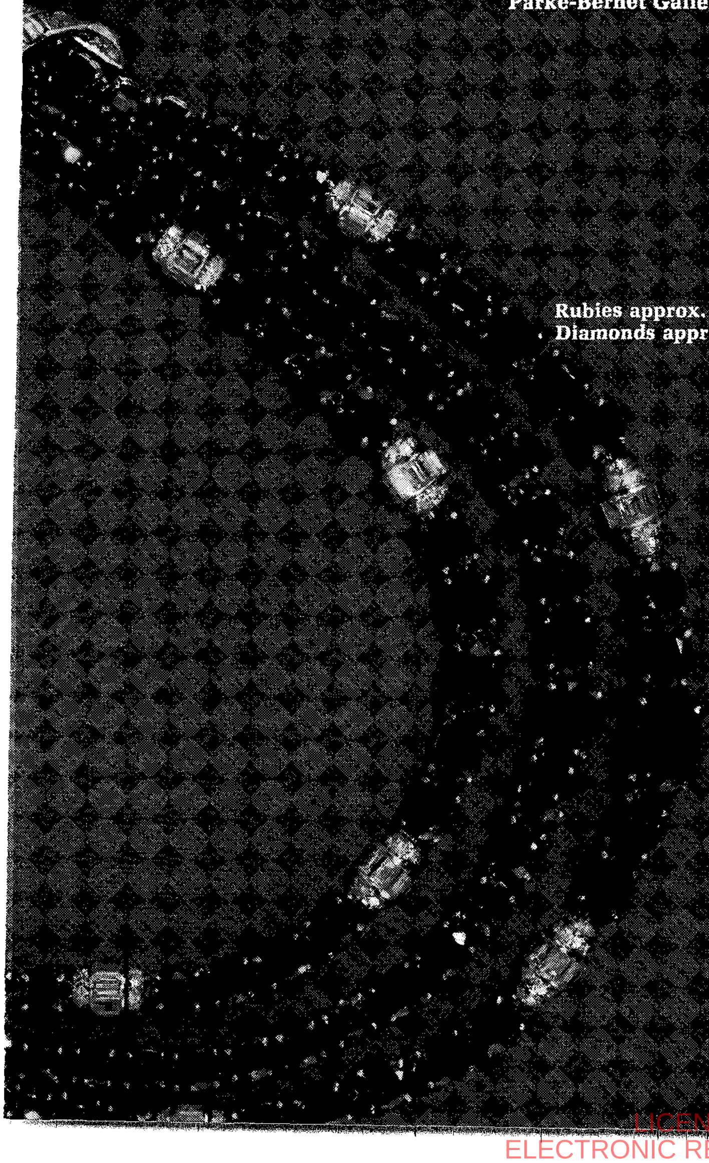

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call her mother and her mother would lay it on me on the telephone. I didn't have any poise and I wasn't as nice as I am now. So I said some wrong things. But I think it could have worked out if the mother had said, 'Settle your own fights; it's between you-all now.' "

THE Sony people were announced, and Adams ushered in a blond girl, a white man, and two Negroes. Charles stood up, swayed from side to side, and moved into the middle of the room, his right hand extended. Adams introduced the girl, Miss Becker, and the white man, Mr. Rice. The Negroes, Terry Wilcox and Howard Moorehead, are friends of Charles. Charles shook hands all around.

"I first met R.C. in a little country town in 1955," Wilcox said to Miss Becker.

"I remember," Charles said.

Rice was unpacking a big camera, a portable tape recorder, and several other pieces of equipment, and he was down on his knees.

"Come on over, Ray," said Moorehead.

Charles squatted. Rice said, "This is the battery charger and it has instructions."

"I don't like instructions," Charles said. "I like to find out myself how things work."

"This is the plus post and this is the negative," Rice said, and guided Charles' hands. He moved them quickly and lightly over the area, and Rice explained how everything worked. Charles nodded and began loading the tape machine himself. "Stay still, sweetie," he said to a reel of tape. "If I can get you on, we'll have some action."

Then Rice showed Charles the camera. His hands scuttled over it like big hermit crabs.

"The lighting is kind of poor in here," Moorehead said.

"I like it that way," Charles said. "Generally, I don't have any lights on at all. This is the one place in the building where we save on the electric. O.K., people. I appreciate all this. You get everything fixed up and I'm gonna take some pictures."

The Sony people shook hands with Charles.

The phone rang. "Yehrr," he said. "Tell the car to wait. I'll be there in five minutes."

Charles went into Adams' office. A chunky, elderly man was sitting on Adams' sofa. It was Al Williams, of the old Stepp Brothers dance team. "Joe, I'm going out a little while. I'll

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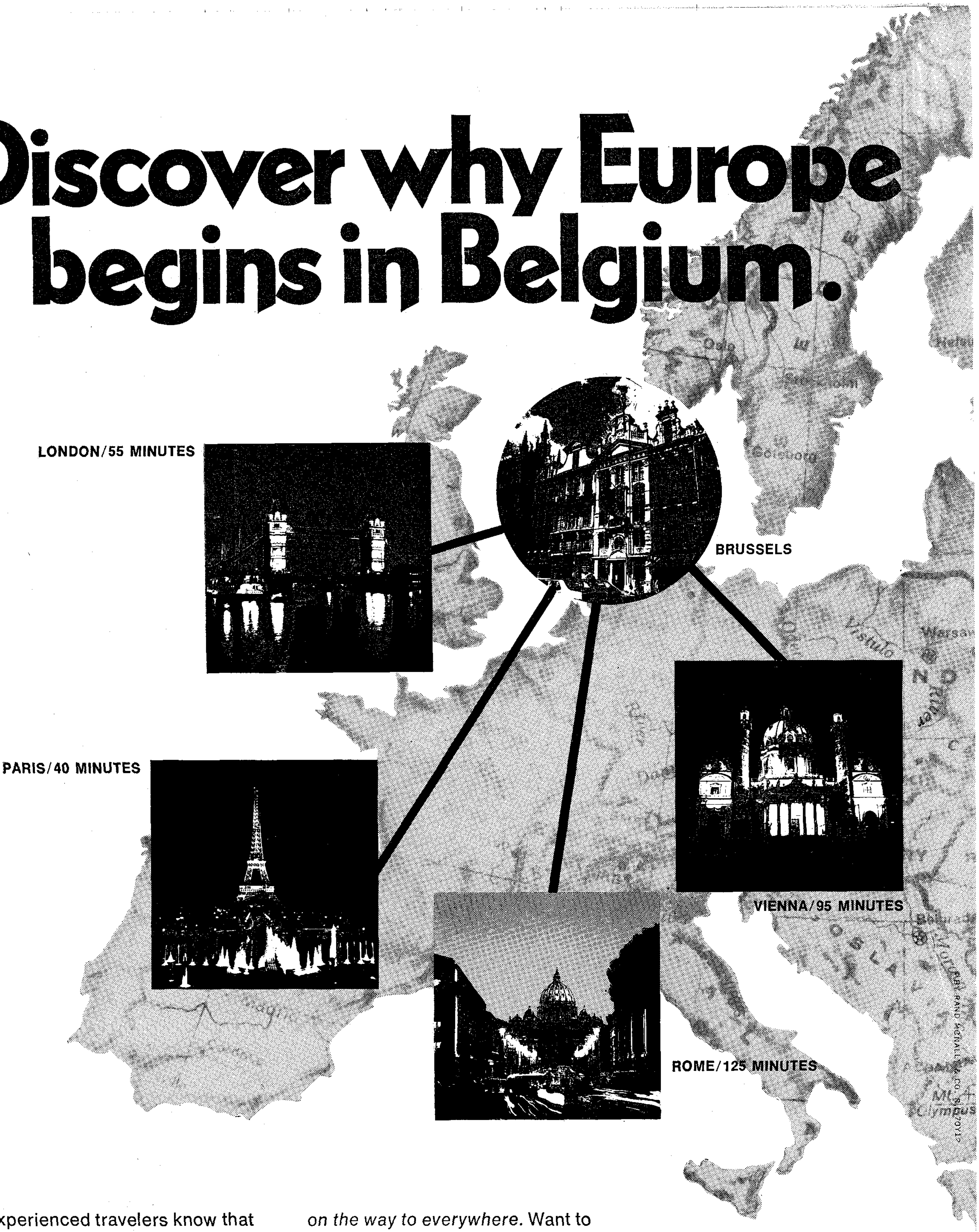
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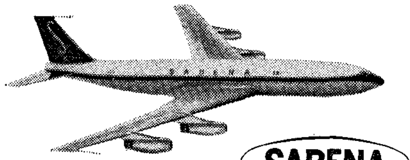

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be back in about half an hour," Charles said, and the door closed after him.

ADAMS sat down behind his desk. It was gleaming and completely bare, except for a couple of pens and a blotter. There was an abstract painting on one wall and photographs of Charles' planes on another.

"In 1959, Ray Charles was going out on the road and he asked me to go with him as the m.c.," Adams said, in his low, manicured voice. "They wanted a little dignity for the show. Then he asked me to go overseas with him. I went. And then he asked me to join him on a personal basis. I agreed. The first six weeks, I never heard a word from him, so I quit. Two weeks later, he sent for me, and I'm still with him. I've never been hired in the sense of a contract. A handshake between gentlemen. Eventually, he started forming his companies, and I now serve as his personal manager and the general manager and vice-president-treasurer of all of them. He's never told me what to do or how to do it. We have the kind of relationship where he's so astute that I should be paying him.

"I was born in Watts when no one had ever heard of Watts. I wanted to take public speaking in school, but they said, 'No, you'll never get a job in radio because you're a Negro.' I used to walk all over Los Angeles looking for work, and some of the people who turned me down are working for me now. I was the first Negro announcer in coast-to-coast radio, and I started with the disc jockey Al Jarvis. I was with N.B.C. ten years, and when I quit I quit at the top, with a Number One rating. It was 1957, and there was no more creativity in the work for me. Along the way, I've worked as a speech-and-diction coach at M-G-M and done a lot of pictures and television shows. I was with Pearl Bailey in 'Carmen Jones.' Otto Preminger hired me. And David Merrick put me in 'Jamaica' with Lena Horne.

"I design all of Ray Charles' clothing as well as the gowns the Raelets wear. I designed this building, which we built in 1963, and I did all the interior decoration. I'm kind of blessed. I have the good fortune to have good taste. I like things clean and pure. The members of the band have eight changes of uniform and we carry ninety-seven shirts, so that they have a clean shirt every day. When I hire a man for the band I give him an instruction sheet, so he will know how I want him to dress and behave. No drinking on duty, no narcotics, and I

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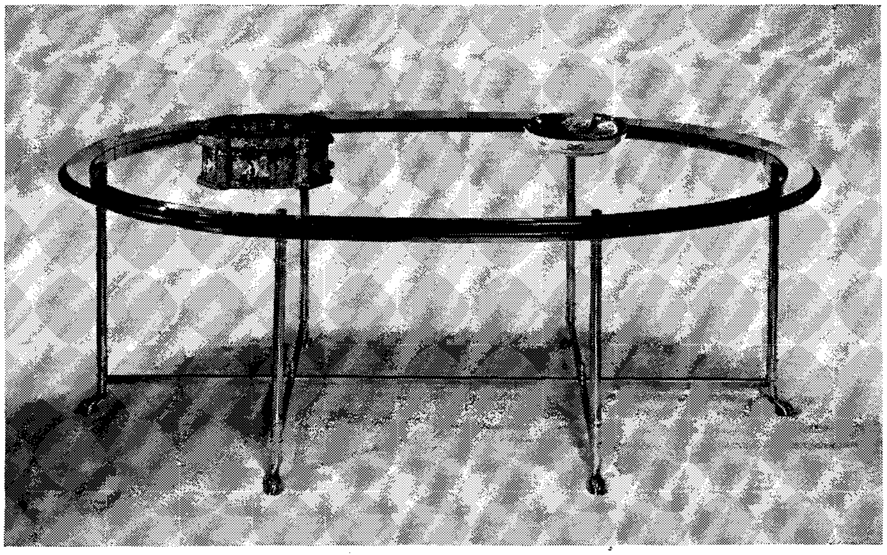

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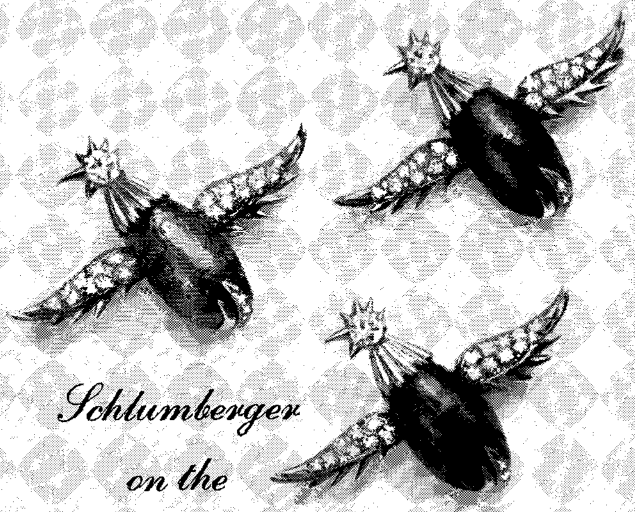

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will not allow profanity in public. I teach them pride in their work. You can set your watch by the time we start our shows. Once we took a job and were told to hit at eight o'clock. There were only four or five people in the hall. The man who hired us had figured on a half-hour leeway for himself. Well, he begged me to stop the show and I did, but I gave him hell. On the road, I have a road manager and a stage manager and two bandboys, and there are outside people, like seamstresses and tailors. I have learned to fly and I am now studying for my instrument rating. During the Second World War, I was with the 99th Fighter Squadron, the first all-Negro squadron, but I washed out. After I had joined Ray Charles, I was always ordering and buying airplane parts, and I wanted to know what they were for, so I took up flying. But I'm a cautious pilot, a scared pilot.

"Ray Charles is a strong man, a remarkable man. He didn't have much help, but he was a millionaire at thirty and he could quit working now and be independently wealthy the rest of his life. People never used to think that he could even talk. But he can talk about anything. And he reads a great deal. He sees with his fingers. Once a little piece of equipment had to be replaced in the engine of one of our planes. The mechanics worked five hours on it and couldn't get it properly in place. Ray Charles said, 'Let me see what I can do with that.' In five minutes, he had the job done. He will never compromise himself or his materials. We were sitting in the office of the president of A.B.C. records in New York a while ago and the president—he's Larry Newton—said, 'Ray, I know how you can make a million dollars. Record an album of spirituals.' Charles refused. He felt it was wrong to tamper with religious music that way. He often works from impulse. One night, I was leaving here around eleven, and when I went in to say good night he said, 'Get me a Corvette.' 'I'm sorry,' I said. 'What did you say?' 'Get me a Corvette. That's a car, a Chevrolet, and I want it in gold.' Luckily, I found an all-night automobile dealer who happened to have a gold Corvette. And he used to drive a scooter. There are two Cadillacs sitting out there in the parking lot, but I think he'd rather ride a scooter. I would sit behind him on it and apply pressure to his shoulders to tell him what direction to steer in, and sometimes, on an empty road, we would hit fifty-five. I've seen him go in

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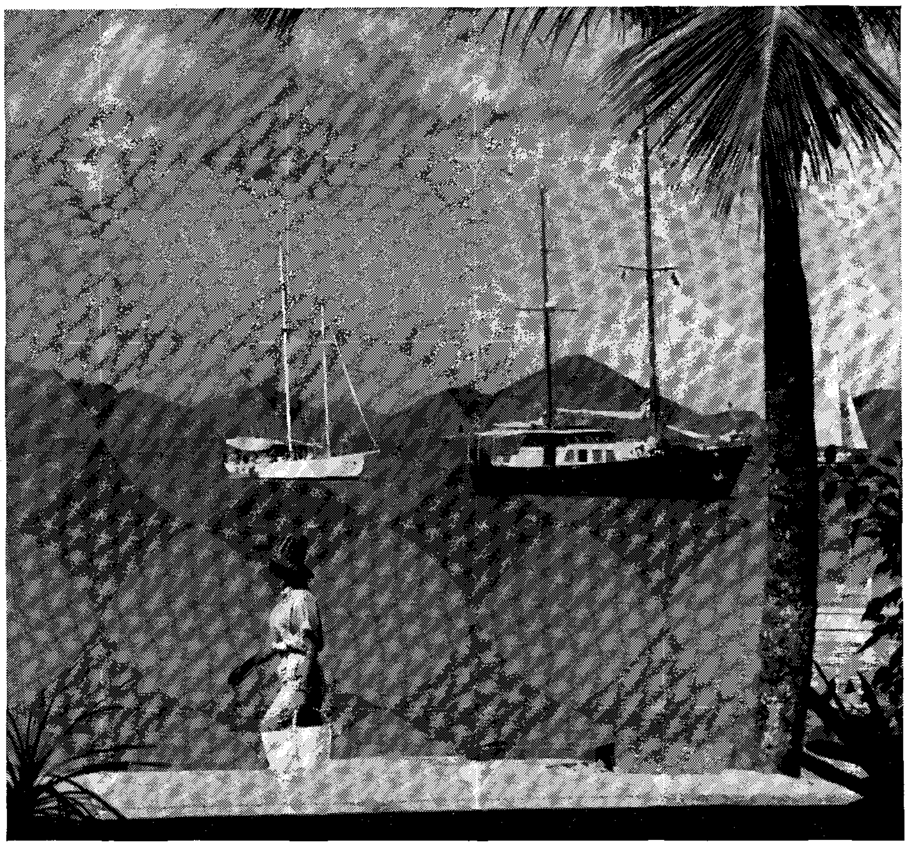
a strange building and take a flight of stairs three or four steps at a time. If he wants to wear his green tuxedo instead of his black one, he appears in the green one. He tells the difference by finding some little thing on each suit—a loose thread, a button that is a bit off center, a pocket with something different about it. He is a good cook. And he can type seventy words a minute and he plays a good game of chess. He can do more than most people with sight. When we were making a recording of a tune called 'I Believe' and the Raelets were held up by bad weather and couldn't make the session, Ray Charles sang his part and then he sang all four of the Raelets' parts, in falsetto. It turned out beautifully."

CHARLES opened the door from his office and stood there swaying and smiling. "I'm back, Joe." He turned, went into his office, and, skirting his desk, sat down heavily. "You know, it's *rainin'* out there. Rains here, and everything comes to a stop. But it's better than Seattle, which I left in 1950, when I moved permanently to L.A. I'd made my first records earlier in the year, for a little record company called Swingtime, run by Jack Louderdale. We made them with the Macson Trio. I got an apartment on the west side of town, and I thought I wanted to stay. Lowell Fulsom, who had the first big hit of 'Every Day,' was here, and Louderdale thought I ought to go out on the road with him, so I did, as the added attraction. It was the first time on the road in my life. We went to Arizona and New Mexico and Texas. We went out there and tried our best to stay out there. It was exciting to me. It had a gloss. I stayed with Fulsom a year and a half, and once when we were going through Texas, Howard Lewis, who was a big promoter in that part of the country, told Lowell he should have an agent. He called Billy Shaw in New York, and they arranged a contract. Not long after, we went to the Apollo, in New York, and the Shaw agency came and heard us and they signed me and Billy Shaw told me, 'When the day comes that we don't produce for you, you don't need us. And when the day comes that you don't produce, we don't need you.' It sounded cold to me. I was young and enthusiastic, but later, when I got to understand business, I understood what he meant. Lowell began having his problems of various kinds and I decided I wanted to suffer through my own problems instead of his. I wouldn't downgrade him. He was essential to



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me, and so was Wiley Pittman and Howard Lewis and Jack Louderdale and Billy Shaw and the fine gentlemen at Atlantic Records, where I had my first big hit, in 1954. They were all links in the chain of my success. Shaw booked me as a single attraction, which meant they would send me to a little town and I'd play and sing with whatever musicians was there. I did it a couple of years, but it was hard. It was necessary for me to try and find out what it was like on my own, but playing one-nighters with all those different musicians . . . Man, I *love* music and I hate to hear it played wrong. Early in 1954, I went into a club in Philly and the band was so bad I just went back to my hotel and cried. That band couldn't read and they couldn't hear, either. I called the Shaw agency and told them I couldn't play the job. It was the first time I literally refused to play. They sent someone down to Philly, and the next day we found some musicians and I was able to finish the gig. I needed that job. I didn't have any pocketful of money. I couldn't afford to work with that band and I couldn't afford to work without it. But everything happens for a reason, and if it hadn't of been for that experience I might have gone another long while without my own band, because it was a hell of a lot easier to book a single at seventy-five a week than someone with a whole band. I pestered the Shaw people to death and they loaned me the money to buy a station wagon, and I had enough money to make a down payment on a car for myself. I went down to Dallas and put a band together out of people I had heard one place or another. It had Leroy Cooper on baritone, David Newman on tenor, a couple of trumpets—John Hunt and a guy named Bridgewater—and Jimmy Bell on bass, and Bill Peoples on drums. I'd met my second wife, and after I got the band together we were married and moved into an apartment in Dallas. That was a damn good band, and we had our good times and our bad. We were on the road three hundred or three hundred and fifteen days a year, sometimes travelling seven hundred miles one day and a thousand the next, through hot July, or going the two hundred and forty miles between Dallas and Houston on pure ice, at five miles an hour and getting hit anyway by a car and only being forty-five minutes late for our gig. Our first big hit record was 'I Got a Woman,' and then there was 'A Fool for You' and 'What'd I Say' and 'Hallelujah I Love Her So.' My percentage of successes

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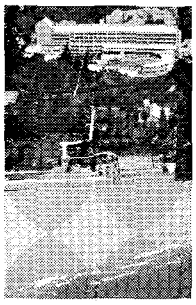

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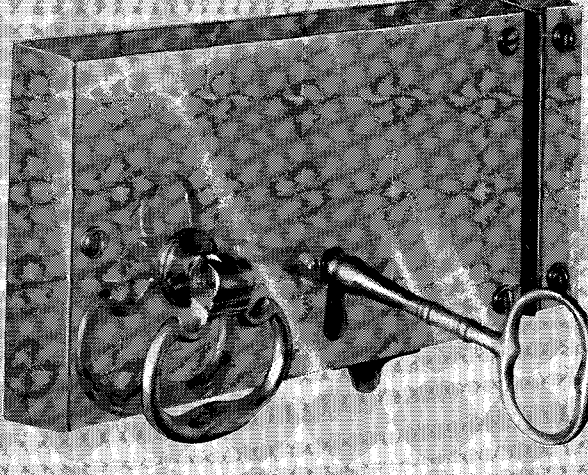

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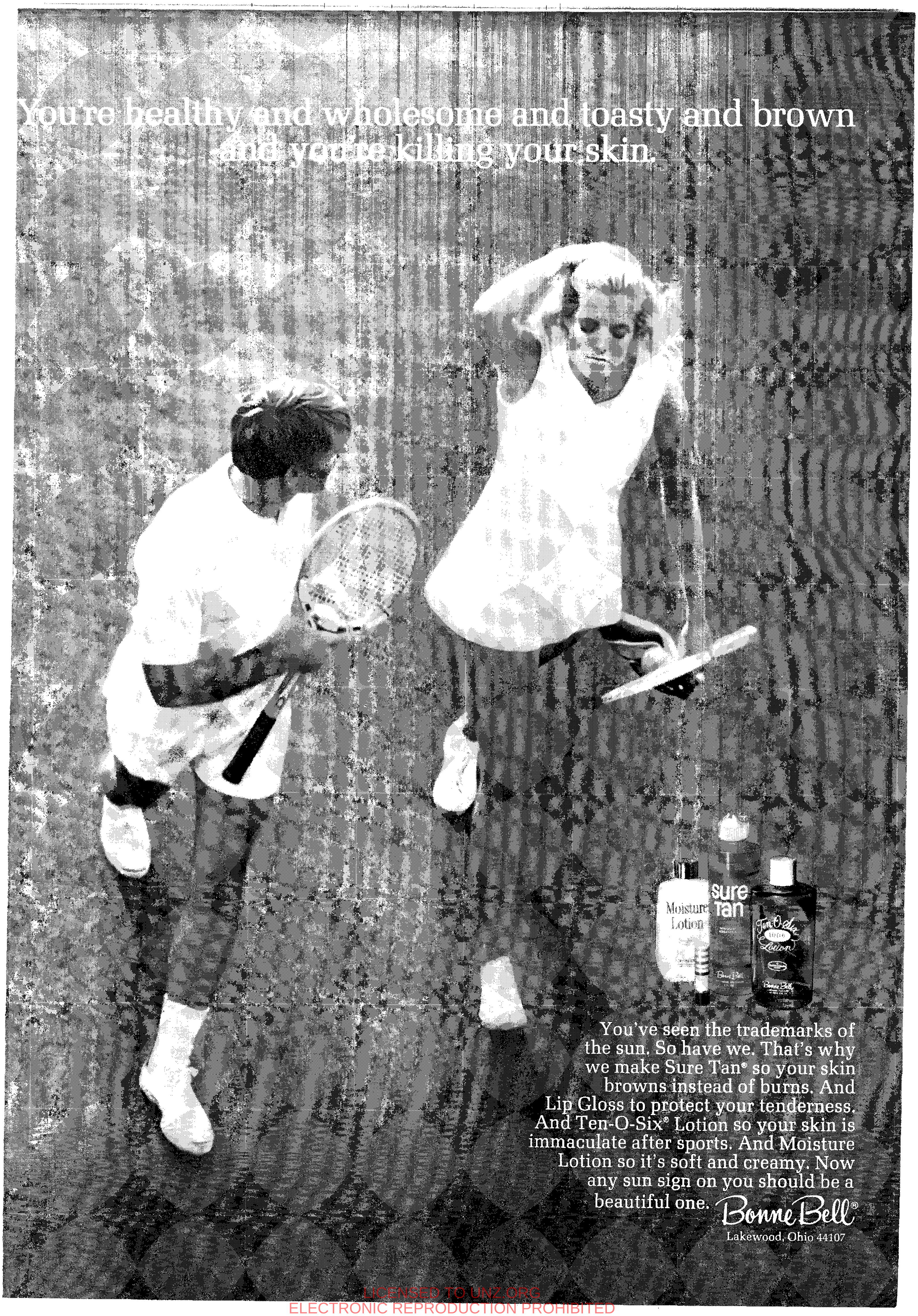
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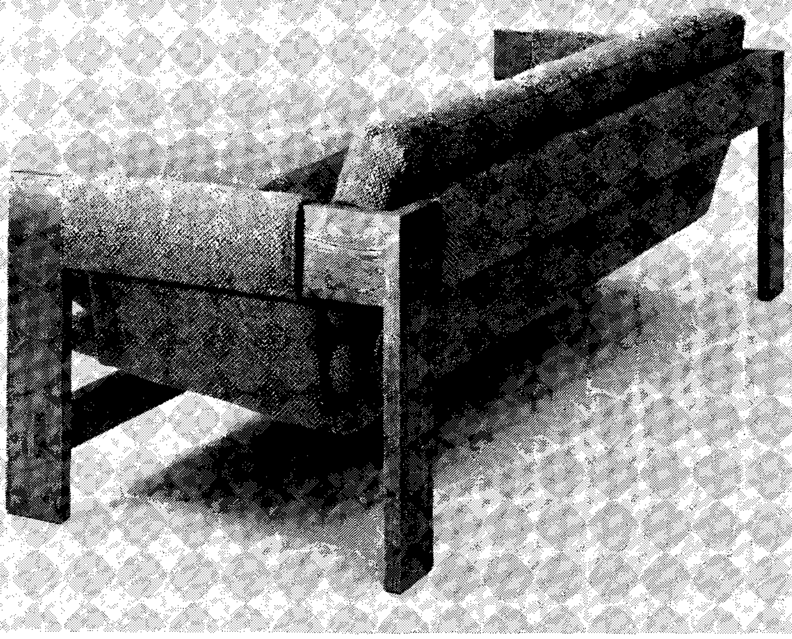

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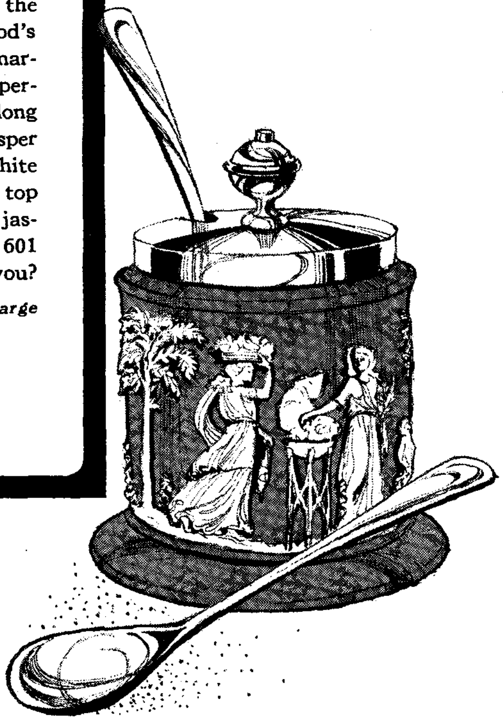

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was extremely good. If you can count out seventy-five to twenty-five in your favor, you shouldn't gripe too much. I dearly loved the people at Atlantic. Their engineer, Tommy Dowd, was a marvellous man, and they never told me I had to record *nothing*. They'd submit materials, but I was always my own boss and sometimes I'd send all the tunes back. But this caused me to write my own things, like 'Hallelujah I Love Her So' and 'What'd I Say,' and I did all the arranging for the band. In 1957, when I felt ready to buy a house, my wife and I moved out here. We left Atlantic in 1959 and went with A.B.C. Paramount, where we had our first million-album seller. There were no bad feelings. It was just an honest business arrangement. A.B.C. does our distribution now. Beyond that, it's *no*body's business. The contract we have with them is forty pages long. The way things are set up here is we have Ray Charles Enterprises, which is composed of the band and the show and transportation and salaries, including mine. Then we have our recording company, Tangerine Records, and two music-publishing companies—Tangerine Music, which is B.M.I., and Racer Music, which is A.S.C.A.P.—and there is R.P.M., which runs this building. All the other companies pay R.P.M. rent. We record ourselves on Tangerine and we handle new young talent like Rita Graham, the John Bishop Trio, Andy Butler, Alexandra Brown, and Jimmy Lewis. Joe Adams is my executive business manager. He's been with me over ten years. He was a disc jockey with KOWL here and he was very big. Between twelve and three every day, there was no place you could go in Los Angeles and not hear Joe Adams. He first came out on the road with us as an m.c., and I began to study him. He struck me as articulate and very intelligent. He's tight with money and he's got the business where it's manageable. I feel I'm only a small businessman. I'm content to let the business grow as long as I can see a little improvement each year. This is a very slippery business. You have to be careful. It's constantly changing, and you've got to move with it. I remember when there were only a handful of recording companies in the whole country. Now there are three or four hundred.

"I'm not even sure I'm a singer. You certainly need some luck. I've been able to take a pop song, and it paid off, and a country-and-Western, and it paid off, and a blues, and it paid off, and standards like 'Old Man River'

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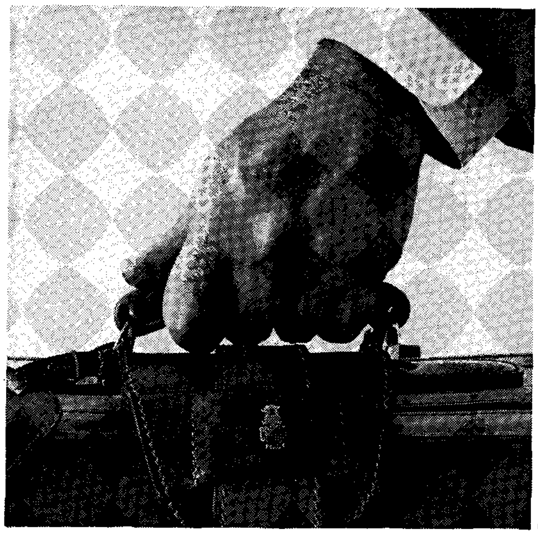

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and 'Georgia on My Mind,' and they paid off. But I've tried to find songs *I* can get feeling out of. I must please myself first before I sing a song in public. The song must strike me some way in my heart. Now, I love 'Stardust,' but I'll never record it. Every time I sing the song to myself, I can't get the feeling out of it. The same with the national anthem and Nat Cole's 'Nature Boy.' I loved that record, but I can't sing it to sink. But I'd like to sing 'America the Beautiful.' The lyrics of a song are vital. You become the person the writer is talking about. It's like a dramatic actor. People have come up to me and said, 'That girl Georgia you sing about must have really meant something to you.' Hell, I never had a girl named Georgia, I never *knew* a girl named Georgia. I can be very angry or very sad when I go onstage, but I love music so much I forget that. I refuse to get entangled in something that will make me perform bad. I start to work, it's like a different machine takes over. Tempos are important. I set the tempos, and 'Georgia' may be a hair faster one night or a hair slower the next and it can have a profound difference on the way you sing the words. The melody is your guideline, your radar, but music would mean very little to me if I had to sing it the same way day in and day out. What I do is try and improve on it each time. Change a note here and there, make a twist in your voice, bend a note—take liberties like that. You won't become stagnant if you can change a little each night. I'd have to *make* myself sing the same song the same way twice a year, which some people do every night without any effort at all.

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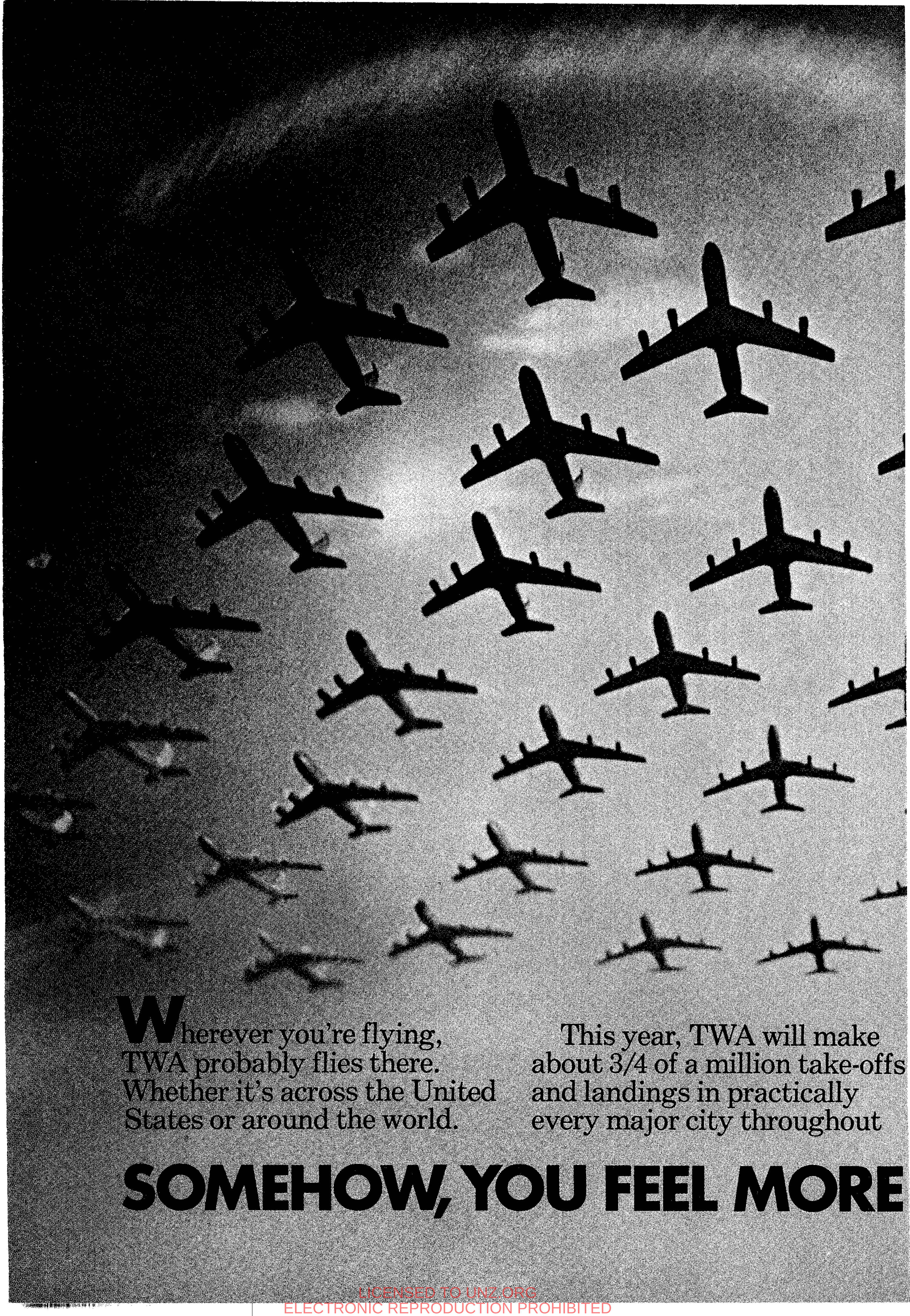

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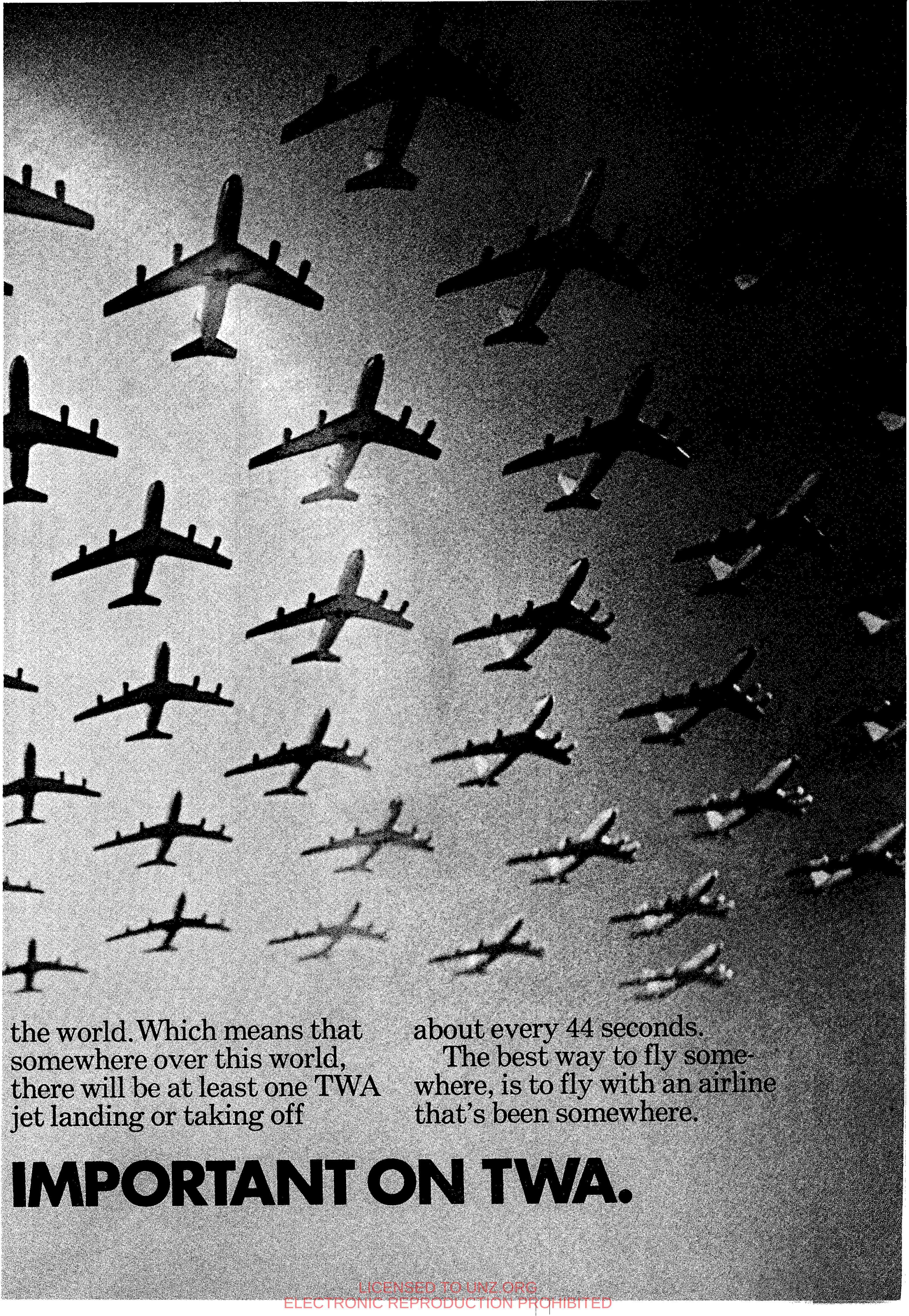

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THE THEATRE

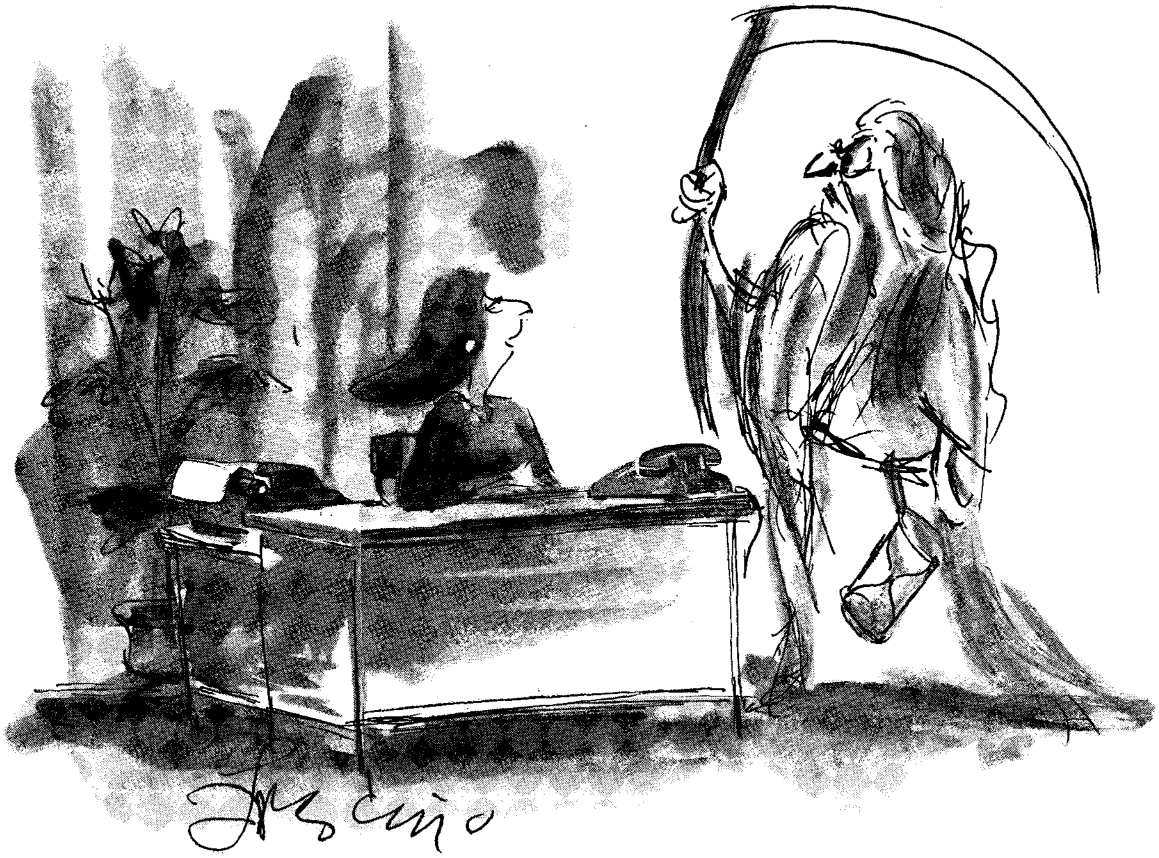
SWEEPINGS

AS I write this, the latest word on a double bill at the Belasco consisting of "Postcards" and "Grin and Bare It!" is that, faced with exceptionally unfavorable notices, the producer has decided not to close but "to make a fight for it." The phrase brings such heroic images to mind—Lars Porsena, Chinese Gordon, the Hot Gates, Geronimo—that it takes an act of will to remember that the fight concerns a couple of absolutely worthless little plays, the second of which has been brought to Broadway only because someone has hoped to imitate the contemptible "Oh! Calcutta!" and make as much money as possible out of displaying total male and female nudity onstage. The first play, "Postcards," concerns a middle-aged man and woman who have spent upward of thirty years writing postcards to celebrated people, from whom they invariably receive no response. There is nothing the matter with this play that not having written it wouldn't have cured, and I marvel that this simple solution to the problem didn't occur to its author, James Prideaux. The two victims of Mr. Prideaux's tireless lack of invention are Kate Wilkinson and Ray Stewart, and I am relieved to report that they remain fully clothed throughout their ordeal.

"Grin and Bare It!"—the pun is a measure of the level of wit sustained throughout the play—appears to have been written some forty years ago, by an author named Tom Cushing; it has been adapted by Ken McGuire. The scene is the suburbs of Los Angeles in the summer of 1929. A young Boston Brahmin is meeting his fiancée's family for the first time, and what the fiancée has not been able to bring herself to tell him (oh, those shy, tongue-tied twenties!) is that she and all her family are practicing nudists. The young man is challenged to prove his love for her not only by surviving the sight of half a dozen of his fellow-mortals walking about in their skin but also by walking about in his own. Such humor as the play can be made to yield comes from the radical exaggeration of dismay manifested in this crisis by David Christmas as the young man; he performs what is surely one of the longest stripteases in history before love conquers modesty and he emerges like a Venus upon the half shell, though to tell the truth it is the shell he puts us in mind of, and not the Venus. The other members of the cast are not as clever as Mr. Christmas and may as well go unnamed.

"Postcards" and "Grin and Bare It!" were directed by Ronny Graham, and the sets are by David Mitchell. A prop in the second play is a crude copy of the Saint-Gaudens "Diana" that used to stand on top of the tower of Stanford White's old Madison Square Garden. I find that clinging to tiny facts like that helps to preserve sanity during one's bleakest hours in the theatre.

"PURLIE" is a musical version of the play "Purlie Victorious," which Ossie Davis wrote and starred in a few years ago. It might have been a pleasant enough show if it had been tailored to fit an Off Broadway house, but in attempting to match the scale of the barny Broadway Theatre its makers betrayed the small shapeliness of the original; I found it a long evening to get through, in spite of the charm and skill of the performers. That fine actor Cleavon Little does his best to force life into prancing Purlie, but there is scarcely anything in the character that one can believe, or would care to believe. (If "Purlie" were not almost entirely enacted by blacks, I am sure that a good many blacks would be for closing it as an insult to their race. Most of "Purlie" could have been written by a white man unfamiliar at first hand with black life. Moreover, it could have been written a long time ago; to my ear and mind, the ghost of Stepin Fechit haunts the show.) Melba Moore plays with winning freshness the role of the pretty, innocent girl



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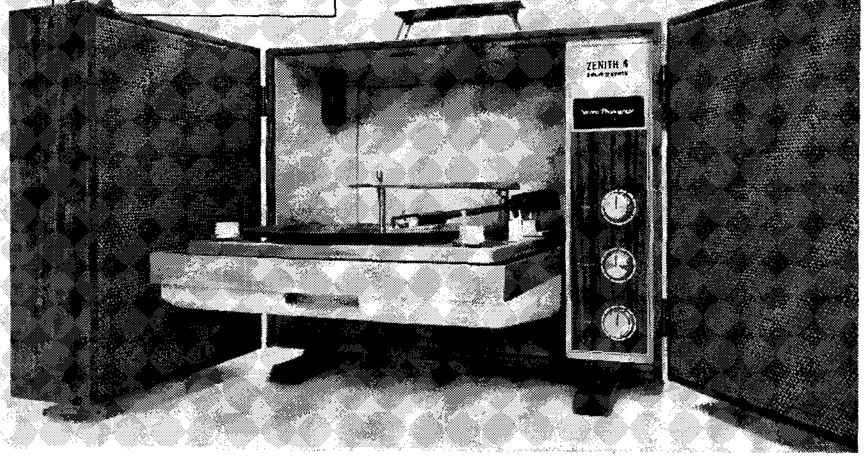

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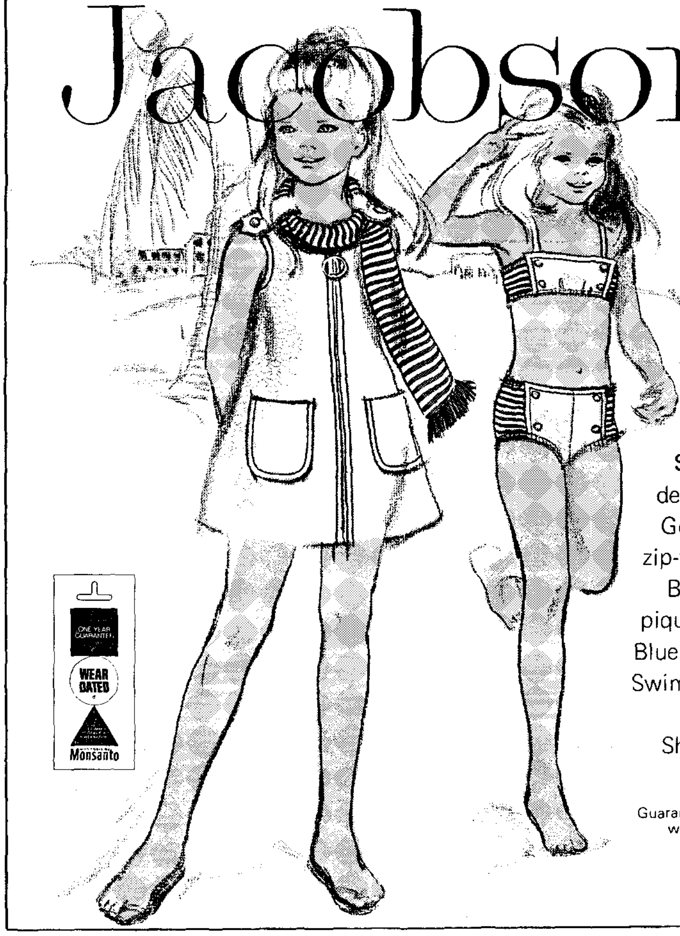

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who has set her cap for Purlie, and Novella Nelson is admirable as Missy, the embodiment of conventional black wisdom.

The music of "Purlie" is by Gary Geld and the lyrics are by Peter Udell; a couple of the songs are effective, thanks largely to brilliant staging, and I doubt if they will linger in memory. The scenery is by Ben Edwards, and the costumes are by Ann Roth. The excellent choreography is the handiwork—or, rather, the footwork—of Louis Johnson, and the production as a whole was directed by Philip Rose, who, with Mr. Udell and Mr. Davis, was one of the three authors of the book.

IF a prize were being offered for the most unlikely theatrical enterprise of the year, I would urge that it be given to "Blood Red Roses," at the John Golden. The winning of one imaginary honor should not prevent this dreadful work from competing for further imaginary honors as the coarsest-fibred, least evocative, and most ineptly written show of the year. Its fabricators, who call it a play with music, appear to have intended it as some sort of a jolly tract against war; its subject is the Crimean War, and across the stage march with monotonous fatuity the historical characters whose names and deeds have been plucked from "The Reason Why" and other respectable sources but whose natures are here cut out of mere mildewed cardboard—silly Victoria, silly Albert, silly Lord Raglan, silly Florence Nightingale. Let me convey something of the delicacy of insight (to say nothing of the accuracy) with which the author of the book, John Lewin, has approached his task by mentioning that when he has Florence Nightingale utter a sexual threat against the person of a soldier, she does so with a term of abuse that was a favorite of the late Brendan Behan. I had not expected in my lifetime to be asked to believe that Miss Nightingale and Behan shared a common vocabulary; perhaps this and other gross solecisms caused me to overreact adversely to what is, after all, a not unprecedented example of rubbishy theatre. Mr. Lewin is simply a bad writer (his so-called "adaptation" of the Oresteia for the Minnesota Theatre Company remains a sore spot in recollection); if I find his literary blunders difficult to forgive, it is because he seems so pleased to have made them.

The only person to emerge unscathed from the evening is Jess Rich-

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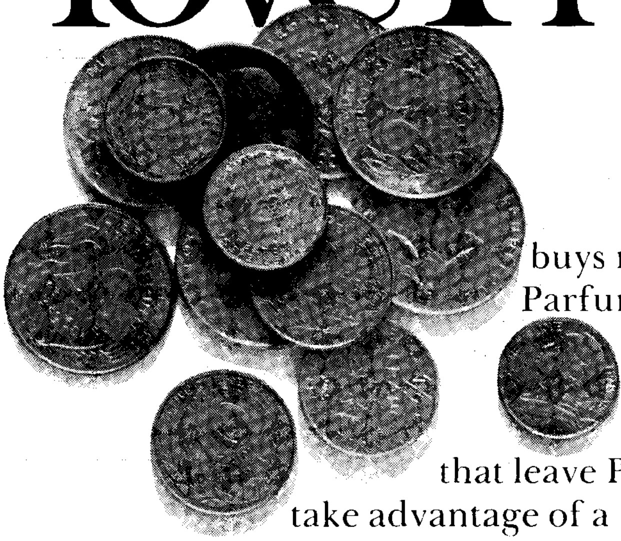

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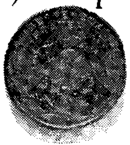

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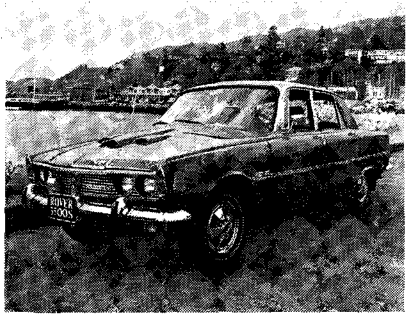

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ards, who is an able young actor and singer, and who gives a very touching performance as an innocent private in Her Majesty's forces. Philip Bruns plays his hard-bitten buddy with more conviction than the role deserves, and Sydney Walker huffs and puffs his way predictably through the part of Lord Raglan. Jeanie Carson plays Queen Victoria, Florence Nightingale, and "a bawd," and I am sorry to say that this display of virtuosity left me unimpressed. The music of "Blood Red Roses" is by Michael Valenti and the lyrics are by Mr. Lewin. The show, which was directed by Alan Schneider, has costumes by Deidre Cartier, lighting by Tharon Musser, and prankish dollhouse-like sets by Ed Wittstein.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Happy Day Is Here Again

THE revival by the Negro Ensemble Company of Douglas Turner Ward's "Day of Absence," at the St. Marks, is, among other things, a reminder that satire is still possible in the theatre, in contrast to lampoons, put-ons, spoofs, and various kinds of hokum, which certainly abound. The play—the first half of a double bill of one-acters by Mr. Ward—is, you may remember, set in a Deep South town, and it is entirely concerned with what goes on during a day when all the blacks decide not to show up for work. Or for no work, for that matter—even the patients in the colored ward of the local hospital go into coma. The white townsfolk, all of them played by members of the N.E.C. in whiteface and with cracker accents, are a bigoted, stupid, shiftless, and highly comical bunch, and watching them try to cope with the simplest of chores affords great delight. The performances, as is almost always the case now with this admirable troupe, are fine, and I was especially entertained by Allie Woods and David Downing in an assortment of roles; Rosalind Cash as a frilly young wife, helpless to stop the screams of her indignant infant; and Arthur French as the mayor of the town, broadcasting a television appeal to his black constituents, wherever they may be, and swivelling from anger to threats to downright on-the-knees pleading to them to return. Reviewing the original production for this magazine, back in 1965, John McCarten wrote, "The author . . . is equally adept at turning a telling phrase and inventing sly, satiric plots." Yes, indeed.

"Brotherhood" is a new play, and while it is funny, too, it is a comedown—much broader and blunter than "Day of Absence," though no milder, and not nearly so original. There is even a difference in the quality of the laughter it evokes; the decibel count is about the same for both plays, but the special relish and appreciation for the first are lacking for the second. As the action begins, we see a panicky white couple—he in a sweatshirt and cotton pants, she in shorts and a halter—waiting for something. They appear to be under great pressure. The setting is their suburban living room in the North, and every object in it except a couch, a pair of chairs, and a brace of end tables is covered with a dust sheet or blanket. The doorbell rings, and a black couple enter, beautifully dressed (costumes by Gertha Brock). They are new neighbors, and they have been invited for drinks. There are amenities on all sides, and the conversation glitters with a false brightness, although host and hostess become strangely rattled at the simplest requests from their guests. The guests finally leave, after more expressions of mutual esteem and promises of future meetings, and the host and hostess hurry to undrape all those objects, revealing— Oh, well, you'll find out; I cannot imagine anyone interested in the theatre missing this production. Mr. Ward is incapable of putting together a bad line, even when he sacrifices his sharp, subtle wit to a bitter practical joke, as he does here. Tom Rosqui and Tiffany Hendry, a white couple, are properly jittery as the white couple, and Frances Foster and William Jay, of the resident company, are properly magnanimous and tongue-in-cheek as the black one. Mr. Ward directed both plays.

THERE was so much that was good in "Nobody Hears a Broken Drum," recently at the Fortune, that its weaknesses didn't seem to me to spoil it. The play was concerned with a group of ignorant, rioting Irish-immigrant miners in a small anthracite town in Pennsylvania back in 1862; when they are falsely accused of being Molly Maguires, they are so innocently flattered and tempted to heroics that they decide to *become* Molly Maguires. Their leader and spokesman is a volatile and difficult young man named Jamie O'Hanlin, who eventually is deserted by them and becomes their martyr. The miners' demands are turned down because of the needs of the military (we get sporadic bulletins throughout on General Grant's prog-

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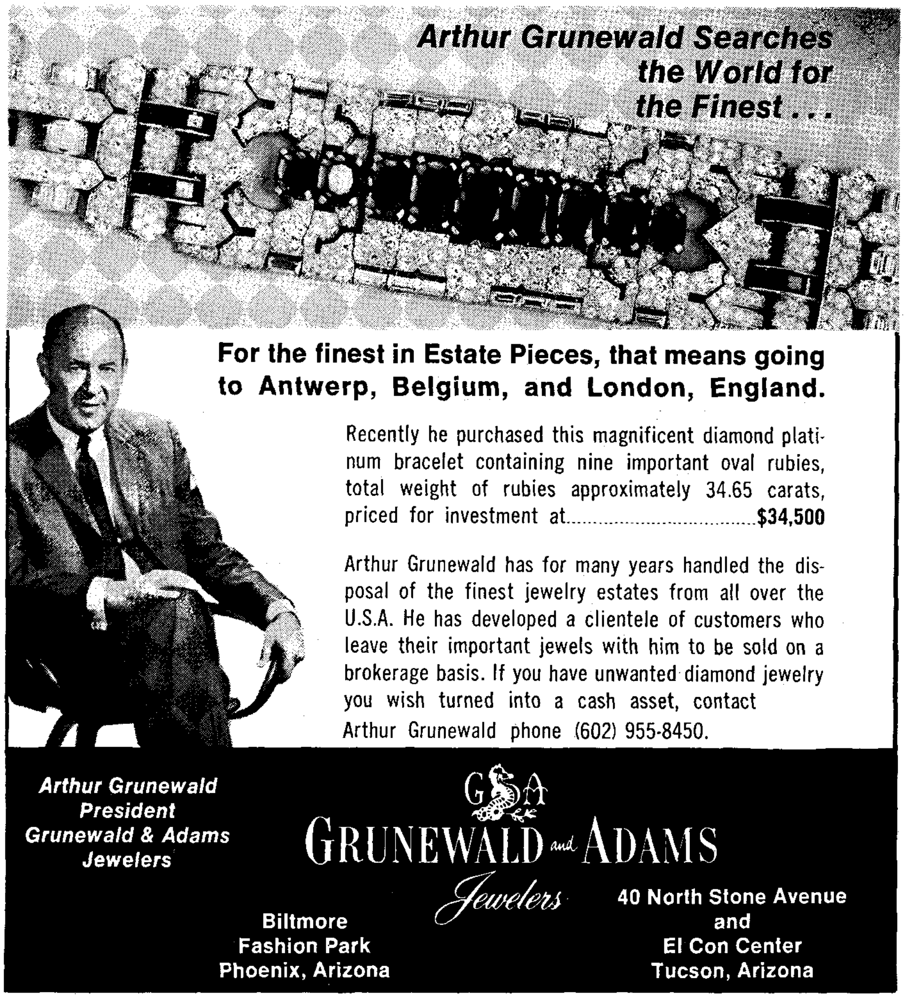

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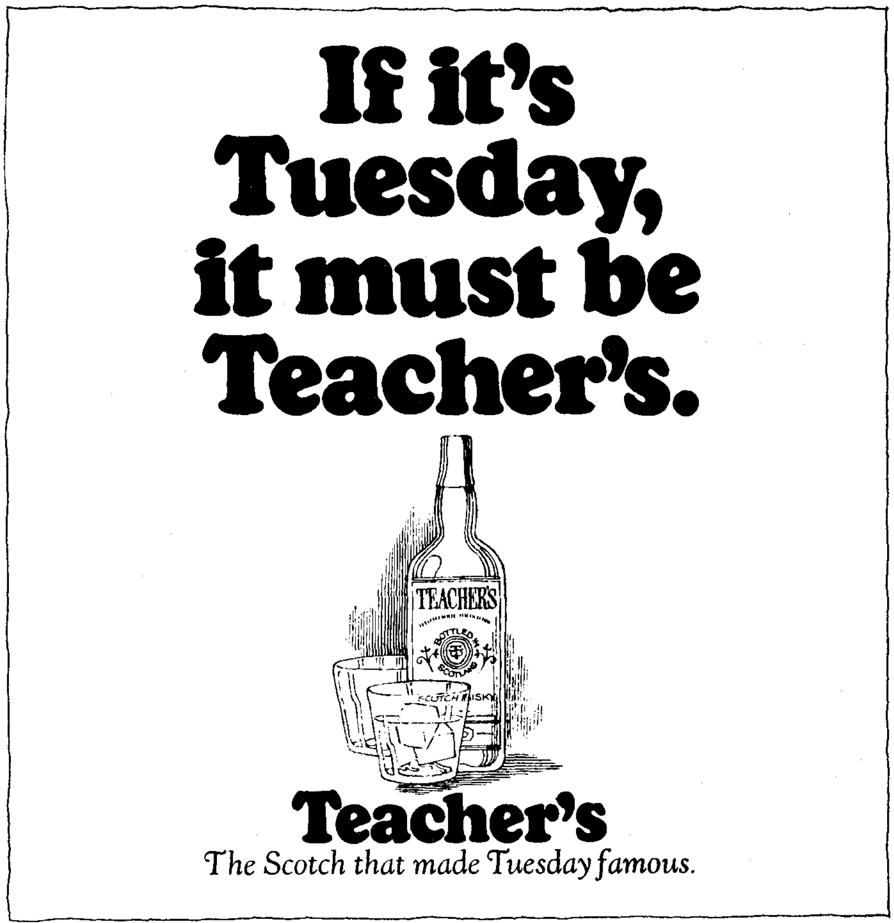

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ress toward Shiloh), there is a cave-in at the mine, Jamie murders the supervisor, the angry survivors of the cave-in smash the heads of some mules belonging to the owner, and everyone burns down everything in sight. The script, by Jason Miller, seemed to me to be an impressive accomplishment for a relatively inexperienced dramatist. The events of the plot were clearly related to events of today, yet there was very little abrasive forcing of the historical parallels. I did notice a few allusions to the strikers' expressing or feeling "their manhood" by rebelling, and a few other allusions to "ethnic prejudice" and to "the war effort," which had a nudging, anachronistic ring, but that is all. Yet it was in the script that the weaknesses lay. The plot was predictable all the way; I even found myself picking out characters, shortly after their entrances, who would be dead by the time the show was over. But surely the point was that there *were* characters, and twenty of them—interesting roles that could be played in a way that few roles can be played nowadays. And they were very well played by most of the presumably grateful actors, under Peter Skolnik's direction. While the lines were, for the most part, all right, the richness of the show was in its people and in its many brief scenes, all played in James F. Gohl's ingenious triple-decker single setting. The action seemed a bit cluttered at times but never boring. There were, by the way, a prologue and an epilogue—comic, reminiscent scenes between two old miners whom Mr. Miller had the nerve to name Pat and Mike.

The emotional demands of the leading part of Jamie seemed a little too much for a promising young actor named John P. Ryan, but I admired, with no reservations whatever (and in no special order), Richard McKenzie as his father, T. Atkins as his brother-in-law, Lisa Richards as his sister, John Mahon as a parish priest, and Pat McNamara, Anthony Palmer, and Dan Morgan as insurgent miners. My favorite performance of all, though, was that of John Coe, in the small role of Pat. Mr. Coe sounded, in an uncanny way and without the slightest trace of womanliness, exactly like the late Maureen Delaney, of the Abbey Theatre.

"THE HOUSE OF LEATHER," lately at the Ellen Stewart, was a strenuous anti-war and, I guess, pro-whore show, which described itself as "The Ante-Bellum Rock Musical." The bellum was the Civil Bellum, and

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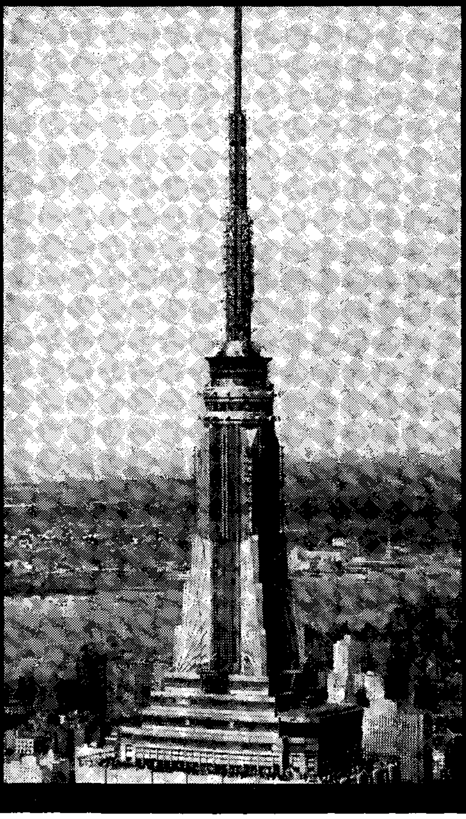
The news is unpredictable but here are some scheduled highlights for April.



It Couldn't Be Done. Salute to American workers and know-how for "impossible" achievements. Thursday, April 2 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Unexplained. Exploration of mysteries of science in astronomy, biology, medicine, chemistry. Friday, April 3 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Cinderella. Rodgers and Hammerstein musical starring Ginger Rogers, Walter Pidgeon, Celeste Holm, Leslie Ann Warren. Friday, April 3 (7:30-9 pm).

Discovery. Exploring Valley of Mexico; Lost World of the Mayans; Remarkable World of Seals and Sea Lions; Louisiana Purchase. Sundays, April 5, 12, 19, 26 (11:30-12 Noon).

NBC Experiment in Television. Pinter People, with British playwright; Moby Tick, original drama; Lost Valleys of West Irian, anthropological study. Sundays, April 5, 12, 19 (5-6 pm).

This Land is Mine. A look at America's beauty and why it must be preserved. Monday, April 6 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Now. Save on Your Taxes With Sylvia Porter, Part III; Black Panthers; Ecology Teach-in; TBA. Mondays, April 6, 13, 20, 27 (10:30-11 pm).

Pollution is a Matter of Choice. NBC White Paper on environmental decay. Tuesday, April 7 (7:30-8:30 pm).

42nd Annual Academy Awards. Presentations of Motion Picture Academy "Oscars." Tuesday, April 7 (10 pm-conclusion).

Hey, Cinderella. Tales from Muppetland—Spoof of Cinderella story using life-size muppets. Friday, April 10 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Adventure. Deepest Dive in History and Sacred Well of Chichen Itza; Voyage: Sail Around the World with Five Men and a Girl. Fridays, April 10, 17 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Apollo 13 Moon Mission. Liftoff, landing, moon walks, splashdown, other events, as they happen. Saturday, April 11—Tuesday, April 21.

The Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau. Night of the Squid; Return of the Sea Elephants. Sunday, April 12 (7-8 pm); Thursday, April 23 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Holland Against the Sea. National Geographic special on Netherlands. Tuesday, April 14 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Toby. CBS Children's Hour—Problems of gifted 9-year-old boy transplanted to a small town explored in Art Wallace's original drama. Saturday, April 18 (12:30-1:30 pm).

The Tony Awards. Prudential's On Stage—Annual event honoring achievements in the theatre. Sunday. April 19 (10-11:30 pm).

Health in America. CBS Reports—Three programs examine America's health. Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, April 20, 21, 22 (10-11 pm).

Expo '70. Report on Japan's exposition. Friday, April 24 (7:30-8:30 pm).

Mission Possible: They Care for the Land. Struggle to prevent drainage of Florida's Big Cypress Swamp. Friday, April 24 (10-11 pm).

Cry Help! NBC White Paper on Mentally Disturbed Youth. Study of three mentally ill teenagers. Saturday, April 25 (7:30-9 pm).

Arthur Rubinstein. The life and art of the famed pianist. Sunday, April 26 (4:30-6 pm).

Marvelous! Magnificent! The Metropolitan Museum! Visual variety on Museum's centennial; NYC Mayor Lindsay, host. Sunday, April 26 (6:30-7:30 pm).

Regularly Scheduled Programs

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/CBS News Hour

Saturday: The Banana Splits Adventure Hour/Jambo/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/Bullwinkle/Discovery/Frontiers of Faith/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/Issues and Answers/G-E College Bowl/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

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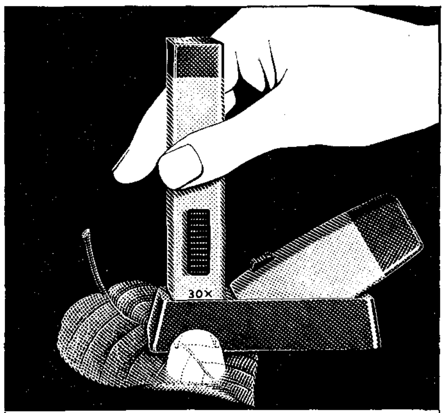

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the setting for most of the action was a brothel in New Orleans that specialized in assembling guns and breeding slaves, the guns being smuggled to the armies of both the North and the South, and the mulatto babies sold. The book, by Frederick Gaines, was unusually complex and baffling for an enterprise of this sort, and the production was so pompous and full of itself that after a while I just switched off and decided to consider it as a spectacle and be grateful for whatever diversion I could find in it. Dale F. Menten's music—full of recitatives and elaborately arranged—was hard to judge, because so much of it was almost deafening, as electronically rendered, but I did enjoy "Children's Song," which was done as an old-fashioned square dance, and "Imagine You're Alive," a ballad with quite a lot of charm, which was sung by a beauty named Jonelle Allen, who played the head girl in the brothel, and by Barry Bostwick, as her white lover. The costumes, many of them (even underwear) made of leather, were effective in a peculiar way. They were designed by Judith Cooper and James K. Shearon. The Ellen Stewart is an elegant theatre, and it deserved a better tenant than this. —Edith Oliver

•

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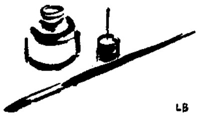
THE ART WORLD

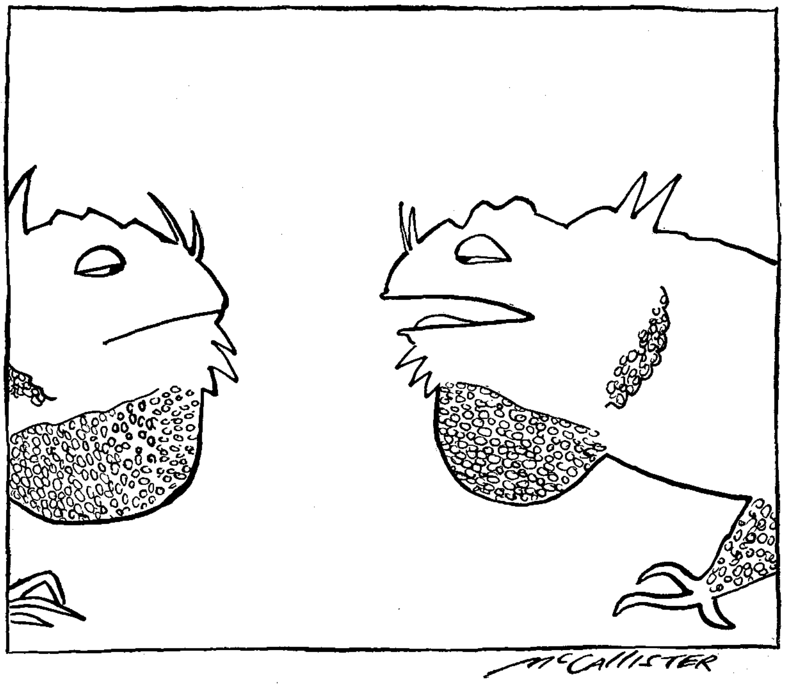
Rothko



MARK ROTHKO, who committed suicide in late February, belonged to a wing of Abstract Expressionism whose art was based on the idea of one idea. This was an aspiration toward an aesthetic essence, which the group of artists to whom Rothko was close sought to attain not through acts of intuition but by rationally calculating what was irreducible in painting. The movement began in the middle forties, as an accompaniment and antithesis to Action painting, with its psychological and formal openness; it is ironic that the two movements should have emerged together under one label—Abstract Expressionism. The one-idea painters excluded both nature and self, as manifested in the randomness, induced accidents, and associationism of Gorky, de Kooning, and Pollock. Seeking a universal principle, most of them looked back to Mondrian, though not for the quality of his sensibility, which they found too mathematical, but for the rigorousness of his aesthetics of exclusion—as remote as could be from Kandinsky's early improvisations, which beguiled Gorky and Hofmann. One might say that Rothko and his friends constituted the theological sector of Abstract Expressionism. Together with Still, Newman, Reinhardt, Gottlieb (the names suddenly translate themselves into characters of a miracle play), Rothko sought to arrive at an ultimate Sign. To this end, together with the other theologians, he conceived painting as a kind of marathon of deletions—one of them got rid of color, another of texture, a third of drawing, and so on. By the mid-forties, Rothko was able to dramatize the eradication of subject matter in a succession of compositions suggesting jungles and submerged landscapes, whose creatures, habitations, and implements had been scraped or washed away. His blanched surfaces and unidentifiable biomorphic shapes conveyed an effect of the archaic that corresponded to Gottlieb's pictographs and Newman's cosmic spheres of the same period. Pictorial content had been reduced to vague psychic reverberations.

Rothko's next step was to obliterate subject matter entirely. This was done through a series of acts of subtraction, to which he devoted four or five years. During this development, drawing vanished, horizons melted into diffused masses—Rothko's "No. 24," done in 1947, has much in common with "Moonlight Marine," by that other seeker after "something out there beyond," Albert Pinkham Ryder—and movement finally came to a standstill. But Rothko would not rest with simplifications of observed phenomena, as exemplified by the paintings of Milton Avery, which he admired, or of projections of the unconscious, like those of Gorky or his own earlier work. Even simplifications so extreme as to make their models unrecognizable violated the ideal of an absolute art. The idea of one idea demands a singular format that is detached from the contingencies of nature, like Mondrian's "unchangeable right angle," and that is capable of standing for the inexpressible through being denuded of all particulars and associations. By 1950, Rothko had conceived his conclusive insigne of a disembodied absolute. This icon consisted of the rectangle of the canvas as a one-color ground visible along the edge of—and occasionally through an opening between—three or four horizontal blocks of color with brushed surfaces and furry borders. For the next twenty years, Rothko's work consisted of reanimating this pattern with the substance of his emotional life. It was as if he had conceived a latter-day, visual version of the sonnet or the *haiku*, except that (and this is decisive in regard to the situation of the one-idea painter) his format was private—almost, one might say, the framework of another self, or of himself in another form, and unavailable to others.

Rothko had reduced painting to volume, tone, and color, with color as the vital element. His paintings, many of them huge and patently intended for display in public places, range from floating masses of tinted air, like influxes of breath, to closely packed slabs of dense, glowing pigment, resembling segments of metal or stone tablets that once carried inscriptions; the latter canvases reawaken the archaic overtones of Rothko's submerged cities of the early forties. With the over-all figuration kept intact from canvas to canvas, emotional content is determined by the hue, pitch, weight, and expansion and contraction of his oblongs of color, as these are affected by the shape and size of the whole. The psychic tensions evoked by Rothko are at once extreme and featureless, mythical without mythic personages or events; an upward drift, as of levitation or the weightlessness of grace, stimulates a flux of inhalation and opening out, and draws the spectator into the orbit of the artist's inward flights. Materiality is overcome—at least, until the walls reassert their presence—an effect that has led some observers to speak of Rothko's paintings as enveloping the onlooker or transforming his environment. In contrast, his brooding, dark, reddish-brown canvases, which had appeared as early as the fifties but appeared more frequently, and growing blacker, in his last years, tower over the spectator in a blank foreboding, like ancient testaments kept intact in a shrine or a grotto of some dour barbaric cult. Both the uplifting



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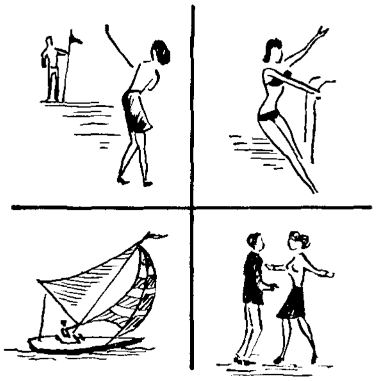

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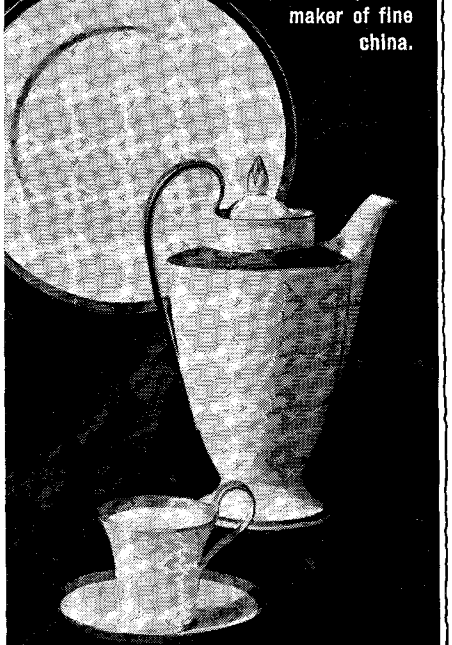

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and the heavy, dark nights of Rothko's compositions have been identified as embodying religious experiences. Peter Selz has said that his paintings "really seem to ask for a special place apart, a kind of sanctuary, where they may perform what is essentially a sacramental function." Rothko's last commission was for a church in Houston.

Whether or not Rothko's paintings require a "sanctuary," he found his own sanctuary in his studio. His reductive idea closed its door against the world and sanctified the studio as a site for rituals of death and rebirth. There he carried on his program, announced in 1943 in a joint communiqué with Gottlieb, of making his art "an adventure into an unknown world," an adventure of which his suicide in the studio was the concluding act. Rothko's art was "escapist" in the deepest traditional sense; i. e., rich in the romance of self-estrangement and of nostalgia for communion. Emotionally, he took less away from painting than any of his early companions. Compared to Newman's, his canvases are passionate rediscoveries of a state of being rather than detached affirmations of an objective truth. It can be argued that Rothko was never "really abstract," in the sense of cancelling all subjective qualities in favor of his idea. He reduced his paintings to a format from which he deleted the particulars of which a human self is made, but he did not exclude the sentiment of his own absence. Restrained and sedate, his art was essentially soft; that is to say, humanly susceptible, and it was susceptibility that his color-area imitators of the sixties did their best to banish. His were the first "empty" paintings by an American to make an impact on the public, perhaps because his emotionally charged reds, blues, browns, black-greens frankly aimed at stirring the senses into an apprehension of awe, anguish, and release too deeply buried to be brought to the surface by visual metaphors.

Rothko spoke often of tragedy, Greek and Shakespearean, and of myth and ritual. It is not easy to grasp the connection he had in mind between his mats of color and Orestes or Macbeth. It must be presumed that the very blankness of his canvases vis-à-vis persons and things carried the reference to torment and purgation. It was another self that Rothko sought—the kind of illuminated, memoryless alter ego that emerges out of conversion rites. But it was an anonymous self, identified with a hero, saint, or god not yet named. In his genial, matter-of-

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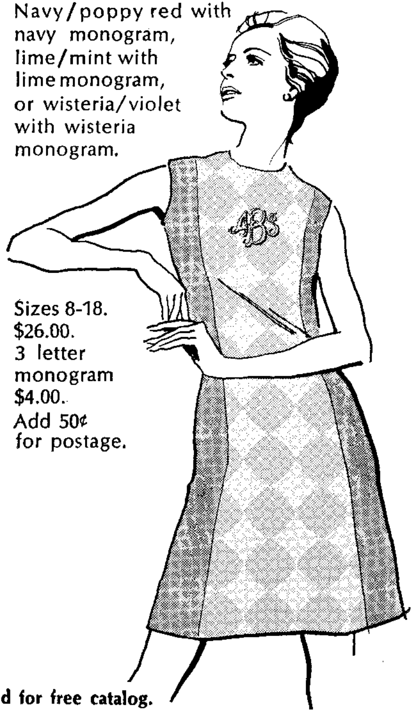

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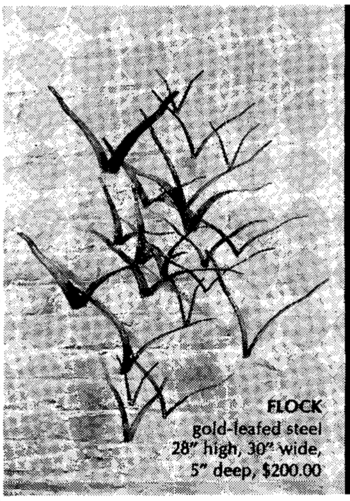

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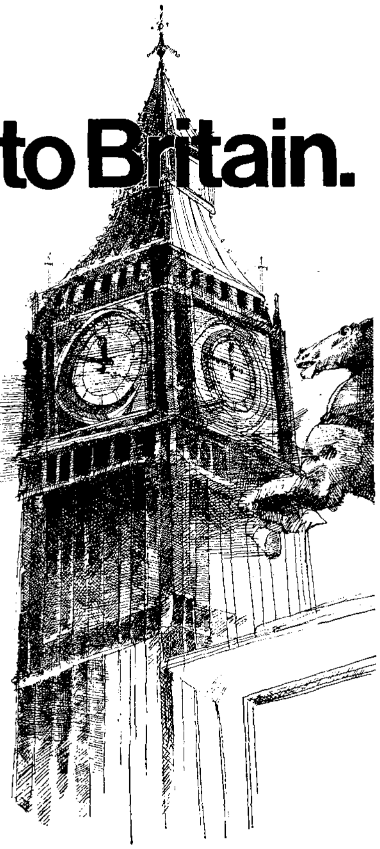

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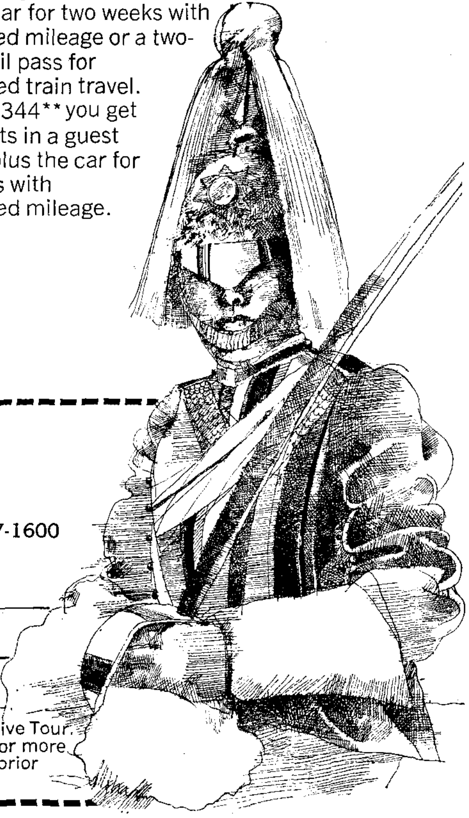

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fact manner, he whispered to me at a party, most likely because the subject of Expressionism had been raised, "I don't express myself in my painting. I express my not-self." I had long had the impression that he was not much attracted to what he had found in his personality. On the other hand, he had no wish to put his wounds on parade, like some of the Middle European Expressionists. It was in transcending himself that his hopes lay, in building a life independent of day-to-day facts. He decided that he could do most for his art by evicting himself from it, and that art could do most for him by providing occasions for acts of catharsis that would be subject to later scrutiny. Compressing his feelings into a few zones of color, he was at once dramatist, actor, and audience of his self-negation. The drama of purgation was not, of course, visible in each of his paintings; often the spectator saw only combinations of pinks, whites, and purples. Something similar is true of van Gogh, yellows and greens that for him were imbued with sinister drama have aroused sensations of visual pleasure in onlookers. The emotional effects of color cannot be calculated precisely—except, possibly, in the art of century-old cults, in which their meaning has been fixed by tradition and doctrine, such as the Hindu Tantric designs now on view at the Jewish Museum. Yet an artist's intended emotional content need not communicate itself in every painting; if it comes across once, the spectator is justified in accepting something like it as the potential content of all the artist's works. With Rothko, the poetry of agony and self-displacement established itself as the note of his paintings, and if some of them failed to speak, one felt that they might at some other time.

As against the self-creators among his contemporaries—de Kooning, Hans Hofmann—Rothko posed the anti-self. His purged paintings affirmed the purged ego—or, rather, the act of purging. Each work was an evidence of the mind's approximation to zero, an image of the not-seen. The effectiveness of such cleansing events lay in their reiteration. Rothko was not deterred by the realization that for two decades visitors to his exhibitions would know in advance what they could expect to see. Theoretically, the artist who has attained his ultimate image ought to reproduce it without change, like the order of a ceremony. Reinhardt, a drier logician than Rothko, advanced to this practice in the all-black paintings of his last period, now being

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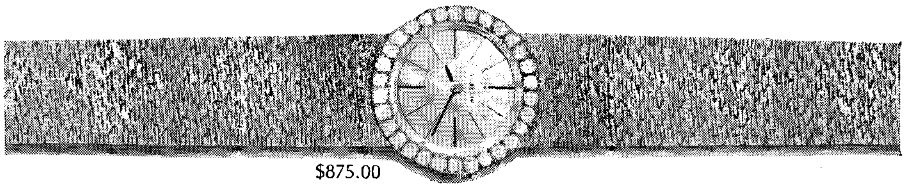
shown at the Marlborough Gallery. The glint of color below the unchanging squares of silence emphasizes that all differences in individual sensibility amount to nothing more than a scarcely perceptible nuance against the massive truth of death and nothingness. Rothko, to whom reductionist aesthetics was the vehicle of primordial moods, avoided the finality of Reinhardt's summation. With him, too, however, the drift was toward black, as representing both heaviness of feeling and the principle of the fading of the visible world.

No doubt Rothko drew a great deal of strength from practicing painting as a ritual of self-purification. Yet the art of one idea is full of painful contradictions. It transforms the studio into a sanctuary but also into an isolation cell. The symbolism of a cult unites its members, though it separates them from non-believers. The symbolism of the contemporary artist-theologian is that of a one-man cult, and it separates its creator as its sole communicant. The absolute images of Rothko, Newman, Gottlieb, Still, Reinhardt can coexist in a picture collection but not in the minds of their originators. Each is the proprietor of a sacred enigma, whose authority must exceed that of all others. The fate of Rothko's original group of artist-companions was to disperse and become in most instances hostile to one another. Nor could Rothko, whose passionate anti-self engaged him so totally in his paintings, win the piety of the bland professionals who in the sixties adopted some of his technical innovations. To the reductive theologian of painting, his work represents ultimate meaning; to others, its appeal is to taste. His all-embracing symbolic format was arrived at by difficult routes; once conceived, it could be reproduced at will—Rothko was one of the first to declare, no doubt ironically, that he could order his paintings made over the telephone. Nullifying himself was his discipline of exaltation; fame surrounded him with himself in countless mirrors. In the end, his anguish was loneliness and the thought that his poetry had not been received. In this loneliness and sense of futility, he achieved the universal that was his ambition as an artist. But he was compelled to experience this universal as a single individual, without consolation. He had been depressed for at least five years, yet no one knows why he took his life. Like his paintings, his act of self-annihilation is a deeply affecting blank. The art world turned out en masse for his funeral.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG



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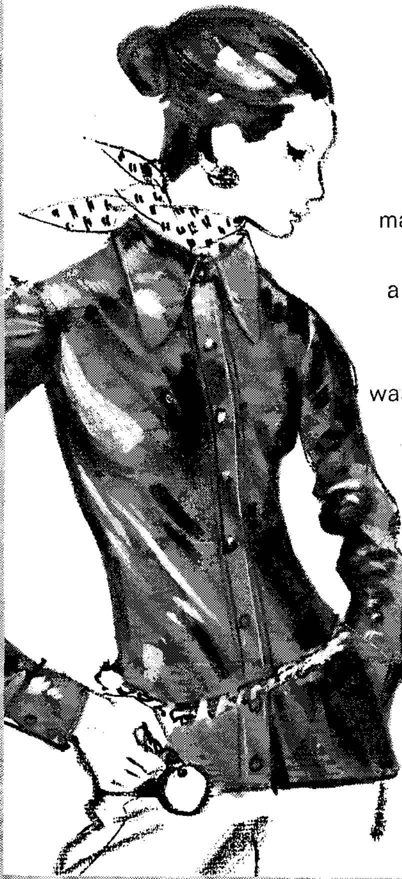

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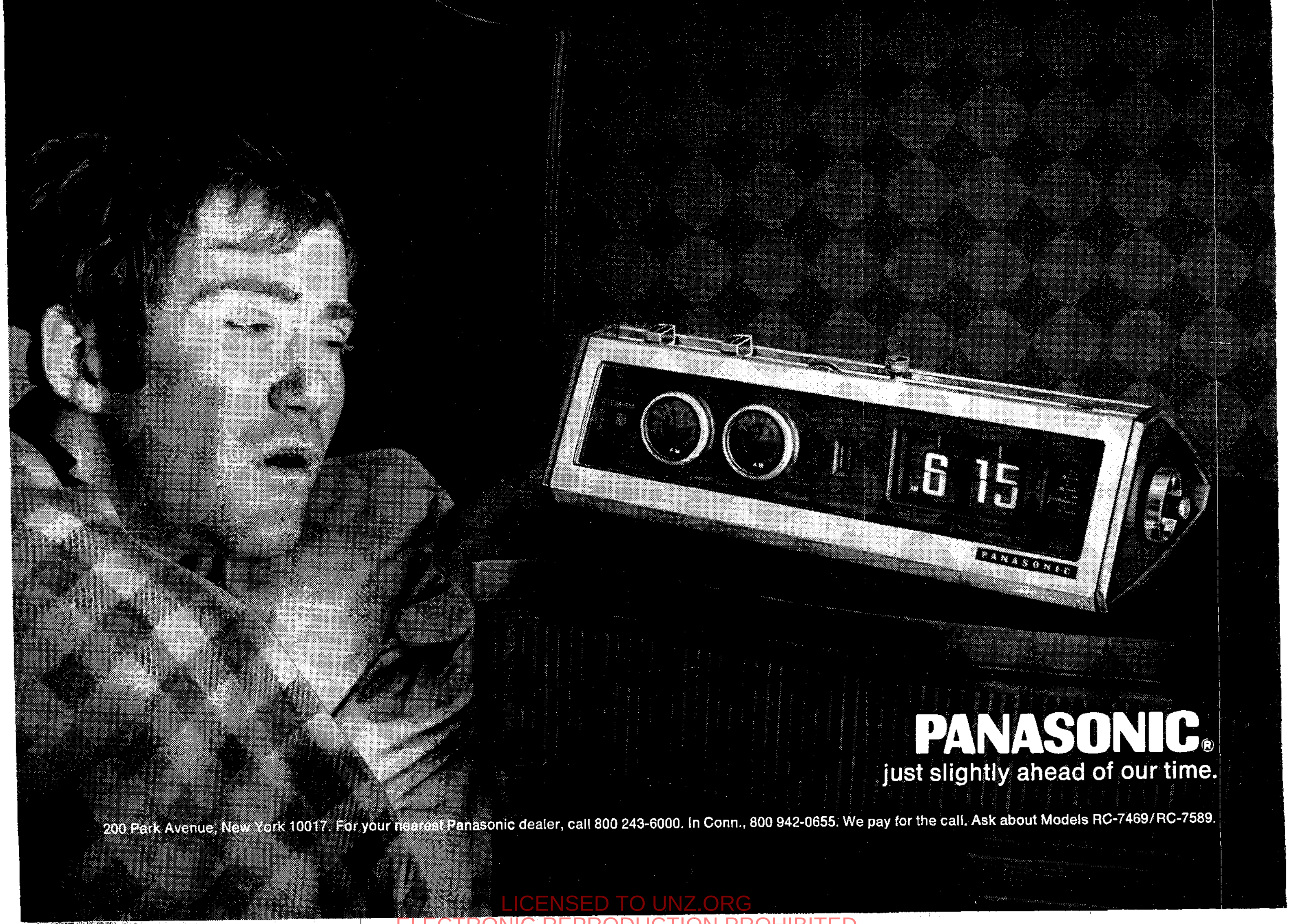

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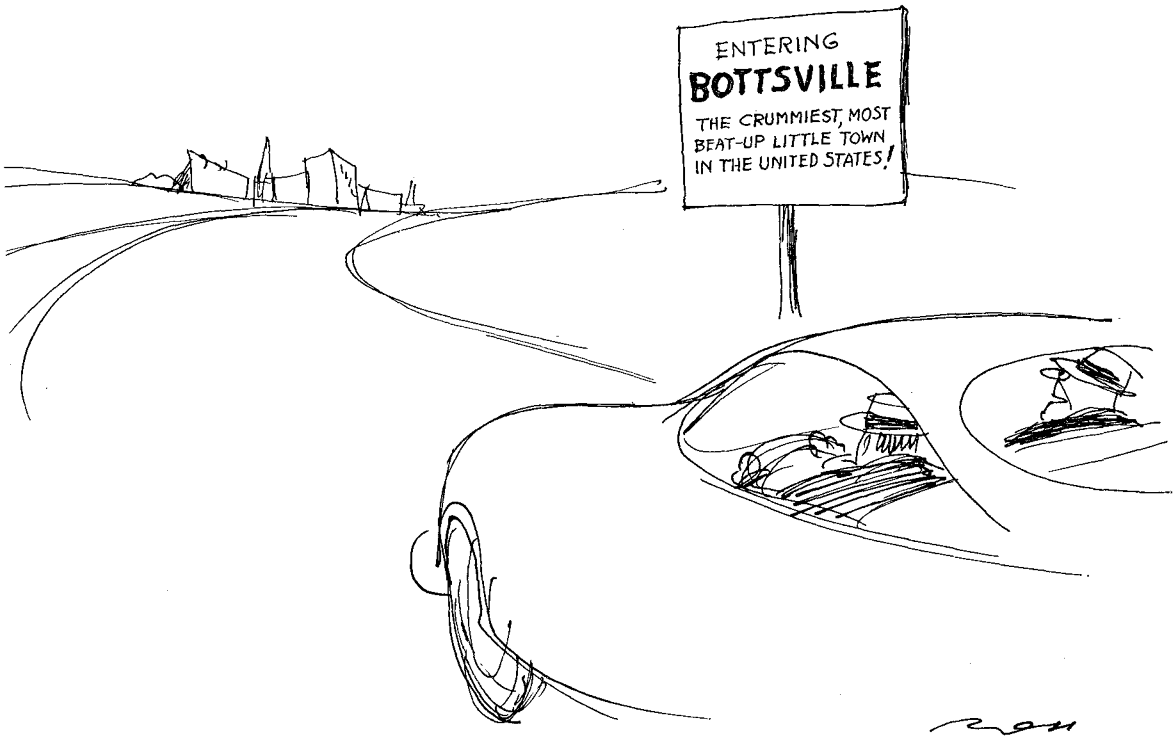
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Lust for "Art"

KEN RUSSELL'S movie of "Women in Love" could perhaps be described as a Gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence's novel. Visually and emotionally, it's extravagant and, from time to time, impressive; Russell is no ordinary, uncertain-of-himself filmmaker. He goes for what you've never seen anything quite like before; he pours on the décor and startling camera positions. Russell has a purple style of filmmaking, and by that I mean just what we mean when we say an author writes purple prose: he goes for grand effects, but his meanings are wildly imprecise. The picture practically wallows in "style," which is to say, in excess; he overreaches so consistently that one comes out without any clear idea of what was supposed to be going on among the characters. Because Lawrence was one of the most (perhaps the most, though rivalled by Conrad) purple of all great writers, Russell's style might deceive one into imagining that he was providing a film equivalent to Lawrence's prose. But Lawrence's passionate imprecision is what's bad in his writing. It's unforgivable in a pulpy novel like "The Plumed Serpent," but the overwriting is easy to pass right through in "Women in Love," because Lawrence was reaching for clarity; he might make a fool of himself groping around his characters' psychosexual insides like a messianic explorer, but he *was* opening up new terrain. Russell, on the other hand, heads right for the purple, and does it not for character revelation, or for clarity about how sexual relations are affected by character, but for virtuoso tableaux "inspired" by Lawrence: the domineering Gerald (Oliver Reed) forcing his terrified horse toward a roaring train, whipping and kicking the bleeding animal; Gerald and Rupert Birkin (Alan Bates) wrestling nude by firelight in a gloomy mansion; the discovery of the entwined bodies of a drowned newlywed couple; Gudrun (Glenda Jackson) dancing defiantly in front of a herd of bullocks, their long horns swaying rhythmically to her movements; and so on. Russell's baroque, romantic period evocations are never static—he treats period material with the speed of *cinéma-vérité* techniques—but the overheated scenes are piled on for our admiration, not for our understanding. The movie is a series of lavish caricatures, bursting with intensity that isn't really grounded in anything. It might seem that Russell confuses being gorgeously lurid with capturing the essence of the novel. More likely, however, this is not confusion as much as it is the drive of Russell's temperament; he takes off from Lawrence's novel in the way that Kurosawa in "Throne of Blood" takes off from "Macbeth," and he does it with great assurance, even though "Women in Love" does not have the kind of structure that is intelligible when it's treated this way. Russell, I think, is after a highly colored swirl of emotional impressions that is more Brontë sisters than Lawrence. He makes Lawrence's period romantically *exotic*, the way a movie like "Black Narcissus" was exotic, so even when he's most effective it's a fruity falsification of Lawrence's work. Vulgarisms like "With Ken Russell for a friend, Lawrence doesn't need an enemy" come to mind. Yet some instinct tells one that Russell is indifferent to all that—that he sees himself not as an interpreter of Lawrence but as a free artist, using past art as material to make something new. And he has not merely a lust for art but a lust for "art"—for visual effects that are strikingly "artistic." His movie is purple because his idea of art is purple pastiche.

Superficially, in its use of words and scenes from the text, the movie stays close to Lawrence, but in a way that makes little sense—and certainly doesn't make *Lawrence's* sense—unless you know the book. Richard Aldington wrote, "The less you know about Lawrence the more baffling and irritating you will find 'Women in Love.'. . . Was it his knowledge that he put so much of his mysterious self into it which made him so often claim it as his best?" To extend this, the less you know of the book the less you'll understand of the movie, and I think maybe to see the movie before reading this particular book is desecration. The novel is a staggering accomplishment—the sort of book that leaves one dumfounded at how far its author got—and since there are few English novels of this stature, we shouldn't jeopardize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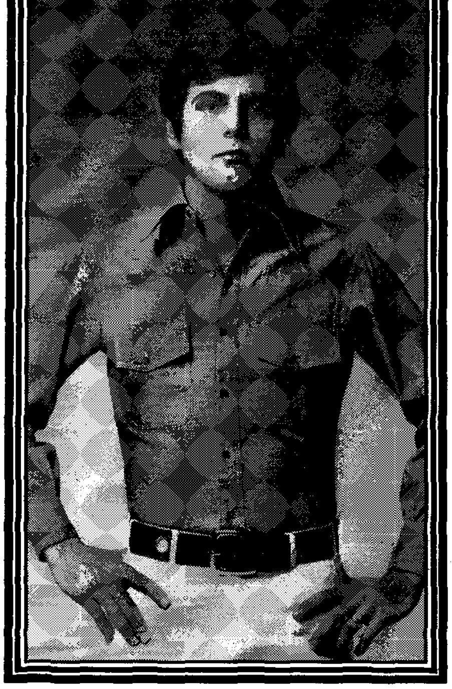

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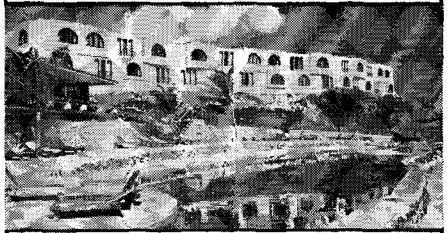

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our vision of it by reading it in terms of the actors and images of the movie. Movies affect us so powerfully that if you pick up the book afterward Lawrence seems to be lying or to have got things all wrong. There's an even worse danger. The movie is full of "big scenes," which churn up a lot of emotion, but they're not great scenes; they're not fun, and not good to watch. If one tries to view this movie as *sui generis* in what one assumes are Ken Russell's terms—as one big violently sensuous experience—it's disturbing and unresolved and anti-erotic. One feels uneasy when it's over; it's an opaque, unsatisfactory movie—the experience of it is rather like Lawrence's accounts of bad sex. You feel so confused you don't even want to talk about it. Those who don't know the book (and there are many) might take being overpowered by Russell's knockabout passion as the equivalent of reading "Women in Love," and, since the after-emotions of the movie are so turgidly unpleasant, never open the book. They not only will never know what the movie is about but will have lost out on something much bigger.

In the movie, there's so much rumbling from the unconscious that we begin to feel we need seismograph readings on the people. That, of course, was what Lawrence—investigating our "subterranean selves"—provided: he showed us the hidden mechanisms of the characters that explained what they said and did. The script—by Larry Kramer, who is also the co-producer—retains some of Lawrence's dialogue, but without supplying clues to the motives behind it. Kramer has an aberrant gift for selecting the dialogue in which Lawrence sounds like a prizewinning television dramatist and changing it slightly to make it even worse.

> BIRKIN: You can't bear anything to be spontaneous, can you? Because then it's no longer in your power. You must clutch things and have them in your power. And why? Because you haven't got any real body—any dark sensual body of life! All you've got is your will and your lust for power.

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> GERALD: You mean you don't want me?
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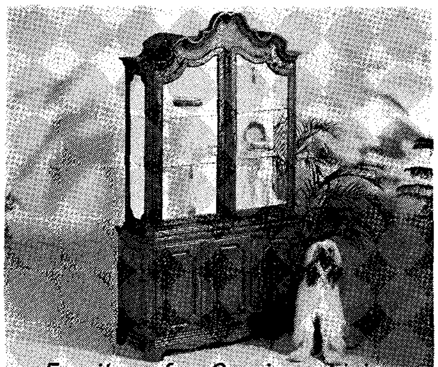

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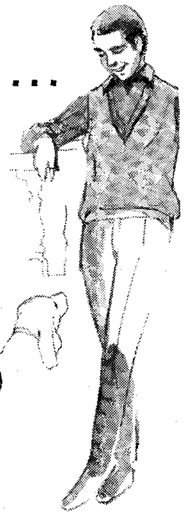
movie doesn't tell why, it's hardly surprising that reviewers are praising Russell but commiserating with him for being stuck with poor old Lawrence's "dated" material. According to one, the film is *too* faithful, and "The trouble with 'Women in Love' is D. H. Lawrence." Since various movie reviewers also blamed what they didn't like about "Far from the Madding Crowd" on dated old Thomas Hardy, one wonders who is hip enough for them to read, or if they're catering to "the film generation," for whom, they believe, all books are dated. But it's a gross deception to pretend that you can get the same things out of a movie that you can get out of a great novel, and the movie of "Women in Love" isn't even *interested* in the same things.

The women in love are sisters, educated women trying to be free women—the unimaginative Ursula, based on Frieda Lawrence (though Jennie Linden in the role suggests Debbie Reynolds), and Gudrun, Lawrence's glittering, poisonous portrait of Katherine Mansfield. Glenda Jackson is an odd, tense, compelling actress, and her Gudrun dominates the movie. However, except for occasional glimmers of humor, Miss Jackson isn't—so far, at least—a very likable actress; she's not someone an audience is likely to identify with or feel with. She interests us, but she puts us off; if you know the book, you can see that her interpretation of an unyielding, castrating woman is original and bold and a considerable feat, but her Gudrun is so self-contained and remote from the audience that without that knowledge of the book you can't figure out what she is meant to be. Russell is flamboyantly gifted, but where human beings are concerned he may be a little obtuse. Either he takes too much for granted or he's indifferent to meaning; he doesn't compensate for what is left out or for his casting. Miss Jackson has a stony, artificial quality that is like an

Aquarius would, if he could...



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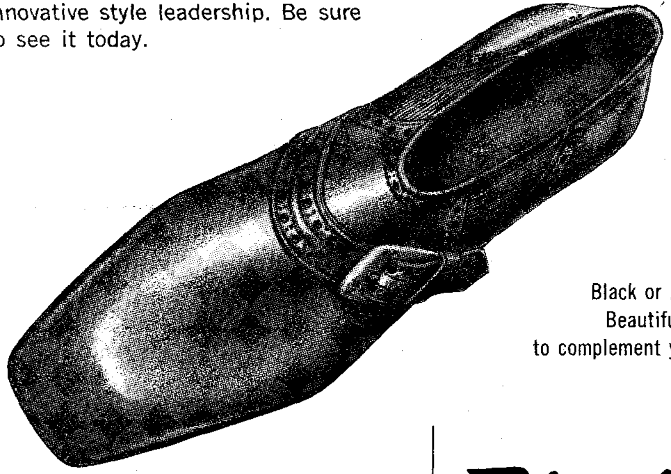

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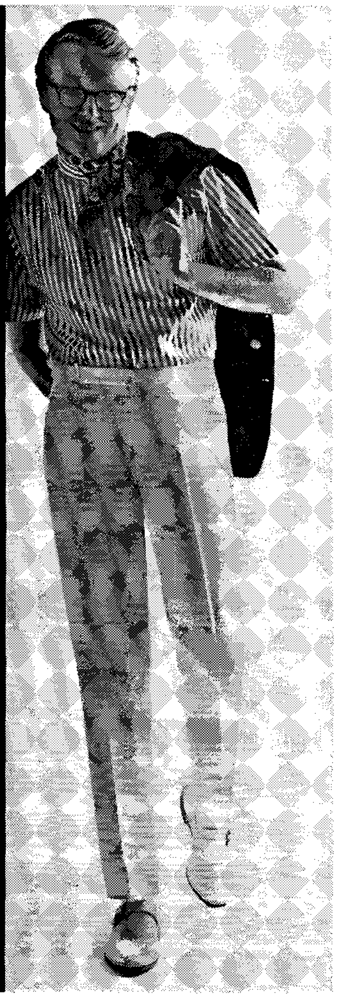

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Expressionist study of Gudrun's soul. In Lawrence's portrait, this was on the inside of a soft, desirable woman; now that it's outside, any man could spot it and beware.

Birkin, Lawrence's autobiographical hero, marries Ursula, while the destructive Gudrun torments to death his friend Gerald. The movie doesn't enable us to understand the contrasting chemistries of these two couples. Oliver Reed isn't bad as Gerald, but nothing clues us in on what sort of man he is, and there isn't enough shading in the portrait. He just seems to be rather glum and bilious—a masochistic Rochester—and we don't see why this suffering lump is drawn to Gudrun. The worst failures are with subsidiary characters—especially Eleanor Bron's disastrous Hermione, a character so repulsively misconceived and satirized that one feels sorry for the actress. Russell gives us effects without causes: a flashy scene showing Gerald's mother's hatred of beggars, but without Lawrence's *brilliant*, Dostoevskian analysis of why. As a human observer, Russell fails all along. In a schoolroom sequence, with Birkin explaining about the long danglers that produce pollen to fertilize the little seed-producing flowers, the kids in the class don't burst out laughing—they don't respond at all. And however we are meant to react to the nude-wrestling sequence, what we do react to is the fact that Oliver Reed's genitals are clearly visible, while the lighting and the photographic angles obscure Bates's; we are thrown right out of the movie, to consider the actors, not the characters.

Despite the visual sophistication of this film, in some ways its techniques are primitive. We know more about the sex lives of the characters played by Trevor Howard and Wendy Hiller in "Sons and Lovers," because as performers they had mastered ways to represent emotions that included sexuality. The movies don't really have any iconography for a direct representation of what goes right or wrong in sexual relations. For actors, trying to stay in character and to act sexual abandonment and unself-consciousness is like trying to swim on land—they go through the motions, but it's a dry run. The movies used to use symbolic substitutes for sex acts—a blazing fire or the embers dying, trains and tunnels, exploding fireworks, and so on—or else indicate how the act had gone by a pussycat smile of satisfaction (Scarlett O'Hara) or a hostile look of frustration or just a bored expression. Now, when the performers are naked and

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are either simulating or actually having intercourse, the directors clue us in by the same old methods. And it becomes ludicrous to watch two people thrashing around if, in addition to that, we have to wait for acted closeups or some symbolic action to tell us how it is. Sometimes the heightened realism in "Women in Love" is grotesque: when Gerald and Gudrun are together and the activity is bed-bangingly violent, Russell seems to be staging a love match and a boxing match simultaneously. There was one marvellous bed scene in "Room at the Top," in which Simone Signoret talked to Laurence Harvey and one got a sense of sexual passion—one believed in her pleasure in sex, and her fears. There is nothing comparable in "Women in Love"—we never believe that either girl is in love. Lawrence's fervor was for knowledge of what love and sex mean in our lives; Birkin said it for him in the novel: "I only want us to *know* what we are." Ken Russell wants merely to excite the senses—to make a bash of a movie. A great movie artist must, I think, care about both; and perhaps a movie director can't excite the senses pleasurably and satisfyingly unless he does care about both.

—PAULINE KAEL

EDITORS' NOTE: Pauline Kael and Penelope Gilliatt alternate as *The New Yorker's* film critic, in periods of six months each. With this column, Miss Kael concludes her current six-month period; she will return in September. Miss Gilliatt will appear next week.

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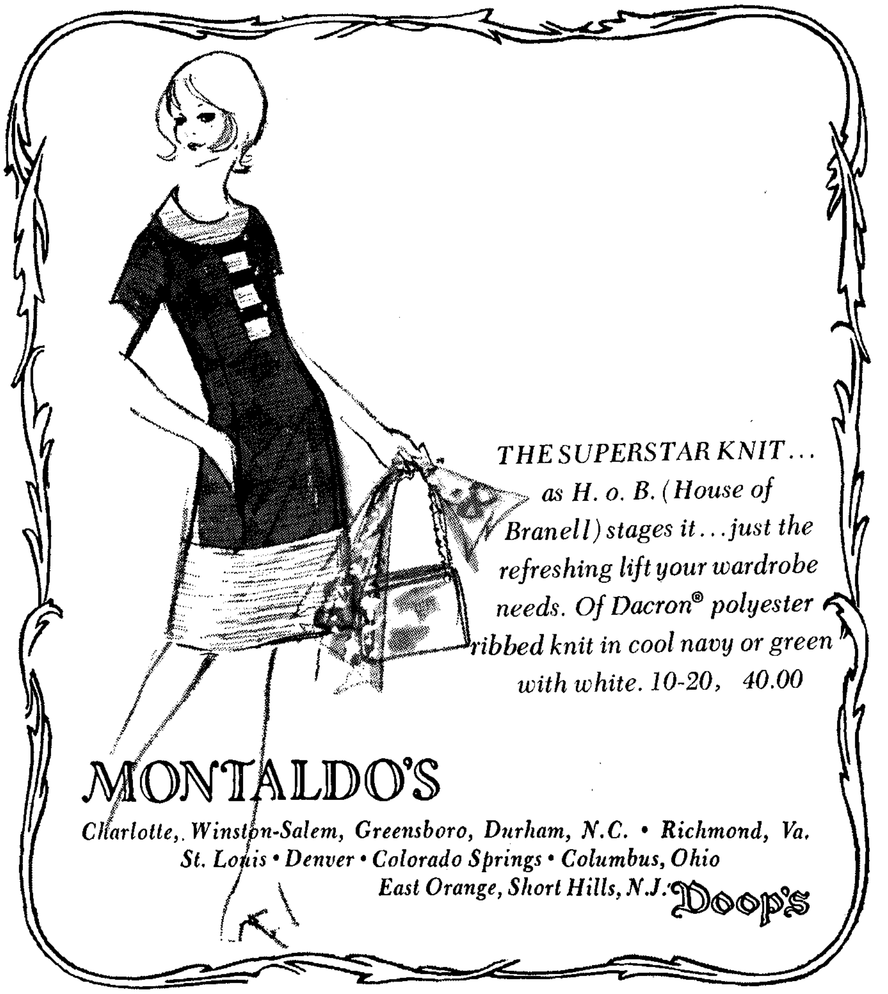

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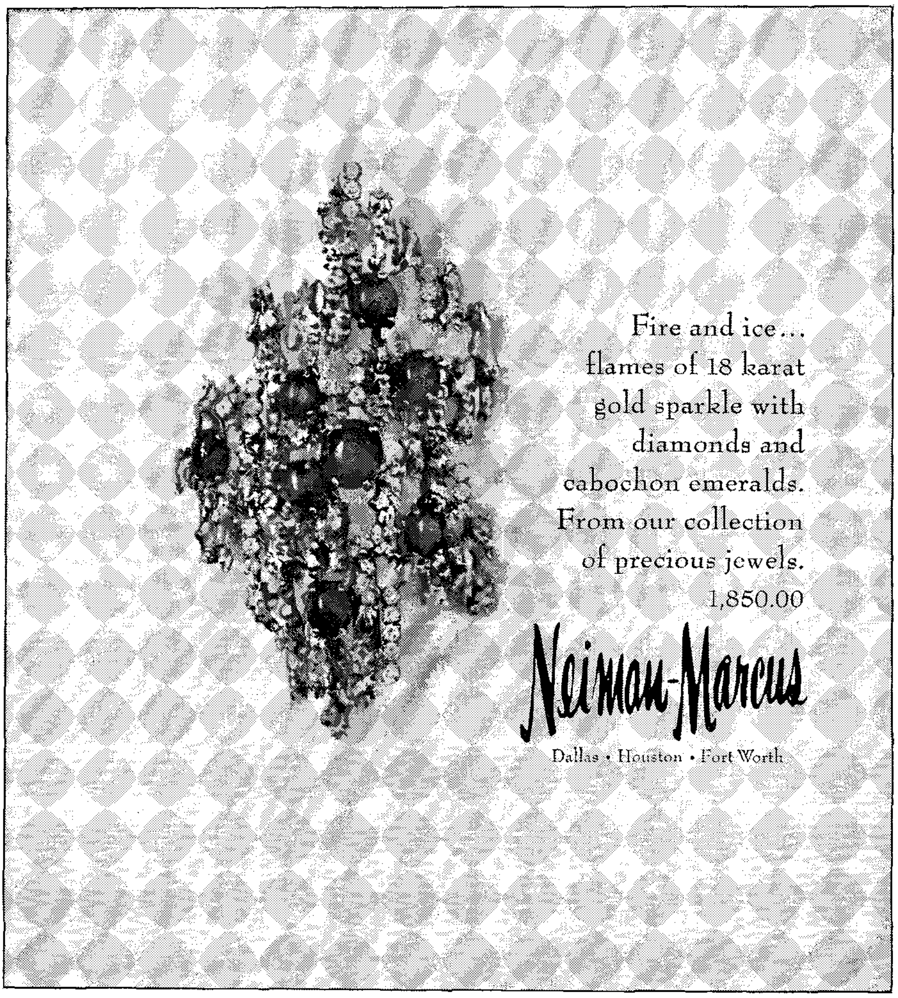

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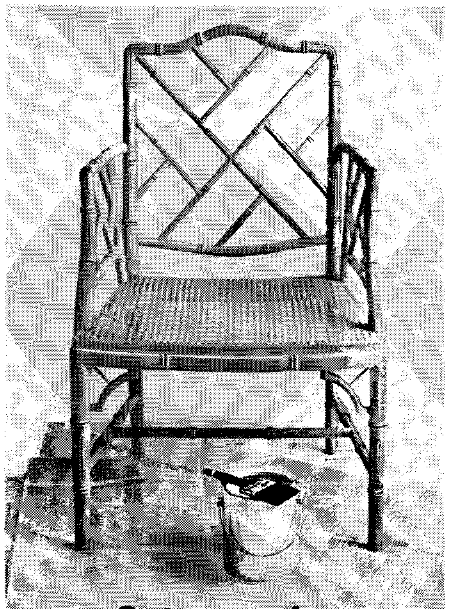

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At this point you may get a blithe acceptance. But do not be dissuaded from continuing your explanation a little further.

"It's like . . . (now you've got 'em—the words *It's like* . . . are a point of balance from which you can tumble the shower analogy onto your listener.

It's like when you take a shower // you put one hand under the faucet to test the temperature of the water // Ha/ your hand is a thermocouple // The signals from the sensor // the thermocouple at the end of your arm // go up to the central processor // computer // your brain. If the water is much too hot / your MONITOR program calls an automatic priority interrupt and you yank your hand out before you get burned. The MONITOR program has called up an operating program from memory and told you to get your hand out of there before you get burned. // Like the computer / remembered experience has told you the process condition is out of limits / Your other hand adjusts the faucets and you stick your hand back in again. If it was 10 seconds between the time you yanked your hand out and put it back in // your scan interval is 10 seconds.

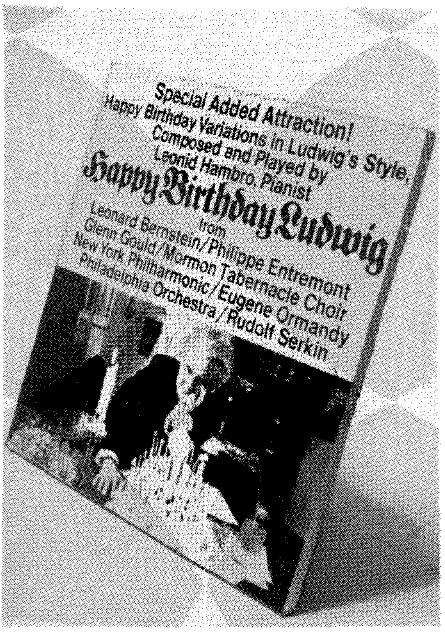
The hand which worked the faucet is the process control device. But without the sensor // your other hand // and the central processor // your brain // the ability to reason / to make a judgment based on experience // you would not have a closed-loop process control system. If you yanked your hand out and went howling to the medicine cabinet for the burn ointment yelling Ouch Ouch or something more profane // you would be a data logger outputting man communication. If, in pain, you slam your fist into the wall and make several dents in the wall // you are imitating a data communications device such as a card punch ///Most people wouldn't understand the significance of those dents but if another person does the same thing and turns to the wall to communicate // then that person // another central processor / will understand your captured data as displayed on or rather *in* the wall.

But let's go back to the original situation // the water was not hot enough to burn you // just a little too hot for your operating program. You change the set point until your central processor // your brain// says "Turn on Program Number Two." Program Number Two is a contact closure // you twist the handle and the water comes out of the showerhead instead of the faucet.

At this point you have "brought up the system" and you are ready to process. ///Your central processor is also capable of handling other functions such as scheduling and tracking. // Your shower program schedule would be written in Tabular Sequence Control (TASC) // and might read something like this—step into shower—close shower curtain—adjust shower head— pick up soap.

—*GE Process Computer News, Phoenix, Ariz.*

Wait a minute! Take your clothes off!



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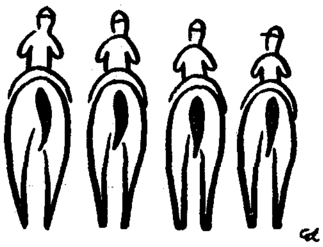
THE RACE TRACK

Calumet Again

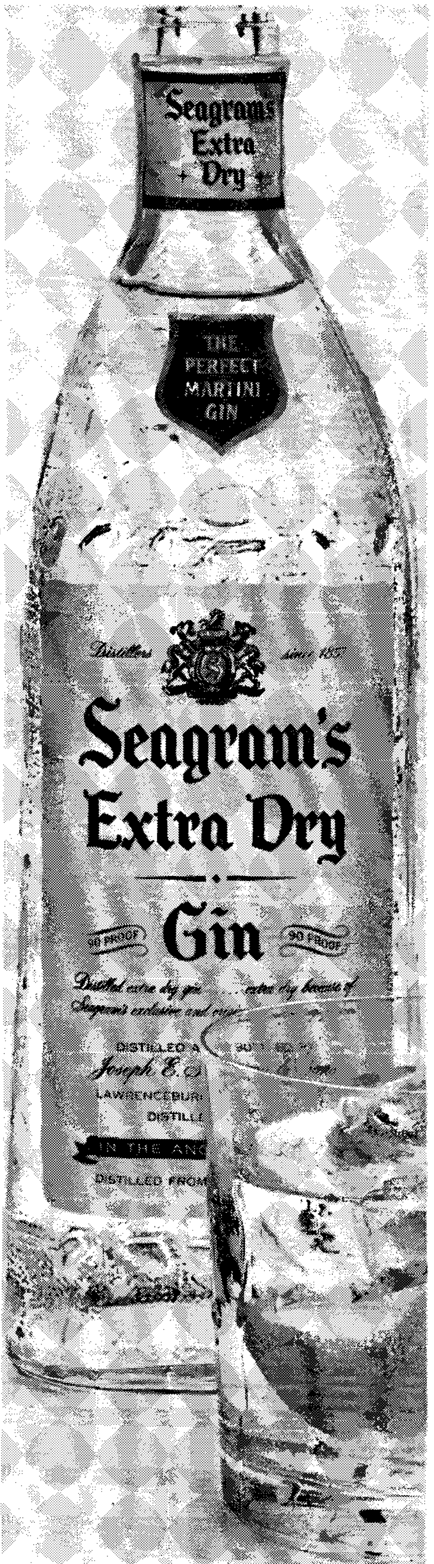
CALUMET FARM may have a real runner in Sunny Tim. He beat the nine other three-year-olds in the Bay Shore Stakes, at seven furlongs, at Aqueduct last Saturday, and there's no telling yet how good he may be. The test for that will come in the Gotham, at a mile, this weekend, or in the Wood Memorial on April 18th. As in the Swift, which he won on opening day, he started slowly and was last for a while going down the backstretch, but he began his run on the long turn for home, scooted around his field, and went on to win by four lengths from Native Royalty, with Delaware Chief third. Personality was a fast-finishing fourth. This last fellow, I am told, is the best of his age in the Bieber-Jacobs barns. Bay in color, smallish, and rather light-framed, Personality resembles Affectionately, his dam, more than he does Hail to Reason, his sire. His stable believes he runs better in blinkers, as both his parents did. Most of the horses out last week were like the weather, of which the less said the better. Things are looking up, though; Arts and Letters is expected to start in the Westchester Stakes on Saturday.



FARTHER afield, Nodouble, the Arkansas Traveller, fared better in Florida last Saturday than he did in California a fortnight before; he was fifth in the Gulfstream Park Handicap, and took $3,000 of the $123,600 in prize money. Snow Sporting, who was fourth in the Santa Anita Handicap (he was the pick of the lot on looks at Santa Anita), won the mile-and-a-quarter Gulfstream easily from Twogundan. Al Hattab was third. Later that afternoon, Figonero, a stablemate of Snow Sporting, won the Sacramento Handicap at Golden Gate Fields—a dandy double for Clement Hirsch, who bought both runners in the Argentine.

FOR ever so long, I've tried to get in a day's racing at Caliente, which is in Mexico, just over the border from San Diego. It's the home of the famous Five-Ten jackpot and of the only future book on the Kentucky Derby I've heard about. I finally made it recently, and have seldom had a pleasanter or more interesting adventure. (Curiously, the place reminded me of Oriental Park in Havana years ago.) Caliente, which opened in 1929, has a mile track, a grandstand, a clubhouse enclosure that used to be a gambling casino, and a Turf Club, done in Mexican rococo style, with dark wood panelling, high vaulted ceilings, and ornate chandeliers. If you're looking for action, you can get it "four ways from the jack," as the faro bank dealers say. On Saturdays and Sundays the year round, there are a dozen races with mutuel betting, plus the daily double, quinellas on two of the other races, and the perfecta on one. Or you can take a price against your fancy in any race, irrespective of what it might pay in the mutuels, with bookmakers in the clubhouse and in the grandstand. They'll also lay odds of up to 100–1, depending on your selections, that you can't pick the horses who will run one, two, three (it's officially called the One-Two-Three) in any race on the card. Of course, the big thing at Caliente is the Five-Ten. In this, if you pick the winners from the fifth race through the tenth, you might, for $2—depending on how much is bet in the pool—take home more dollars than you would if you won the New York State Lottery. Nobody hit it on the nose the day I was there, and after the track had taken its commission, the pot was divided among the hopefuls who picked the most winners. When the horse races are over, a portable track is set up in front of the grandstand for an evening of dog racing. I'm not an aficionado of the long dogs, so I didn't stay for that.

Actually, you can get action at Caliente every day in the week, for it has what's called a foreign book, in which you can bet on horses running at any of the major tracks in the United States. What's more, if you win you'll be paid off at track odds as soon as the race is declared official. Also, if you're on the grounds you can have a flutter on the Kentucky Derby in the Caliente future book. For years, you could mail a bet on the Derby to the track, but in 1957 the United States postal authorities put a stop to that. Their rather curious reasoning was that inasmuch as the post positions of the starters are drawn by lot the whole operation is a



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lottery. Since then, there has been a big drop in the handle on the race. The amount of the handle has never been announced, but I'd say it was still sizable.

Caliente—and it's a good show—is run by John Alessio, who is executive director of Hipódromo de Tijuana. He is a short, rather stout, pleasant-spoken party, with the manner of a banker, which he is, and with the acumen of a corporate executive. His story runs like something out of Horatio Alger. Fifty years ago, his father, Dominic Alessio, an Italian immigrant in ill health, came to California from West Virginia with his family. The Alessios were very poor, and John, one of seven sons, quit school when he was in the seventh grade and shined shoes in San Diego to earn grocery money for the family. His break came in 1929, when a customer got him a job as messenger in the Banco del Pacifico in Tijuana. Quick at learning both Spanish and the ins and outs of banking, he moved up from messenger to teller, and, in 1943, to manager. In 1947, the owners of the track persuaded him to come to Caliente as a troubleshooter, and in 1953 he became the track's executive director. Since then, he has spent more than three million dollars on improvements to the plant and has upgraded the racing. Incidentally, he thought up and brought out the crash helmet that jockeys must now wear in races at all tracks in this country. He has built eleven elementary schools and donated them to the city of Tijuana, and, remembering the days when his family didn't have much of a holiday, he gives a Christmas party for the needy of Tijuana. Perhaps his favorite promotion is the Kentucky Derby party at Caliente—quite the biggest Derby doings outside Louisville. The day of the race, copies of the twin spires at Churchill Downs are erected on top of the stand, thousands of souvenir mint-julep glasses are imported for the customers, television screens are set up all over to show the race, and there are special windows where you can bet on it. All in all, it's a champion affair.

I daresay I'll be in Louisville on May 2nd, but to be at Caliente that afternoon would be more fun.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

By federal mandate, the state redistricted legislatively, but it was unacceptable. Texas was unacceptable. Texas was ordered back to the drawing board.
—*Austin American-Statesman.*

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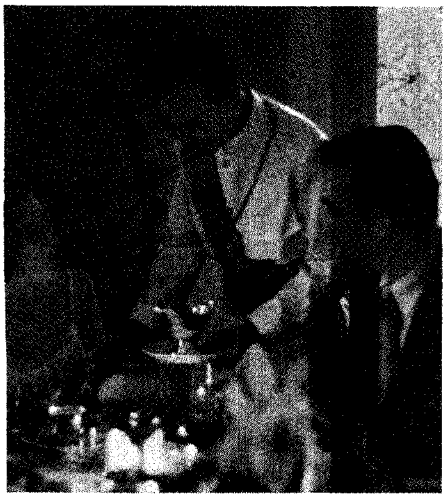

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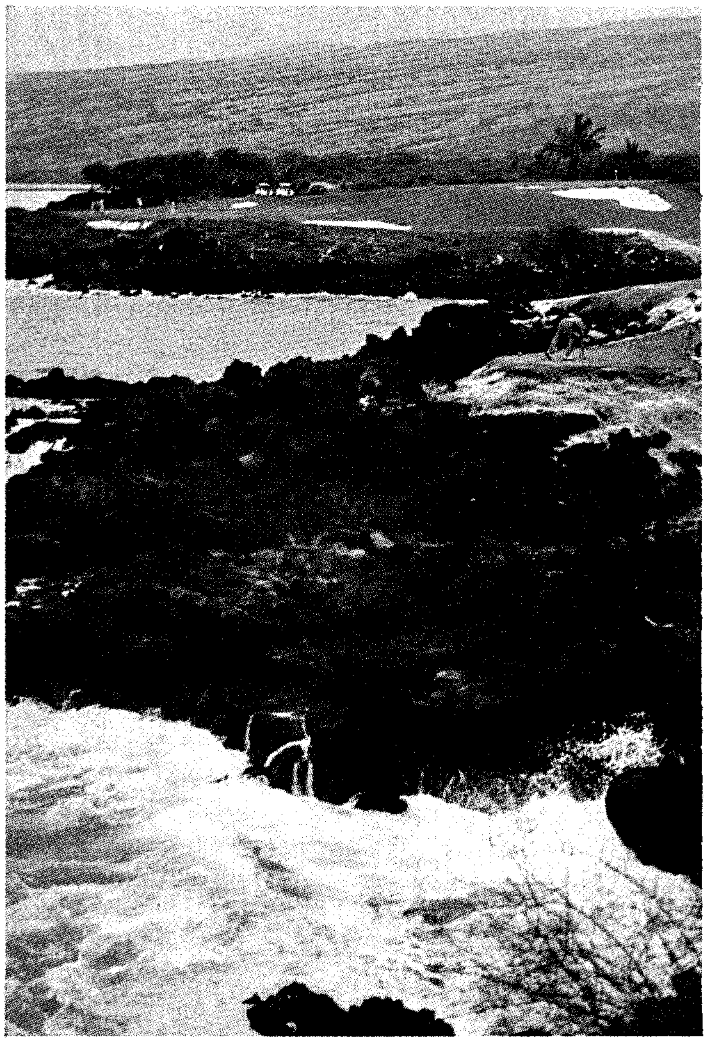

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MUSICAL EVENTS

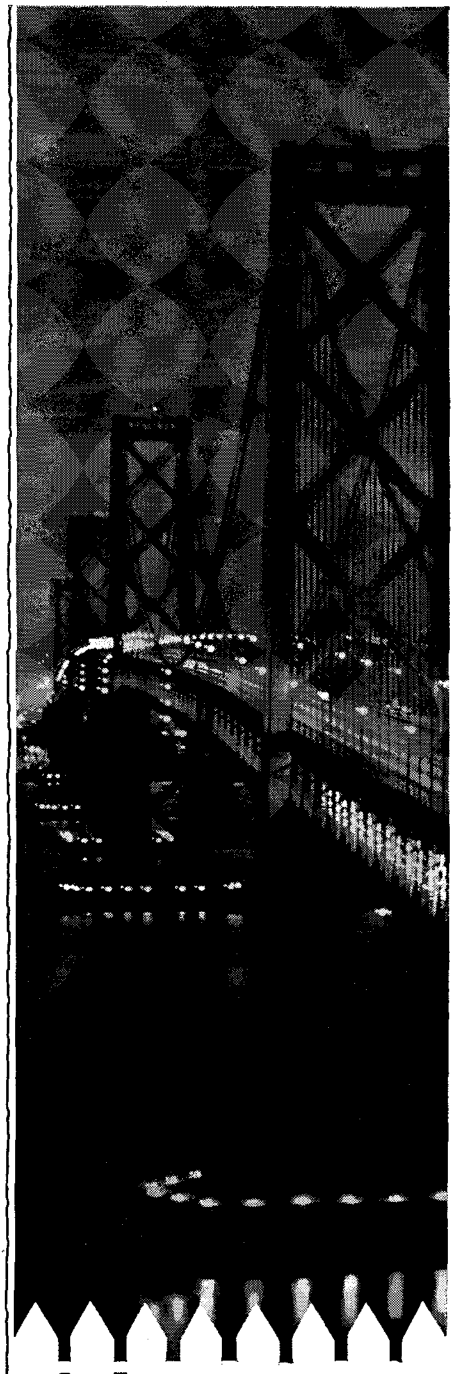
In the Beginning Was the Word

“Pelléas et Mélisande” is one of the two operas I can think of in which the composer has set a play word for word instead of hiring a librettist (the other is Strauss’s “Salome”). The words of “Pelléas” consequently take on great importance, as does the musical phraseology Debussy wrote to go with them. The projection of these words and of the subtleties of the score requires an immaculate sense of style. If this is lacking, “Pelléas” becomes more or less of a bore. The greatest “Pelléas et Mélisande” I have ever heard took place not so long ago—in 1962, in fact—under the baton of Ernest Ansermet at the Metropolitan Opera House. In some truly magical way, Ansermet managed to make the Debussy score shimmer without losing any of its strong structural framework, and since “Pelléas” is very much a conductor’s opera, the experience was a memorable one.

Last Wednesday evening, “Pelléas” was revived in a new production by the New York City Opera at the State Theatre. Great pains had been taken with this production, and if Julius Rudel’s handling of the score was not quite as memorable as Ansermet’s, it was at least sensitive and conscientiously worked out. The sets and costumes, by Lloyd Evans, lit by Hans Sondheimer, had just the right dreamlike atmosphere—portraying a vaguely medieval environment—and the thirteen short scenes, interrupted only by two intermissions, followed each other like a succession of episodes of some nocturnal fantasy. But this was only a fairly successful embodiment of Debussy’s strange, poetic music-drama, for it had a multitude of faults. The staging, by Frank Corsaro, was much too coarse a great deal of the time. One moment disturbed me greatly: when, in Scene 5, Mélisande lay on Golaud’s bed along with Golaud, in a sensual attitude that did not fit at all with her character. Mélisande is an almost sexless creature—a woodland sprite—and making her look as if she desired physical intimacies with Golaud as well as with Pelléas is wholly out of line. Whatever Mélisande is, she is no trollop.

The hero of the evening was that splendid baritone Louis Quilico, one of the finest Golauds I have ever heard or seen. His body and his movements had the robust, slightly rough quality that one associates with the role, he sang very well indeed, and every word of his French text was clearly heard across the footlights. André Jobin, who happens to be the son of the famous Canadian tenor Raoul Jobin, was the Pelléas. He is a handsome young man with a tenor voice that will, doubtless, someday bring him great acclaim. But his characterization of the role was a bit immature. To be sure, Pelléas is a mere youth, but as a rule only a mature man has the insight to do him justice. Not that Mr. Jobin’s Pelléas was awkward or ugly in any way. His voice is a powerful one and he sang well. But the extreme refinements of the role escaped him. Malcolm Smith made a magnificent Arkel, deep-toned and affectionately portrayed. Frances Bible was everything one could ask for in the comparatively minor role of Geneviève, and William Ledbetter and Don Yule were excellent in the very minor roles of the Shepherd and the Physician. For some reason, Mr. Corsaro cast the boy soprano Robert Puleo in the role of Yniold. This was a miscalculation. Debussy intended the role to be sung by a female soprano, with the assurance that such a soprano can bring to it. Mr. Puleo’s performance was faltering, poor in diction, and generally ineffective. And this brings us to Patricia Brooks as Mélisande. She sang well and looked the part, but her conception of the role was far too robust for the wraithlike creature who is the opera’s heroine. (This may, of course, have been the fault of Mr. Corsaro’s direction; it reached an apogee in the bedroom scene with Golaud.) One other aspect of her interpretation prevented her from being a satisfactory Mélisande, and this was her French enunciation. As I have remarked, in “Pelléas et Mélisande” the words are of prime importance. One simply could not make out any of the words Miss Brooks sang. The “Je ne suis pas heureuse,” which usually brings a titter from the audience, was cut, or else I didn’t recognize it. But then I didn’t understand anything else Miss Brooks sang, either.

American opera continues to be composed. No “Don Giovanni”s or “Otello”s arise out of it. But every once in a while an American composer creates a charming and viable



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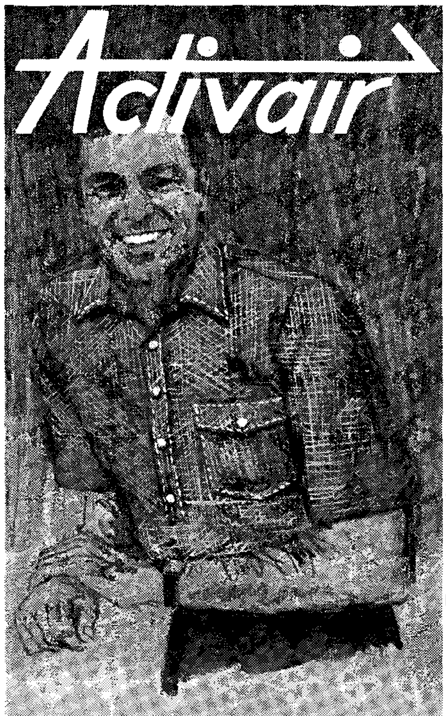

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product in this medium, and of late many such products have been first seen on television. Of all the American composers who are now engaged in writing opera, Jack Beeson is probably the most skillful. His "Lizzie Borden," which we heard several years ago, was certainly an artistic success. Last Wednesday night, N.E.T.'s TV Opera Theatre, under the direction of Peter Herman Adler, put on a television performance of Mr. Beeson's latest opera, "My Heart's in the Highlands," based on the William Saroyan play of the same title. It had been commissioned by N.E.T. As most theatregoers know, the play is an almost plotless affair about the family of a happy-go-lucky Armenian poet living in the grape country of California; a Slavic grocer who, despite a kind heart, likes to have his customers pay their bills; an aged actor, a frequent escapee from an old people's home, who likes to play the tune "My Heart's in the Highlands" on a cornet; and a little boy (the poet's son), through whose eyes most of the action is seen. The poet is staving off starvation, as poets are traditionally supposed to do, and refuses to take any other form of employment. Both he and his little son consider him to be the greatest poet in the world. But rejection slips from the *Atlantic Monthly* pile up. The grocer extends credit from time to time, against his better judgment, and is finally paid with poems. The escapee from the old people's home descends into this environment with the charisma of an avatar. Everybody is charmed by his playing on the cornet, and somehow good luck for the Armenian family seems to accompany his visits. He does not wish to return to the old people's home. Eventually, he dies in the home of the poet after singing the words of the death scene from "King Lear." Shortly thereafter, the Armenians are dispossessed, and take to the road. There is something about the lyric dialogue of Saroyan's Armenians that is admirably suited to operatic treatment, and Mr. Beeson's music is unpretentiously diatonic, tuneful, and, at times, witty, as when he quotes the trumpet call from Beethoven's "Fidelio," or creates a fugue on the tune of the title. I thought the camerawork rather uniform in its brightness, but that is probably that California sun. The closeups were always effective, and the singing and acting generally very good. The role of the little boy was sung by Gerard Harrington, a member of the Metropolitan Opera children's chorus, and that of his father by the burly Canadian tenor Alan Cro-

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foot. One role—that of the little boy's grandmother—is done entirely in Armenian, and this fell to Lili Chookasian, who certainly knows the language. Spiro Malas was superb as the kindly, angry-at-himself storekeeper, and Ken Smith made an unforgettable figure as Jasper MacGregor, the aged actor who gets out of the old people's home as often as he can. There are numerous lesser roles, including that of a black newsboy who is a remarkable whistler, done by Michael Ferguson. Another of these lesser roles was taken by Mr. Beeson himself. Altogether, "My Heart's in the Highlands" is a delightful little vignette, with music of considerable attractiveness. If you are wondering how I managed to see it the evening I saw "Pelléas et Mélisande," the answer is that I was present at a preview.

LAST Tuesday night, the Hartford Symphony came to Carnegie Hall with an extraordinarily ambitious program, presented under the baton of its regular conductor, Arthur Winograd. I have in the past praised the qualities of this orchestra, which is among the best-trained ones in the country. The program opened with Wagner's "Faust" Overture, continued with that bad-tempered and knotty Beethoven work, the Grosse Fuge, Opus 133, and concluded with Bruckner's Ninth Symphony. Every time I hear the Grosse Fuge, I am afraid I am not going to like it, and then I wind up at least not disliking it, and so it was this time. The Bruckner symphony got a rather straightforward, metronomic performance from Mr. Winograd. It is such a great work that it is bound to make an impression no matter how it is treated. But there were a number of technical flaws in this performance. The horns made errors from time to time, and a whole covey of first violins made a false entrance in their pizzicati toward the beginning of the scherzo. The phrase in the second clarinet at the letter "V" in the first movement—which I always listen for, because it is a mark of a distinguished performance—was audible but was not the graceful bit of punctuation it ought to have been. I think that Mr. Winograd may in time become a more elastic and understanding interpreter of this work. —WINTHROP SARGEANT

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ONWARD AND UPWARD IN THE GARDEN

KNOTS AND ARBOURS—AND BOOKS

A CERTAIN amount of snow and gloom of night managed to stay this courier from the swift completion of her December rounds, but March is a good time to talk and think about the world of the garden. By March, for those of us who live in the Northeast, the summer seed and plant orders are in. From Washington north to the Canadian border and east to Maine, the tender seedlings and plants raised in hotbeds, cold frames, or greenhouses must wait for that final snowstorm before being put into the ground. The gardener has finished his midwinter reading of Christmas gift books and laid his plans for new enterprises for the coming summer. It is time for him and for me to get out of our armchairs and take stock. My own reading of the ever-spreading flood of books related to gardens, flowers, and horticulture goes on throughout the year, and this winter it brought me up short with the question of why more of the books I happened to enjoy are of English origin. With a few shining exceptions, American "garden writers" are a drab lot. We publish each year an enormous number of books related to the garden, but except for our excellent reference books they are mostly how-to-do-it books offering advice—sometimes bad advice, sometimes good—or they are superficial and overexpensive de-luxe gift books of one sort or another that are bought for their color illustrations, their huge size, and their display value rather than for their text.

Unlike this country, England has since the Elizabethan Age regarded books that deal with horticulture and plants as a true branch of literature, and on that account has been rewarded by a long line of writers and illustrators, from the ancient herbalists on, whose books give pleasure not only to gardeners but to any other reader. The good books got written as early as the sixteenth century, when John Gerard's "The Herball, or Generall Historie of Plantes" was published in London in 1597, to be followed by John Parkinson's "Paradisi in Sole Paradisus Terrestris" in 1629. These two primitive doctors, of course, intended their books only as medical manuals, but both men raised their own herbs and flowers, and they are remembered less as early botanists and doctors than as the first of the writers whose books on the lyrical delights of the garden became a part of English literature and set a standard that English writers have tried to live up to. The same has been true of English botanical artists.

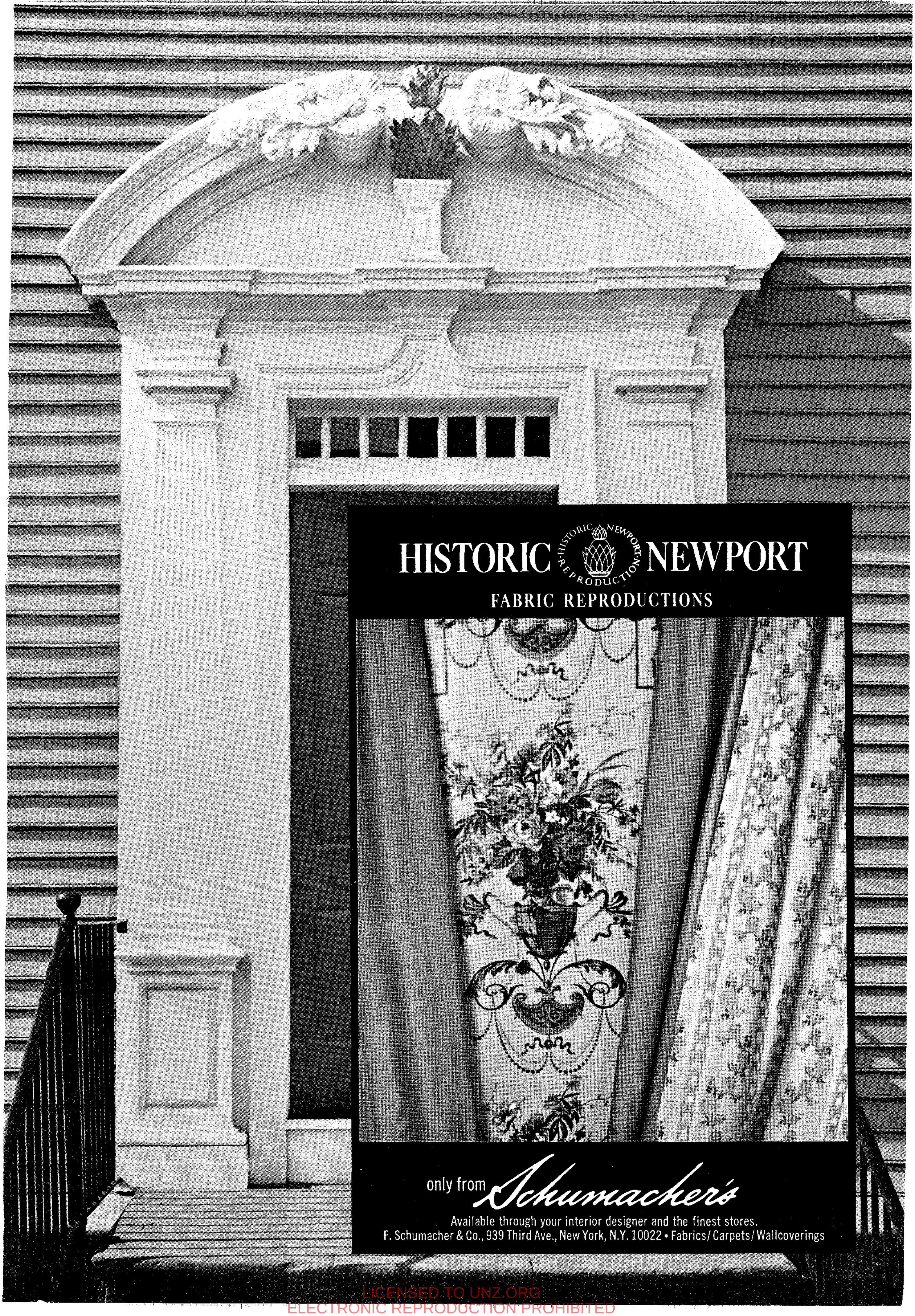
In spite of its then fashionable punning Latin title, the Parkinson book is written in English prose. The translation spells out the play on words: "Paradisi in Sole" (Park in Sun's), "Paradisus Terrestris" (Earthly Paradise). It is the book that centuries later engendered Juliana Horatia Ewing's sentimental children's book "Mary's Meadow," published in London in 1886 by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. In it, as I related two years back in these pages, a lonely family of flower-loving British children whose mother is sick and away from home come upon an old copy of the Parkinson book in their father's library and, inventing a game, give themselves flower or gardening names and various noble tasks to execute. The Ewing book reflects the staying power and charm of "Earthly Paradise," but Mrs. Ewing and her era, not Parkinson, must be held responsible for its sentimentality and moralistic overtones. Parkinson's was a far purer and more genuine delight in the natural world. The gardens of Elizabethan England were "physic" herb gardens, planted in elaborately patterned "knots and arbours." John Gerard was a "Master of Chirurgerie" and Warden of the Company of Barber-Surgeons; Parkinson was apothecary to the first King James and held the position of botanist under King Charles. They live on in history, however, as the first of the great writers in English who celebrated the importance of the garden, the flower, the plant.

THE WORLD IS ROOLED BY DOPS
Modell

There were other English herbalists, of course, writing both before and after Gerard and Parkinson and contemporaneously, and even the Celts are said to have had a primitive herbal, but the real golden era of the writers on horticulture covered the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James I, and their writing was the purest of Elizabethan prose. Nicholas Culpeper, a near contemporary, is often ranked as a writer of high importance, but because his herbal was governed by astrology, magic, and myth and because he was generally, I gather, a sourpuss in his first herbal and gave no credit to anyone since Galen, I shall not include him. For careful estimates of the virtues of Culpeper, Gerard, and Parkinson, I refer you to the last book in my list below—"Early American Gardens, 'For Meate or Medicine,' " by Ann Leighton.

It surprised me to discover that even in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries any new book aroused great controversies and charges of plagiarism. Gerard and Parkinson did not escape. In fact, they were in the thick of it, and the shenanigans of their publishers sound astonishingly like those of our own publishing houses, which, if one type of book is successful for a rival house, will immediately try to duplicate it with books of their own. Gerard, especially, was in a pickle. Claims were made, and are still made (cf. the Encyclopædia Britannica), that his herbal was lifted from one written in Flemish by Rembert Dodoens in 1554. I hope the editors of the newest edition of the Britannica will reread Gerard and study the evidence developed since their dismissal of him, forty years ago, in the fourteenth edition, which is the one I happen to own.

John Gerard was born in 1545 and died in 1612. He was fifty-two when his first and only book was published, and he was a practicing surgeon and a highly qualified general medical man



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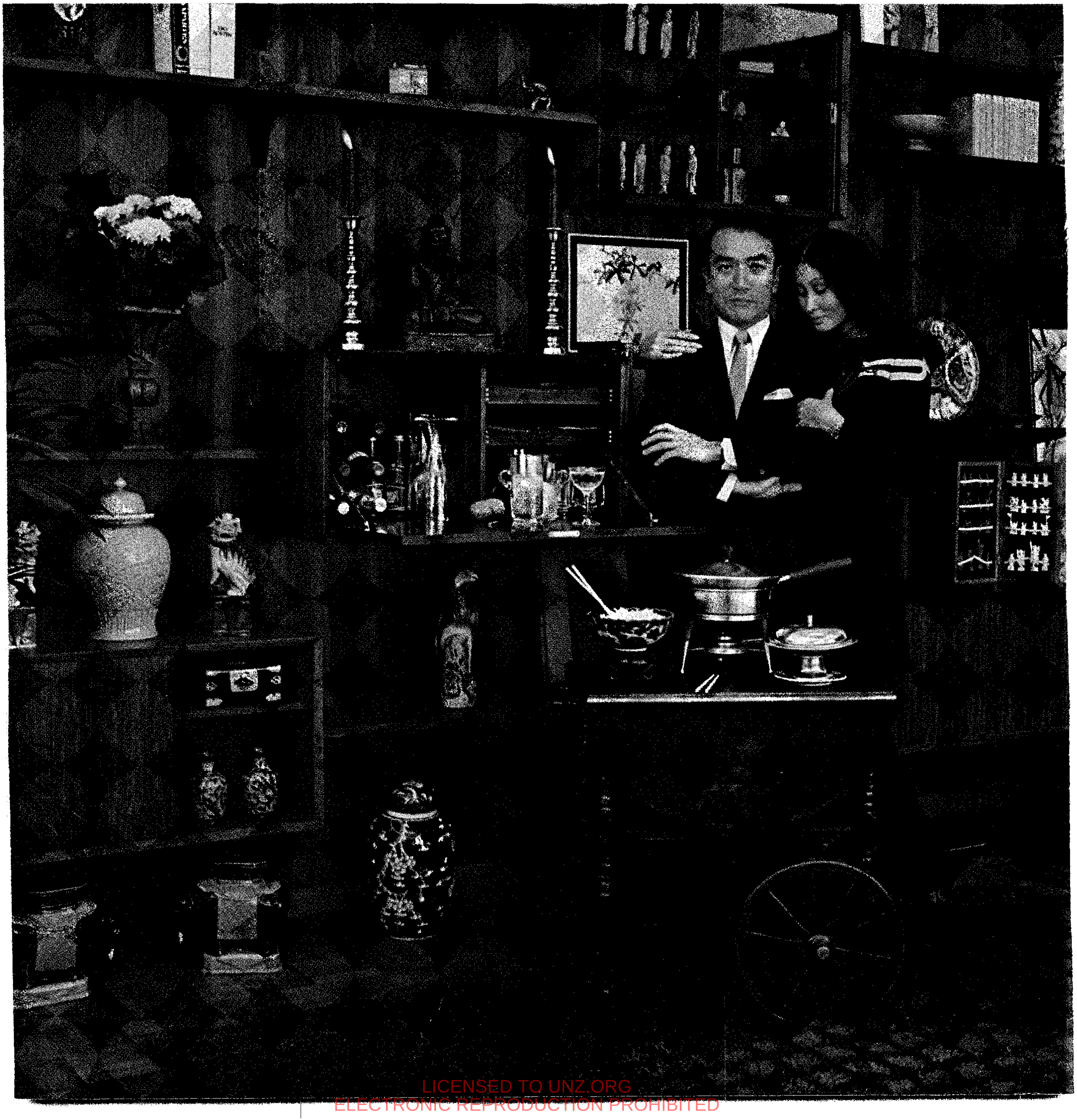

and botanist. He also superintended the large gardens of his patron, Lord Burghley, and tended his own little plot, to which he gave "especiall care and husbandry," in Holborn, where he was a neighbor of Shakespeare. For his own garden he assembled rare plants from fellow-gardeners and from friends who were plant collectors, and in his herbal he gives generous acknowledgment to each individual who helped him put together his own rare physic garden. Certainly Gerard did *borrow* from Dodoens' herbal, "Pemptades," which had been the chief medical reference book in Europe and England since its publication, but he probably felt no compulsion to admit the debt. He does admit his debt to others in his dedication of his book to Lord Burghley, saying that he has worked for twenty years on "the large and singular furniture of this noble Island" and that he has added "from forreine places all the varietie of herbes and floures that I might in any way obtaine." But Dodoens in turn had lifted from earlier German herbals and from the Greek and Roman herbals. And Gerard certainly wasn't borrowing from anybody when he wrote the following account of elecampane, quoted in Miss Leighton's book: "It groweth in meadows that are fat and fruitful; it is oftentimes found upon mountains, shadowie places that be not altogether drie; it groweth plentifully in the fields on the left hand as you go from Dunstable to Puddle Hill; also in an orchard as you go from Colbrook to Ditton ferry, which is the way to Windsor, and in sundry other places, as at Lidde, and Folkstone, neere to Dover by the sea side." He doubtless made his own "Generall Historie of Plantes" from his own garden of rarities and his plant collecting with the help of neighbors and friends. He enlarged this list from Dodoens' European list and other sources. Miss Leighton points out the amusing fact that if Gerard borrowed from Dodoens, John Milton in turn was a borrower from Gerard. When Adam is searching for

> Some tree whose broad smooth
>   leaves together sewed
> And girded on our loyne, may cover round
> Those middle parts

he and Eve go into the woods, "where soon they chose/ The Fig tree." The fig tree is "not that kind for Fruit renowned," and Milton's description of it comes straight from Gerard's description of the fruitless "Arched Indian Fig Tree."

The second edition of Gerard's

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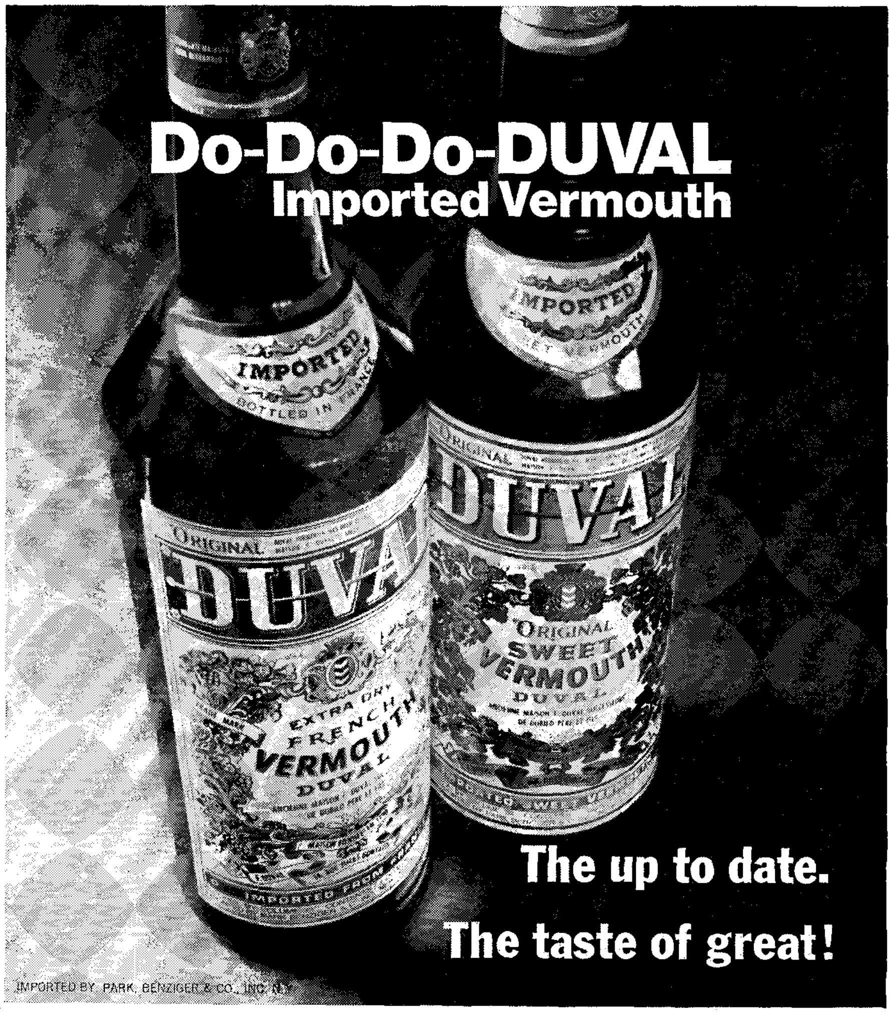
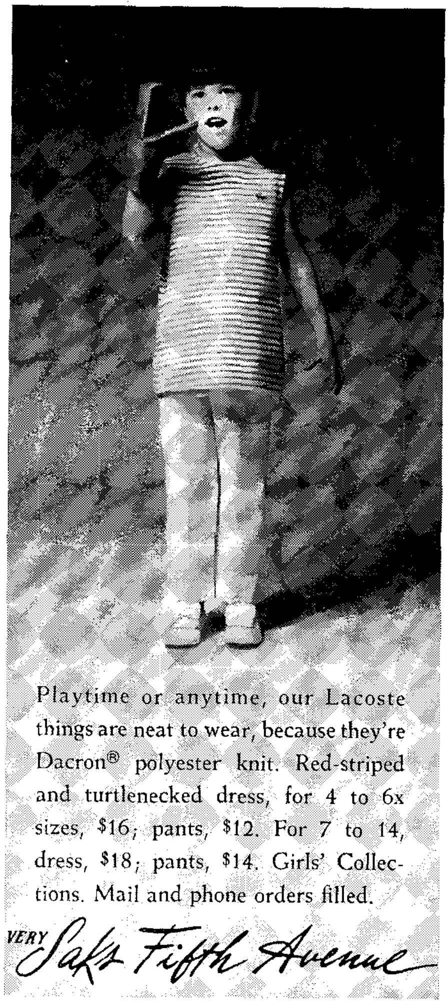


herbal, now commonly known as "Johnson-Upon-Gerard," was published in 1633, after Gerard's death. It was edited, corrected, and amplified by Thomas Johnson, an apothecary and thus a well-qualified botanist and herb man. At first, Johnson sounded to me like an opportunist, but the truth is that Gerard's original herbal was full of errors of identification, particularly in the illustrations. Without the assist from Thomas Johnson, Gerard's only book, so full of quotable, good writing, might never have survived. In one year's time and in a hurry, Johnson revised Gerard's herbal in order to have it published before the work of Parkinson's old age—a ponderous medical book titled "Theatrum Botanicum, An Herbal of Large Extent." Johnson's life was short. He was a Royalist and died of a wound while fighting for the King against Cromwell. Ten copies of "Johnson-Upon-Gerard" arrived in America with the early New England settlers.

It must not be forgotten that these men lived in one of those extraordinary periods in history when men of genius and wisdom are men who can *write.* A parallel could be made with the birth of this republic. The words of the Declaration of Independence ring in our ears today. The words of those gifted Americans who, after long, slow journeys, arrived in Philadelphia in 1787 to draw up a constitution for the newborn republic—these words are our most precious heritage. Written, not spoken, language is what counts and what endures. A closer parallel could be made with the period of Dioscorides, whose herbal, "De Materia Medica," written in 50 A.D., was the only medical botanical reference book available to doctors during the Dark Ages. There were other writers in ancient history who studied plants and nature and wrote herbals. Theophrastus, a pupil of Aristotle, wrote his "Enquiry into Plants" in the great days of Athens, three centuries before Christ; the elder Pliny wrote an herbal in the first century A.D., and the younger Pliny's letter on the delights of the natural world is one of the great pieces of nature writing that have survived. But for this first golden era of the herbal I shall instead commend to you Miss Leighton's introductory chapters, Chapter 1 of Buckner Hollingsworth's "Flower Chronicles," on herbals, and her valuable bibliography for this book.

The three herbals by Gerard, Parkinson, and Culpeper had three different illustrators. Most of the plant pictures in Gerard's are from wood-block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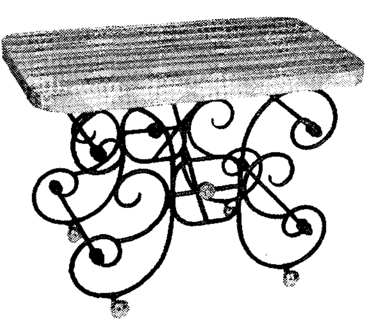

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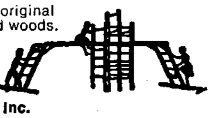

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prints now generally attributed to a German artist named Bergzabern, who signed them with a Latinized version of his German name, Tabernaemontanus—a clumsy signature for an artist if ever there was one. His pictures are delightful—by far the best, as art, of the illustrations for the three herbals. They add greatly to Gerard's felicitous text. The illustrations for Parkinson are insignificant as art and oversimplified botanically, but are more helpful for the identification of plants than Bergzabern's. Culpeper's illustrations are the most realistic of all and are pleasant to look at but not distinguished. All herbalists seem to have borrowed their illustrations from earlier herbals. How many still earlier borrowings there were along the line it is impossible to know. The majority of the illustrations of plants in the Leighton book are taken from the Gerard herbal, and you can see why they enhanced Gerard's mixture of medicine, gardening, and joy. Gerard is universally credited with being the first herbalist ever to publish a picture of a potato. A portrait of the author in his book shows him in what I suppose was the formal dress of an Elizabethan doctor. He wears a ruff, puffed sleeves, a pleated waistcoat, and in his hand he holds a specimen of a Virginia potato plant.

Gerard lifts from Dodoens. Milton lifts from Gerard. Bergzabern lifts from Fuchs. I, at this late date, make use of the research done by Mrs. Hollingsworth and Miss Leighton and others. What are books for, anyway, if not to be absorbed and used?

AMONG the garden writers of the Elizabethan Age, Francis Bacon, a contemporary of Gerard and Parkinson, cannot be omitted, if only because his forty-sixth essay, "Of Gardens," must have been far more widely read in England when James was on the throne than any of the new herbals. It and his preceding essay, "Of Building," a companion piece, were addressed to the King and were doubtless written to advance the author's political ambitions, which were doing better under James than under Elizabeth. The two essays describe a grandiloquent dream garden and palace possible only for a monarch of limitless wealth. Nevertheless, it does come through strongly that Bacon, like almost every other Englishman, knew and loved gardens and must have had one of his own: "God Almighty first planted a garden. And, indeed, it is the purest of human pleasures. It is the

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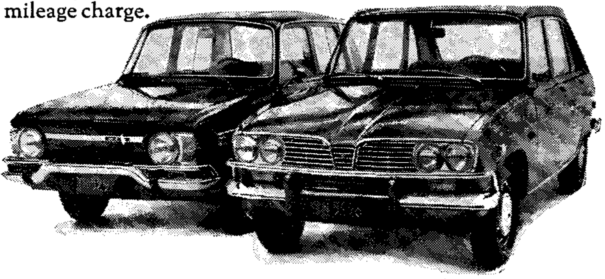

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greatest refreshment to the spirits of man, without which buildings and palaces are but gross handyworks." He goes on to describe a garden of thirty acres divided into three parts; the central plot, a mere twelve acres, was to be pleasant to the eye every month of the English year. Fountains, lawns, trees, alleys, ornaments, vistas, turrets, and towers, but always, too, the humble flowers of a home garden Bacon himself might have grown. Under "April" he lists "the double white violet, the wallflower, the stock gilliflower, the cowslip, flower-de-lices, and lilies of all natures, rosemary flowers, the tulip, the double peony, the pale daffodil, the French honeysuckle, the cherry tree in blossom," and other blossoming fruit trees and the lilac. The essay on gardens is not one of Sir Francis's best efforts, and certainly not one of his better-known or most-quoted essays. Although he was a garden lover and a moralist, he was far from admirable. He spent the last five years of his life in disgrace, after twenty-three charges of corruption were brought against him. He was committed to the Tower, only to be released a few days later by the king he had served so well. During Elizabeth's reign, he was out of favor, and his earlier patron, Lord Essex, lost his head—by order of the Queen. But it might soften our memory of a queen who ruthlessly beheaded her enemies if we remember that Elizabeth, in the autumn of 1555, before she came to the throne, went down to Hatfield and planted a row of trees, some of which were still going in the early years of this century.

Bacon, in his essay titled "Of Studies," which is the first chapter in the first edition of his "Essays," published in 1597, wrote, "Reading maketh a full man," but he also said, "Some bookes are to bee tasted, others to bee swallowed, and some few to bee chewed and disgested." A conscientious book reviewer must actually read all the new books, but most of us can follow Sir Francis's sensible advice. I regret that in the list of recent garden books that follows only a few fall into the chew-and-disgest category:

Wild Flowers of the United States, Volume 3, Texas, by Harold W. Rickett, in Parts 1 and 2, boxed, of the New York Botanical Garden's in-progress series, edited by William C. Steere, with color photographs, line drawings, and diagrams (McGraw-Hill; thirty-nine dollars and fifty cents). This volume of this massive enterprise—to photograph, identify, classify botanically, and describe for easy identification by amateurs the wild flowers of the United States—is the most surprising and probably the most valuable to botanists and amateurs alike of the ones thus far published. Texas, because of its size, its highly varied climates and soils, and its influx of Mexican tropical flora along the southern border, has more species of wild flowers than any other state. It has, however, been laggard in the scientific recording of its flora. Thus, some of the flowers described in Dr. Rickett's admirable text, and reproduced in excellent color, appear for the first time in a general reference book. Sensibly, he has not followed strict taxonomic rules for his grouping of plants under genera and species but has grouped them for ease of identification. The Million-Dollar Book, which is what Volume 1 was called, as the first of the series designed to cover the entire country, is now on its way to becoming a multi-million-dollar enterprise. Texas money helped finance this third volume, and if this important series is to be completed, other states and other benefactors will have to help. The color photographs are the best yet in the series. Cactuses, which we think of when we think of Texas, are—except for a few small ones—excluded, because they are flowering woody plants, not wild flowers, but look at the beautiful color page of Yuccas! Best of all are the exquisite photographs of delicate flowers a non-Texan has never seen the likes of.

Wild Flowers of Connecticut, by Dr. John E. Klimas, Jr. (published for the State of Connecticut Audubon Society by Walker), and Wild Flowers of North Carolina, by William S. Justice and C. Ritchie Bell (University of North Carolina Press). Local field guides of wild flowers are an important adjunct to the comprehensive tomes like Harold Rickett's "Texas," if only because by the time one brings home an unknown flower it is usually shattered beyond recognition and identification. One by one, the states are bringing out state field guides of their native species and of flowers that have escaped from gardens and gone wild. Pocket guides that are even more limited and local proliferate. There is a great difference in the quality and usefulness of these small books, as these two will show. "Wild Flowers of Connecticut" is a pretty little pocket piece, but its title

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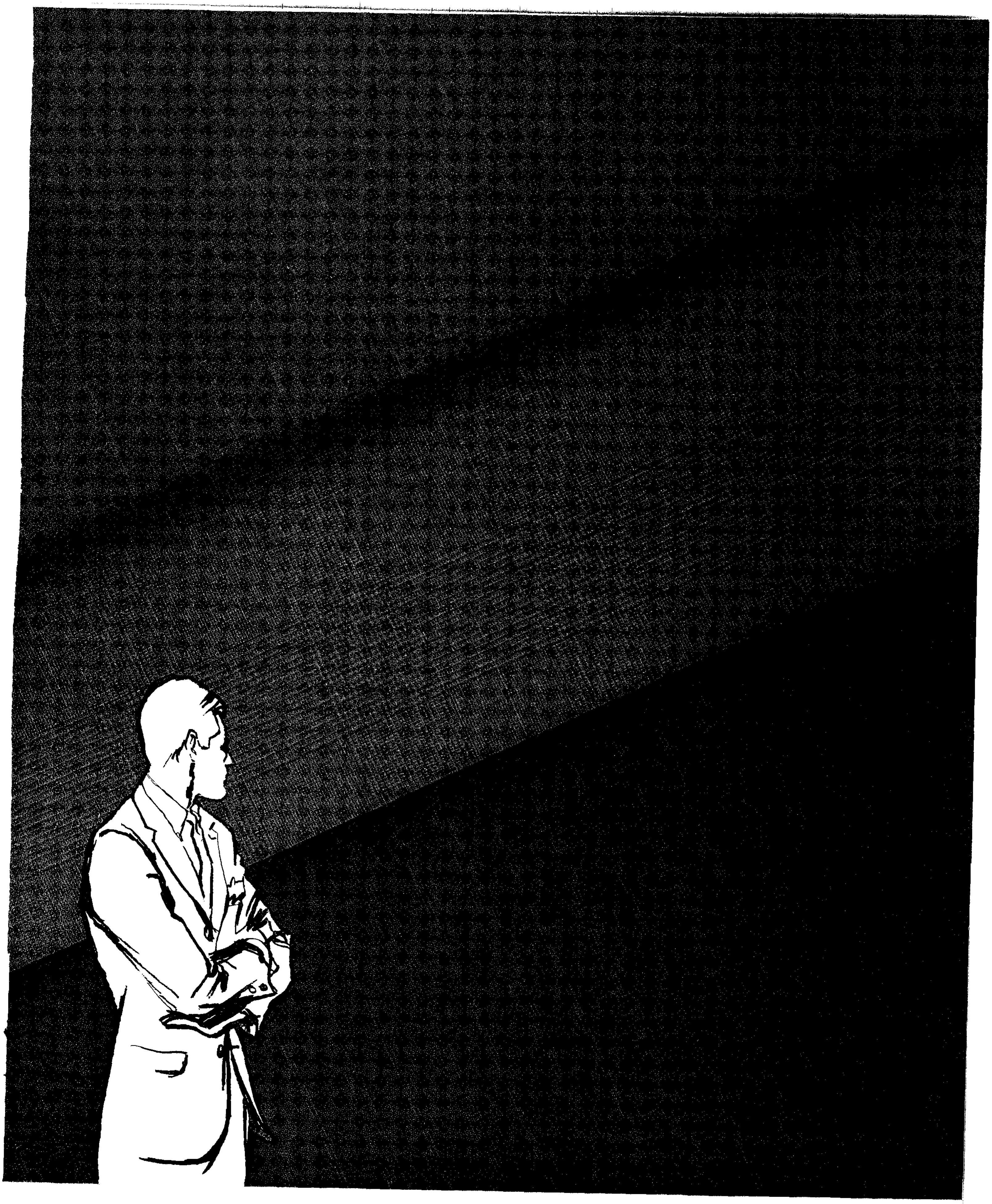

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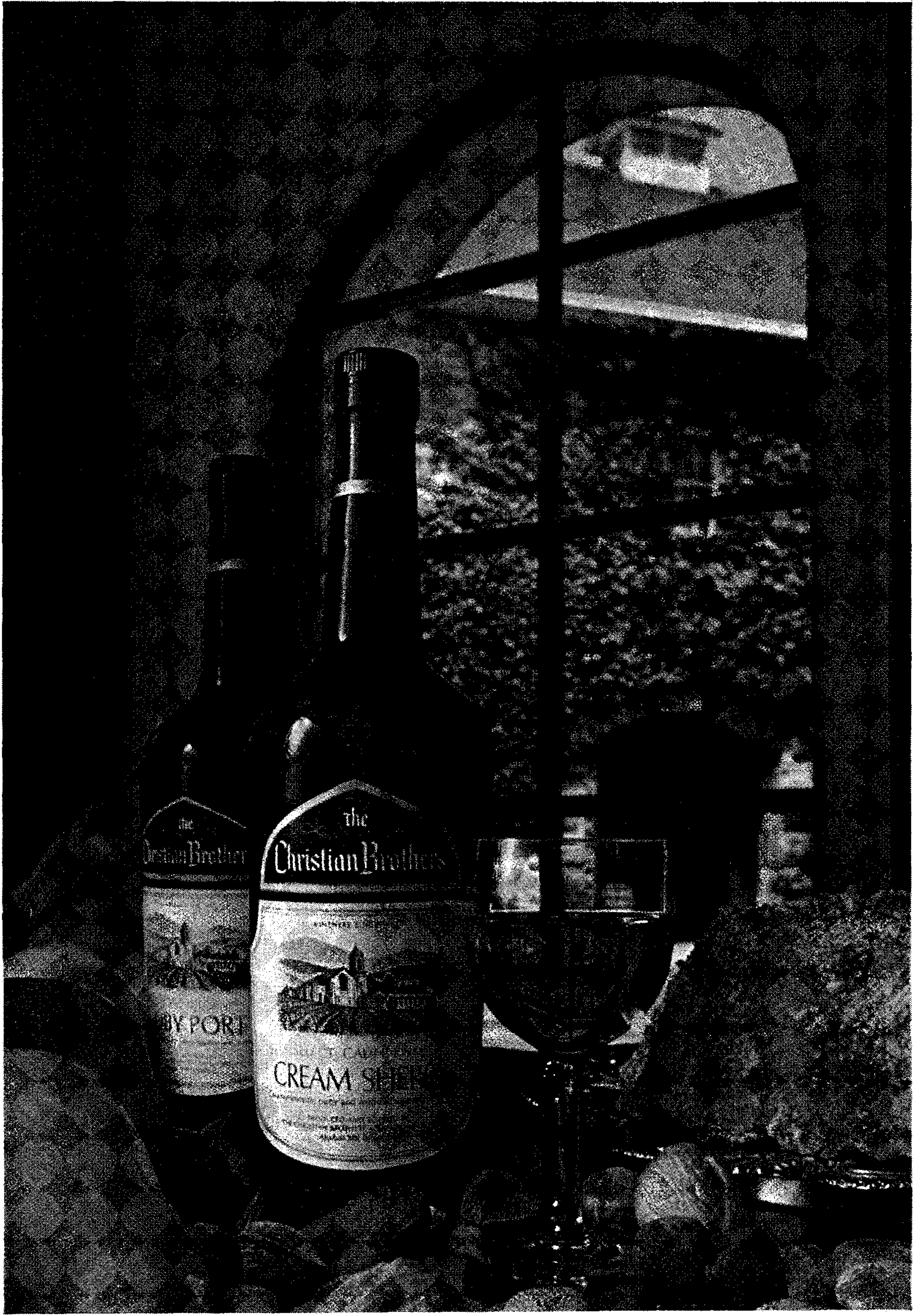

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should have been "Wild Flowers to Be Found in the Larsen Audubon Sanctuary, Fairfield, Connecticut." The ninety-six flowers listed were all studied and photographed within the hundred and ten acres of the Sanctuary. Connecticut is not a big state, but its terrain is varied—hills, bluffs, fertile river valleys, and coastline. The wild flowers listed in the little book are by no means representative of the state, and the list omits many of the commonest and showiest of Connecticut's wild flowers. The guide is organized merely to aid the casual visitor to the Sanctuary and to engage his interest in wild flowers as well as in birds. The flowers are, sensibly, grouped by color and by season, but the color photographs, two inches square, are far too small for ease of identification and, worse, are confusing because too many of them show only details of a flower instead of the whole flower stalk against its natural background. (I was even fooled into thinking that I had come on a brand-new flower by the handsome color photograph of a small section of the inflorescence of a cardinal flower.) The illustrations are separated from the descriptive text, which is always an annoyance. All this is too bad, for the color reproduction is good (no acid greens) and Dr. Klimas's commentaries and descriptions are top-notch—well written, and just that relaxed blend of science, myth, legend, and odd fact that is right for the average amateur like me. A statewide Connecticut guide, though, has yet to be published. "Wild Flowers of North Carolina" is a heavier, bigger book, but not so big or heavy as to be a burden in the capacious pockets of a hunting jacket. The book could be a model for any state field guide. The photographer, Dr. Justice, is given top billing, and his four hundred remarkable full-color photographs set the format of the book. They range from three-quarters of a page down to two-by-three-inch pictures not only of wild flowers but of wild flowering vines, shrubs, and trees. All the plants are growing in their natural habitat, and most of the pictures are of the whole plant rather than of a detail, except when the detail is the chief point in quick identification. Right next to its picture by Dr. Justice is its description by Dr. C. Ritchie Bell, of the University of North Carolina, whose prose is non-technical but does not

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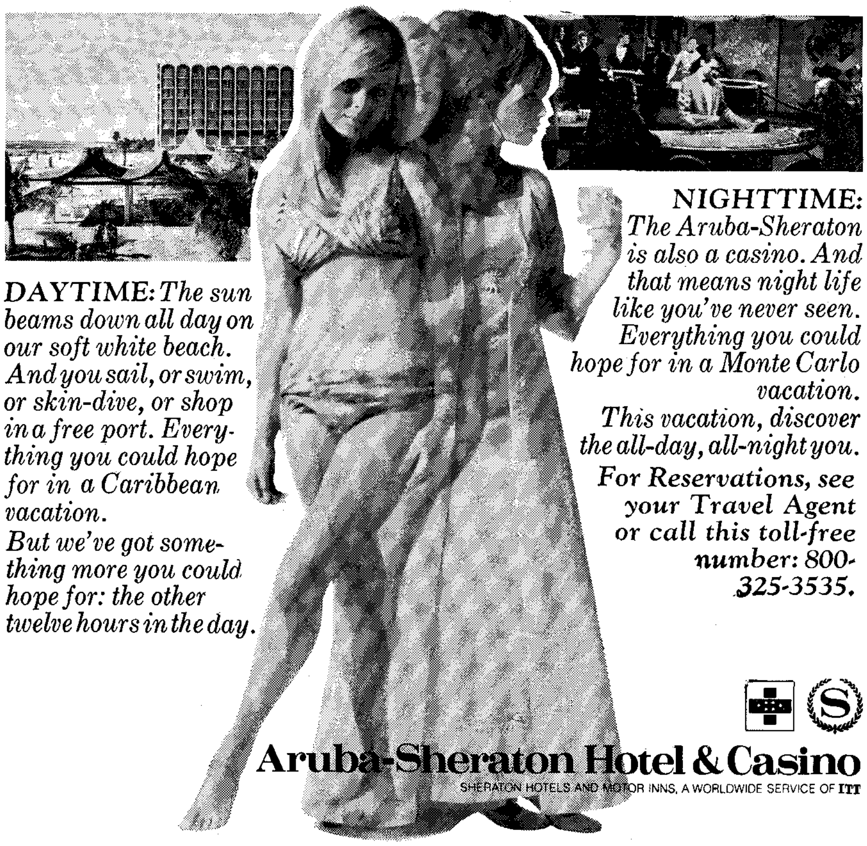

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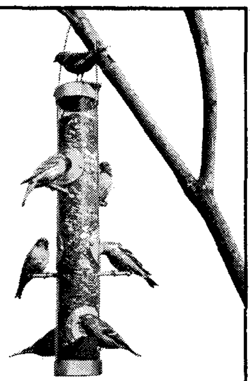
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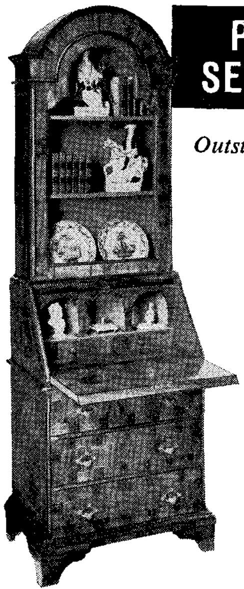
talk down. Dr. Justice, a surgeon, has found time to become an excellent color photographer and field botanist. If there is a fault in the book, it is in the color reproduction, for some of the woodland greens are too blue. There are a good introduction, a brief, elementary botanical foreword, charts, diagrams, a map, and so on—everything a student or an amateur needs to know. North Carolina has its mountains, piedmont, and coastal plain, and this book is comprehensive enough to be useful in much of the Central Atlantic area, which covers eight other states, from Delaware to Georgia and from the coast to Kentucky.

The World of the Japanese Garden, from Chinese Origins to Modern Landscape Art, by Loraine Kuck, with forty-four color photographs by Takeji Iwamiya, and one hundred and fifty-six black-and-white photographic plates (Walker; seventeen dollars and fifty cents). This unusual book is my nomination for the most beautiful of the big, expensive garden books listed here. Takeji Iwamiya is Japan's leading color photographer, and his color plates are bright and airy, or cool and dark, and all of them are haunting. (This is a book about Japanese gardens, ancient and modern—*not* about Japanese flower arrangement.) The Japanese artificial garden of raked sand, pebbles, stones, pools, and flowering shrubs has its symbolism for the Japanese, but in our small cities and the crowded suburbs of our big cities it has proved to be practical as a minimum-upkeep substitute for a lawn, and any attempt to introduce the symbolism of Japanese *gardens* can be forgotten. On the other hand, only a scattering of homes in the United States make good backgrounds for symbolic Japanese flower *arrangements*, which lose their meaning without the ritual and symbolism of each carefully placed leaf or flower and the hallowed niche in which they are displayed. Miss Kuck's readable text traces the Japanese garden back to its Chinese origins and becomes, indirectly, a history of Japan itself. Printed in Japan, the book in format and illustration makes some of the big picture books printed in England or France, with their usual excellent color plates, look almost heavy-handed.

The Color Dictionary of Flowers and Plants, for Home and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GARDEN, by Roy Hay and Patrick M. Synge (published by Crown in collaboration with the Royal Horticultural Society; fifteen dollars). A color dictionary of flowers and plants is a new idea, and this big volume, published first in England, was the handsomest garden book of 1969. Two thousand and forty-eight plants, including some trees and shrubs, are shown in color photographs two and a half inches square, eight of them centered on a page, leaving wide margins for Latin names, English variety and familiar names, and numbers that key each picture to the dictionary section of the book, where the plant or tree is briefly described. In addition, there is an excellent section of cultural notes. The photographs sparkle and glow and are a delight to study. Yet with all this comprehensiveness, care, and beauty, an American gardener lusting to buy, say, the seed of "*Dianthus*, 'Warrior' (Border)"—the last word meaning that it is a hardy border pink—or a balled-and-burlapped and ready-to-set-in-the-ground Silver Fir tree with blue-mauve cones (*Abies forrestii*) would be hard put to it to know where to make his purchase. This gardener, who collects catalogues and grows her garden pinks from English seed, has never happened to see the seed of *Dianthus*, "Warrior" (Border) or the Silver Fir tree with blue cones in any American or English catalogue. Britons may know where to obtain these treasures; what the book lacks, for American readers, is a list of sources of supply, in both England and the United States. George Kalmbacher, taxonomist of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, was the consultant for the American edition, and in his foreword he hopes that this work will accelerate the "international interchange of materials." His only advice to Americans is to ask their County Agent or State Agricultural Experiment Station whether the plant they want is suitable for the climate zone in which they live. But where to *send* for a plant, tree, or seed? Well, buy the book and have a good time dreaming. Many of the color photographs do carry names common to both countries, especially in the Dutch-bulb section, but many do not.

SHAKESPEARE'S FLOWERS, by Jessica Kerr, with color illustrations by Anne Ophelia Dowden (Crowell). The author is Irish, and the illustrator, although American, might

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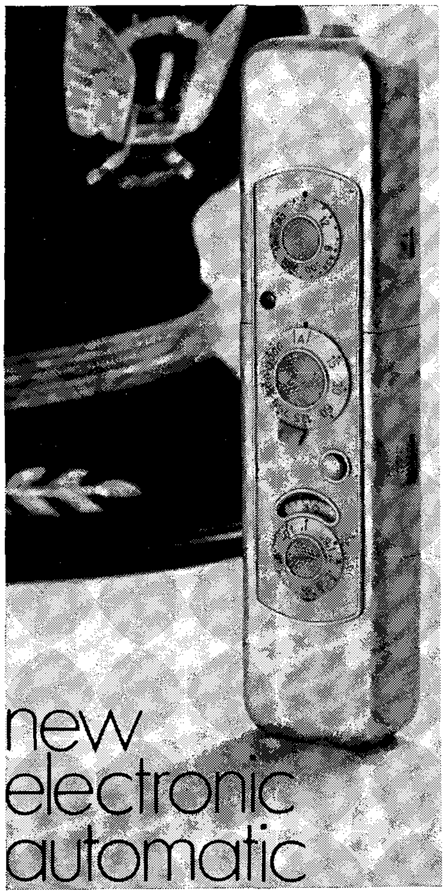

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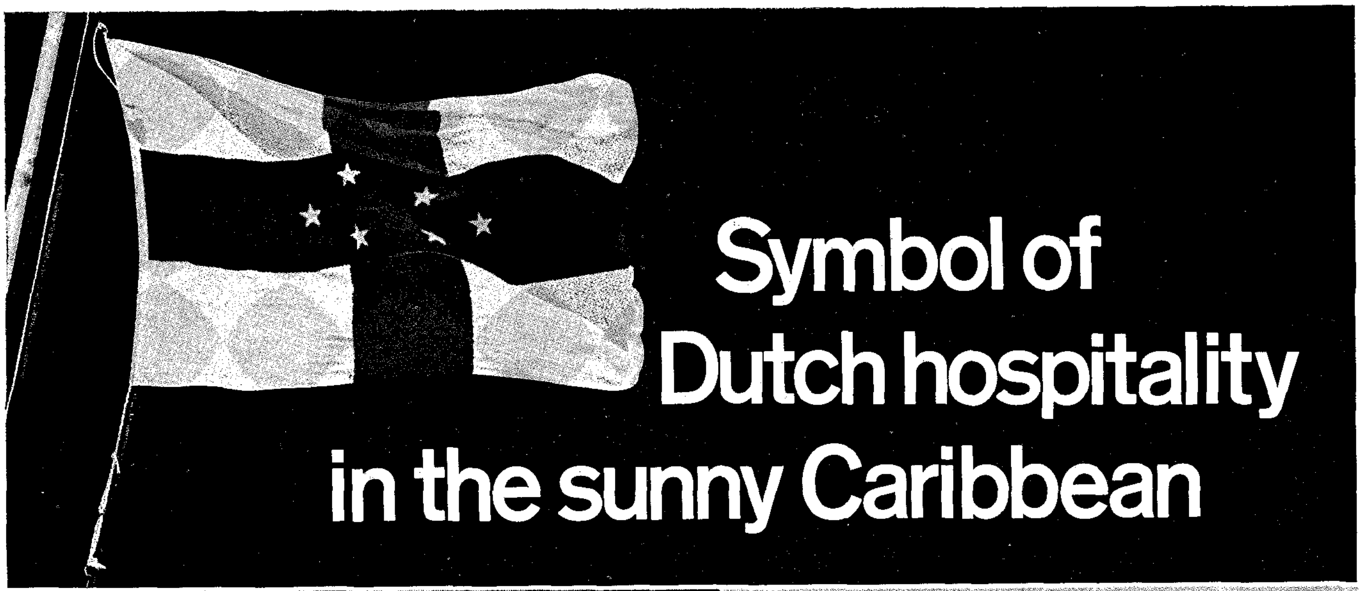
just as well be English as far as the style of her flower portraits goes. Her luminous and precise watercolors, near to perfect in reproduction, remind one of Graham Thomas's delightful watercolor illustrations for his own enduring books, or the color plates in "The Oxford Book of Wild Flowers," except that they have more polish. The publishers label the book for "ages 12 and up." It would be a rare American twelve-year-old who knows the Shakespeare songs and plays or the differences between the English and American familiar flower names well enough to read the book without help. It is, however, a perfect book to read aloud to a bookish, flower-loving child by someone who could help transfer Shakespeare's "cowslip bells," "lady-smocks," and "cuckoo-buds" first into the current English familiar names and next into the American equivalents. This slender volume is the best of the many books on Shakespeare's flowers I have encountered. Most of the others are either scholarly and dull or sentimental and amateurish. The book is backed by well-concealed scholarly research by both author and illustrator. The prose is relaxed and entertaining, and the watercolor plates are delicious. All in all, an exquisite brief book for adults, with a bibliography, helpful indexes of Latin and British familiar plant names, and scene and line references to the plant passages in the plays and poems. Shakespeare was equally fond of garden flowers, wildlings, weeds, herbs, and trees, all of which are covered here in text and picture. Too bad the American edition could not have added a glossary to translate the English familiar names of marigold into our calendula, cowslips into primroses, and so on, and to explain our own confusing regional differences in familiar plant names.

Flower Decoration in European Homes, by Laurence Buffet-Challié, with forty-one color plates and eighty-seven black-and-white photographs of flower arrangements done by Jacques Bédat (Morrow; fourteen dollars and ninety-five cents). Did you know that a flower arrangement showing a "Sylvania Sunlamp with flowers and fruit expresses peace and contentment in the home"? Neither did I. A review in a Southern newspaper of a book titled "Interpretive Flower Arrangements" assures us that this is so, and says that the author, Nelda H. Brandenburger, gives us "easy directions for expressing any emotions" and tells "how to win prizes on many subjects." Gardeners who have no interest in winning prizes but take pleasure in bringing flowers into their homes and putting them into vases, whether carelessly or carefully, and who are disenchanted with the current books on flower arranging that contain just such grotesqueries as the Sylvania Sunlamp may enjoy Buffet-Challié's expensive book of so-called traditional European arrangements. In Europe and Scandinavia, it seems, bouquets are for decoration of the home and do not try to interpret a theme or be symbolic. How refreshing! The book is of a size and a format that classify it as one of the "big beautifuls," or gift books, but in this case the color photographs and the arrangements themselves lack charm and originality, and few of them are actually shown in people's houses. M. Bédat's style is too modern and "arranged" to be "traditional." The American title of the book leads one to expect traditional arrangements in homes by many European Constance Sprys. It is the text that matters here, once the author has finished with how to put flowers in a vase with all the modern props and gadgets.

Flowers in the Garden, by Dorothy Jacob (Taplinger). Mrs. Jacob, the author of "A Witch's Guide to Gardening," which is a lively brew of legend, myth, folklore, and literary scholarship, has now written a very different sort of book—her account of seventy years of down-to-earth planning and growing of gardens, intermingled with memories of her family and reflections on the glories and sorrows of her native England. She divides the book into four sections: "Spring 1889–1914," "Summer 1915–1937," "Autumn 1938–1958," "Winter 1959–," which last means to 1968, when the book was first published, in England. While it is not one of those literary masterpieces on gardening that British writers quite often used to achieve, the book is so sincere, so personal, and so full of the observations of a practical yet reflective gardener that no one who feels that gardens and trees and home landscaping go far beyond the plants involved will want to miss it. The First World War and postwar chapters are particularly poignant, as are the author's struggles to garden elaborately without adequate help



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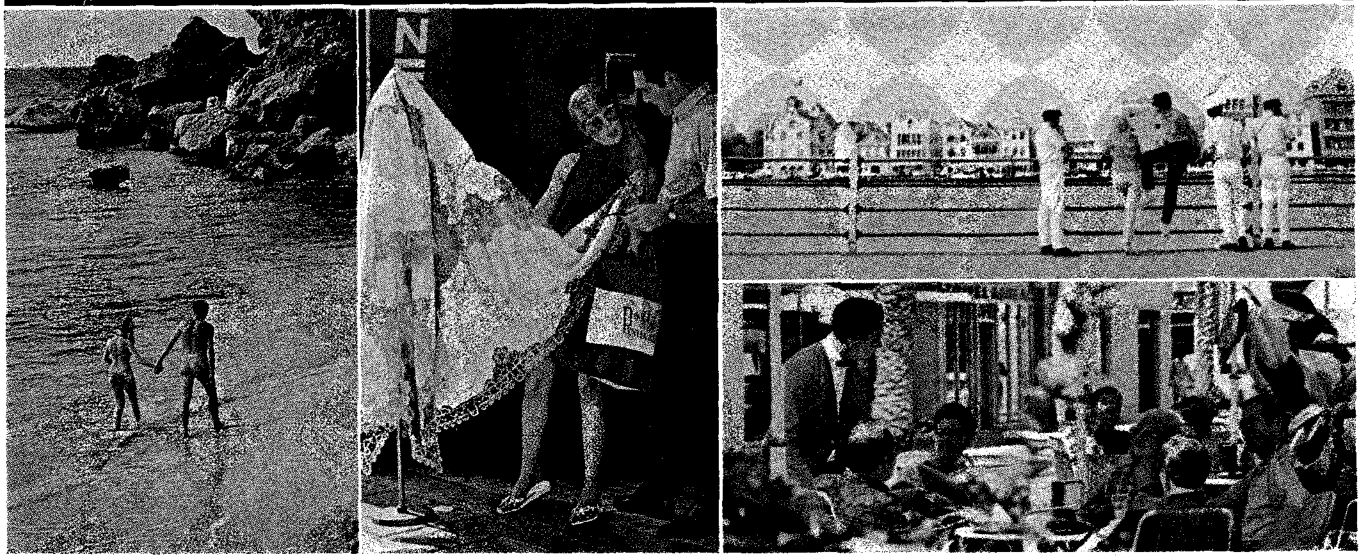

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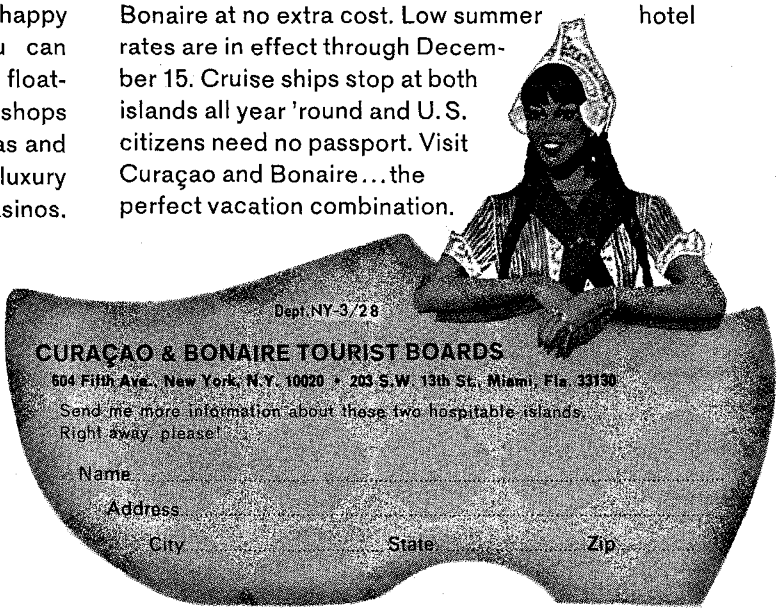

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BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKIES, 86 PROOF. THE JOS. GARNEAU CO., NEW YORK, N.Y. © 1969 when she was a widow in what she calls Heartbreak Hall, a castellated Tudor mansion with thirteen acres of garden and park, and then in Comfort Corner, a farmhouse with only a half acre of garden. I cannot always agree with her ideas on landscaping, especially as they are shown in the dim photographic illustrations, or even with some of her gardening advice (extreme neatness and no casualness), or with her taste in planting flowerbeds, but I do share her dislike for dahlias and her interest in garden history and her bad gardening habit of overexpansion. The book is best summed up by saying that I can't think of a pleasanter circumstance than to have the practical and thoughtful Mrs. Jacob, now in her eighties, as a next-door neighbor and friend.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST'S GARDEN BOOK (Atheneum). If you want a garden book that is notable for the verve and high style of its writing and for its near-to-professional knowledge of botany and horticulture, turn to this anthology, unless you already own the four collections of garden notes drawn from the author's weekly garden columns in the London *Observer* between 1947 and 1961. The book is an anthology of the four previous anthologies, the very idea of which filled me with misgiving. Oddly, it works. The selections have been astutely chosen by Philippa Nicolson, the author's daughter-in-law, and arranged not in chronological order but by chapters for each month of the year. (All good gardeners are forever remembering past errors or dreaming ahead to next year's plantings.) Miss Sackville-West grew up in the great landscaped acres of Knole, but she had no interest in gardens until she married Harold Nicolson, so in this book he is a presence behind the scene. He was responsible for the layout of paths, hedges, and walls, and he was a partner in all her gardens. Her highly unconventional gardening ways—first, and briefly, at Long Barn, and for the rest of her life at Sissinghurst Castle—are fascinating. Let not the "stately homes" alarm you. Mrs. Nicolson was the least snobbish and least careful of gardeners. Her sensible garden experiments give the average amateur a new idea per page, but the book can be read for the pure pleasure of its prose style. Her daughter-in-law has said it best: "She was a romantic, and

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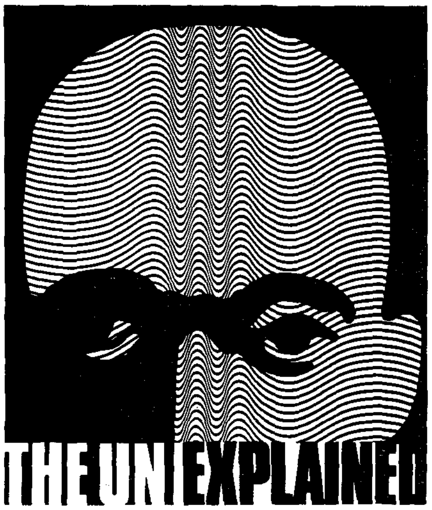
yet she was very practical; she was experimental, and yet she respected tradition; she was literary, but she wrote from knowledge, not from books. . . . The first principle was ruthlessness. You must never retain for a second year what displeased you in the first. . . . She was the opponent of too much tidiness." There should be more gardeners like her—eccentric, didactic, ruthless. The last of her notes were written a year before her death, in 1962, and no one has yet appeared to take her place. Beautiful photographic illustrations in both color and black-and-white.

COMMON OR GARDEN, by Tyler Whittle (Heinemann, London; sixty-three shillings). In his earlier "Some Ancient Gentlemen," the author, a knowledgeable and often witty English broadcaster and garden writer with a literary turn of mind, gave promise of carrying on from where Geoffrey Taylor, another Englishman, left off, in 1952, with those two enduring, charming, and learned but non-pedantic little books—"The Victorian Flower Garden" and "Some Nineteenth-Century Gardeners." Mr. Whittle's new book does not fulfill that promise. It is less unified than "Some Ancient Gentlemen," and there is more sense of effort in his humor and some repetition of ideas, themes, and stories—inevitable for broadcasts, perhaps, but not necessary in books. It is, even though a bit flibbertigibbety, far more readable than the standard American garden book. Mr. Whittle takes one all over the map of Europe—sometimes as plant explorer, sometimes as tourist, sometimes as renter of Italian villas. The book is replete with advice, horticultural history, bright ideas, and entertaining anecdotes. He is especially amusing on the lunacy of fanatic gardeners. His anecdote about Walter Savage Landor is just one example. Landor, enraged by an indifferent dinner served by his cook in an upstairs dining room in Florence, threw the cook out the second-story window. Struck by horror at his act, but with never a thought of the man writhing on the ground with broken bones, Landor cried, "My God! I had forgotten the violets!" Mr. Whittle writes of the United States, too, and his facts and names are often inaccurate. Wallace Stevens was *not* a "Pennsylvanian poet." We do *not* visit "The New York Botanic Garden" in the Bronx. And so on. Contrasting the "Great Glass Houses" of



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Arthur C. Clarke, author of "2001," comments. Startling probes include the mysteries of space, hypnosis, ESP, the human brain, animal communications, plant behavior and other unexplained phenomena.

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Victorian England and the conservatories of modern days, he mentions a visit to the huge, ultra-modern Shaw Climatron, in St. Louis, and cites as "rarely seen plants" that he viewed there the Hong Kong Orchid Tree, the Sea Grape, and the Red Powder Puff. All three are common sights to anyone who has ever lived in Florida. The Sea Grape, a native of Florida's sandy shores and bayous, is beautiful. The non-native Orchid Tree is a handsome ornamental lawn tree all too common in Florida dooryards. So is the Powder Puff, but to me it is more interesting than attractive as an ornamental shrub—messy, straggly, and forever littering the ground with its untidy faded brown puffs. Let us hope that Mr. Whittle's entertaining account of the Duke of Devonshire and Joseph Paxton's Grand Conservatory at Chatsworth is more factual. It surely must be, for Mr. Whittle's is just a merry and up-to-date version of an oft-told tale—particularly *well* told in Geoffrey Taylor's "The Victorian Flower Garden." The Grand Conservatory, or Great Glass House, which covered an acre of ground, belonged to William Spencer Cavendish, sixth Duke of Devonshire, an enormously wealthy bachelor. Joseph Paxton, his head gardener and intimate friend, was the architect of the huge glass building, with its miles of pipes. He was second only to John C. Loudon as a scientific gardener of the first half of the nineteenth century, but his success as architect of glass buildings led him away from gardening and on to the construction of the Crystal Palace, built for the London Exhibition of 1851, for which he was knighted by Queen Victoria. Mr. Whittle brings us up to date on the destruction of the conservatory, but Paxton lives on as an early visionary who led us on toward the fantastic Climatron in St. Louis and even, perhaps, as the architect who steered us toward our chilling glass-walled skyscraper cities.

EARLY AMERICAN GARDENS, "FOR MEATE OR MEDICINE," by Ann Leighton, with eighty-four illustrations (Houghton Mifflin; ten dollars). This valuable, wide-ranging book is both a history and a documentary. Miss Leighton writes well: the first two sentences of the book read, "The gardens of any period in history are its most intimate spirit, as immediate as its breath, and as transient. Yet, unlike all else about a particular time, they are capable

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of being recaptured and re-created today, in essence and in fact." Gardeners interested in the history of gardens, especially those who like to follow the travels of seeds and plants from one part of the world to another, will all want this odd, unusual book. It will be of equal interest to the non-gardener who is searching for information about our earliest New England forebears. The Pilgrims and the Puritans came prepared to grow their food and medicine and brought with them for guidance the Elizabethan herbals, including those of John Gerard, John Parkinson, and Nicholas Culpeper, as well as Thomas Johnson's "Johnson-Upon-Gerard" and Rembert Dodoens' "Pemptades." Miss Leighton is by avocation an antiquarian gardener. She plants and tends a period garden for the restored 1640 Whipple House, in Ipswich, Massachusetts. She is at heart, though, a historian, antiquarian, and demon researcher. The eighty-odd illustrations she has dug up show her range of research, and in themselves they are worth the price of admission. There are maps, diagrams for geometrical "knots and arbours," title pages of ancient books, illustrations from the old herbals, and such items as a double-page facsimile of Cotton Mather's list of the plants of the New World that he felt the Royal Society in London should know about because he had not been able to find them in any other herbal. The last half of the book Miss Leighton calls an appendix. In it she lists two hundred of the earliest settlers' commonest plants, names those who grew them, and records what they expected of each plant. The wild differences of opinion and the astounding variation of the evils and virtues ascribed to each plant make hilarious reading. I have omitted any mention of what she has to say about "Meate," although the book is full of recipes and references to the uses of plants for food and for the still-room; it seems fairer to leave this part of the volume to the experts in gastronomy. There are many recipes I would like to try myself. I could wish that Miss Leighton had used fewer quoted antique words, fewer words with antiquated spellings, if only because they make the book too full of quotation marks, but then we perhaps would not have had the quotations from Gerard and Parkinson, which are delightful.

—KATHARINE S. WHITE

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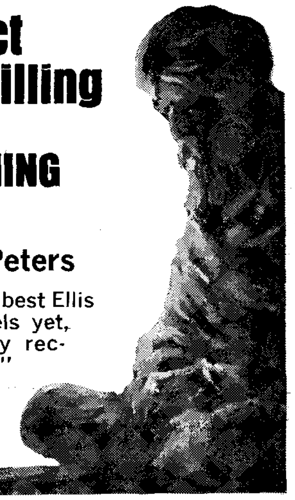

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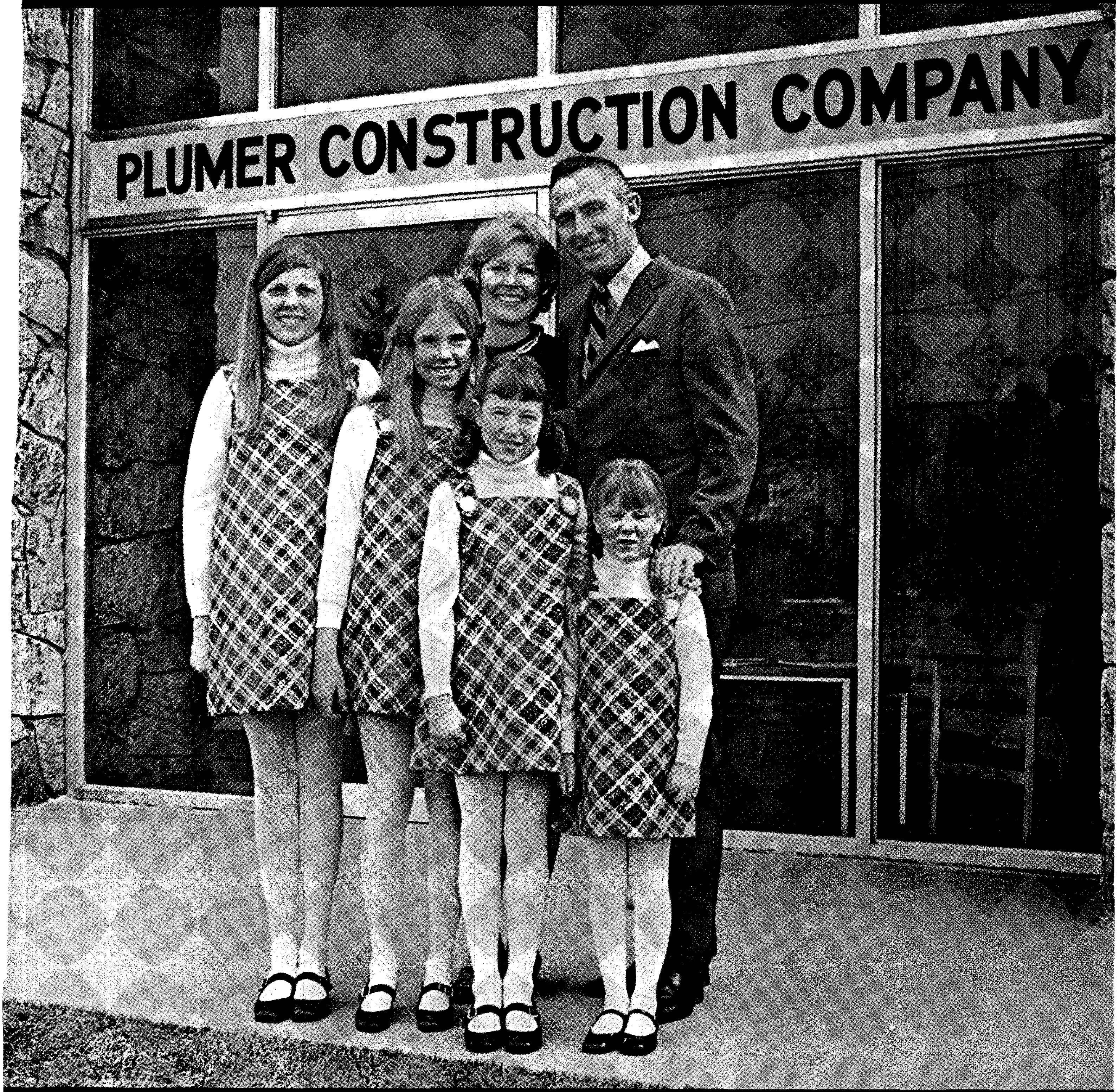

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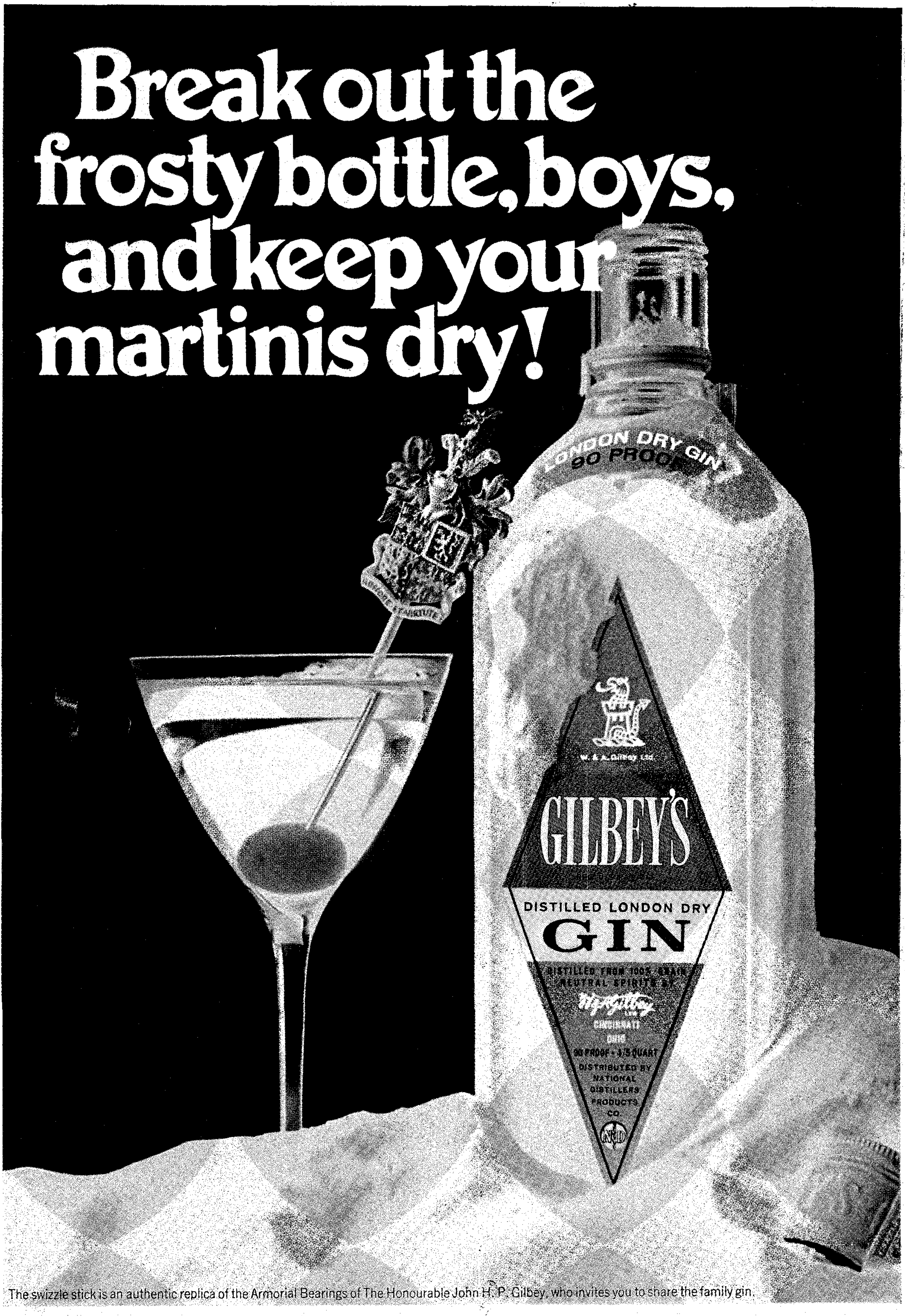
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